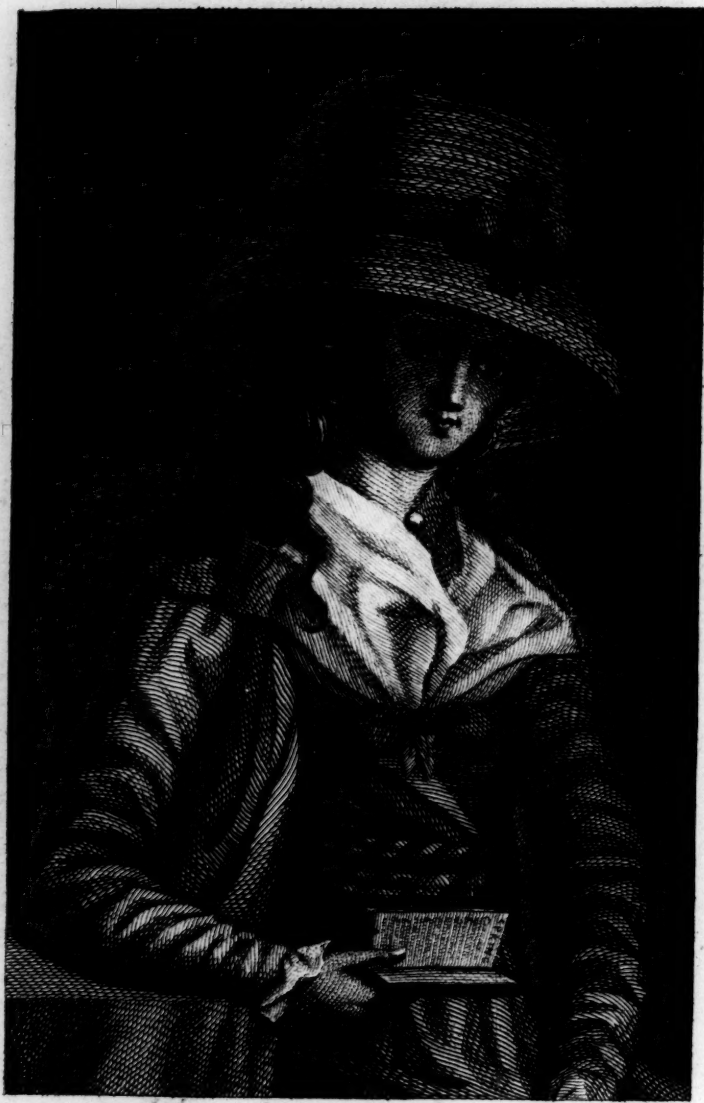


**REFLECTION.**  
*They who Reflection's voice attend,  
Will both in Life & Manners mend.*

G.W.

Entered at Stationers Hall.





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*They who Reflection's voice attend,  
Will both in Life & Manners mend.*

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Entered at Stationers Hall.

Wright (L.)  
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PLEASING REFLECTIONS

on

LIFE and MANNERS

with

Essays, Characters, & Poems,

*Moral & Entertaining;*

*Principally selected*

*from Fugitive Publications.*

A new Edition enlarged.



*A Soul without Reflection like a Pile  
Without Inhabitant to Ruin runs  
Night Thoughts*

LONDON, Printed for SHOOPER N<sup>o</sup> 212 High Holborn. L. Jan. 1788.



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Advertisement to the *first* Edition.

*THE* following Reflections, Essays, Characters, and Poems, on the most useful, important, and interesting subjects, respecting life and manners, the Editor hopes will meet the approbation of the Public; as promoting the cause of Virtue and Morality, was all he had in view, in committing them to the Press.

Advertisement to the *second* Edition.

*THE* favourable reception this work hath met with, a large impression having been sold in a few months, emboldens the Editor to hope the addition of a second volume, now in the press, will meet, as it has been his endeavour it should equally merit, the same candour and acceptance.

John-Street, Tottenham-Court  
Road, January, 1788. }

G. WRIGHT.

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Printed by J. Smith, in Strand, near St. Dunstons Church, 1755.

C. WHITE.



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# PLEASING REFLECTIONS

O N

## LIFE AND MANNERS,

I N

## PROSE AND VERSE.

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THE RESULT OF MATURE REFLECTION.

A LESSON FOR YOUTH.

*Youth is not rich in time, it may be poor.* Dr. YOUNG.

**I** WILL suppose a virtuous, thoughtful young man, forming in his mind the principles of his future conduct, and uttering the result of his reflections in the following soliloquy:

“ I’m placed in a world abounding with external objects; I experience within me powers and passions, formed to be excited and affected with the objects which every where surround me; hence I am naturally led to interrogate myself, What am I? whence came I? and whither am I going \*?

“ With a view to satisfy my own enquiries, I consider others who appear to be just like myself; I listen to the instructions of those who have obtained a reputation for wisdom, and I examine with

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\* Every young man should seriously ask himself these questions, and let mature reflection answer them.

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serious



serious attention the volumes in which are written the words of the wise.

“ The result of the whole enquiry is a sincere conviction, that I am placed here to perform many duties; that I originate from an all-wise Creator, whose I am, and whom I ought to fear, love, and obey.

“ I divide my duty into three parts. They consist of the obligations which I owe to myself, to others, and to the great Supreme.

“ With respect to myself, as I consist of two parts, a body and a mind, my duty to myself naturally includes two correspondent subdivisions. My body is a machine curiously organized, and easily deranged by excess and irregularity. When disturbed in its œconomy, it subjects me to pain, and disables me from all necessary and pleasant exertions. I owe it therefore to myself to taste the cup, partake the banquet, and gratify my senses, no further than those limits which are obviously prescribed by reason, temperance, and moderation.

I further learn, from the sacred scriptures, that my body is the temple of the Holy Spirit. To pollute it with wilful transgression, is a species of profaneness; to devote myself to gluttony, drunkenness, and debauchery, is at once to deaden the growing energies of spiritual life, and to weaken and destroy the subordinate yet necessary parts of my animal and material fabric; it is to shorten life, and disable me from performing its duties while it lasts.—“ The wicked live not half their days.” Psalm lv. 23.

“ But I have a mind also capable of rising to high improvements by culture, and of sinking to a brutal stupidity by neglect. I will make use of all the advantages of education. I will devote my hours of leisure to reading and reflection. Elegant letters,

letters, as well as useful sciences shall engage my attention; for all that tends to polish the mind, tends also to sweeten the temper, and mitigate the remains of natural ferocity.

“ My mind, as well as my body, is greatly concerned in avoiding intemperance. Eating to excess clouds its brightness, blunts its edge, and, as it were, drags it down to all the grossness of materiality. Intemperate drinking not only reduces it at the time of its immediate influence to a state of brutality, but gradually destroys all its faculties and vigour. The sensual indulgencies in general, when inordinate and excessive, debase, corrupt, and brutalize. Their delights are transient, and their pains severe and of long duration.

“ Instead then of running into the danger of temptation during the ardour of my youth, I will fly from the conflict, in which my own passions are sure to fight against me, and will probably betray me to the enemy. I see, indeed, thousands pursuing pleasure, and professing to have found it in the haunts of dissipation. But I see them but for a little while. Like the silly insect that flutters with delight around the taper, they soon receive some fatal injury in their minds, their persons, or their fortunes, and drop into irrecoverable ruin \*. Alas! I find myself too much inclined to vice from the depravity of my nature, and the violence of my passions. I will not therefore add fuel to the fire, nor increase the violence of that natural tempest within me, which of itself is sufficient for my destruction.

“ But, at the same time, I will not be a cynic. The world abounds with innocent enjoyments.

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\* Where vice runs, ruin follows.

*Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautem.*

The Author of nature intended that I should taste them. But moderation is essential to true pleasure. My own experience, and the experience of mankind in all ages, has declared, that whenever pleasure exceeds the bounds of moderation, it is not only highly injurious, but becomes disgustful. In order truly to enjoy pleasure, I see the necessity of pursuing some business with attention. The vicissitude is necessary, to excite an appetite and give a relish. Nay, the very performance of business with skill and success, is attended with a delightful satisfaction, which few boasted pleasures are able to confer.

“ My duty to myself is, indeed, intimately connected with my duty to others. By preserving the faculties of my mind and body, and by improving them to the utmost, I am enabled to exert them with effect in the service of society.

“ I am connected with others by the ties of consanguinity and friendship, and by the common bond of partaking in the same humanity. As a son, I will be dutiful and obedient; as a brother, uniformly affectionate; as a husband, loving and faithful; as a father, kind and prudent; as a man, benevolent to persons in all circumstances, and however separated from me by country, religion, or government.

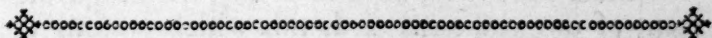
“ I will learn humility of the meek and humble Jesus, and gratefully accept the beneficial doctrines and glorious offers, which his benign religion reaches out to all who sincerely seek them by prayer and penitence.

“ Human life abounds with evils; I will seek balsams for the wounds of the heart in the sweets of innocence, and the consolations of religion\*.

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\* The most poignant shafts of adversity and misfortune are easily blunted, by the united force of *virtue*, *innocence*, and *religion*.

Virtue, I am convinced, is the noblest ornament of humanity, and the source of the sublimest and the sweetest pleasure, whilst true piety leads to that inward peace, which the world and all that it inherit cannot bestow. Let others enjoy the pride and pleasure of being called philosophers, deists, sceptics, &c.; be mine, the real, unostentatious qualities of the honest, humble, and charitable Christian\*. When the gaudy glories of fashion and vain philosophy shall have withered like a short-lived flower, sincere piety and virtue shall flourish as the cedars of Lebanon, without decay."



ON THE GOVERNMENT OF THE PASSIONS.

*Self-government is the spring of inward peace.*

**P**ASSIONS are strong emotions of the mind, occasioned by the view of apprehended good or evil. They are original parts of the constitution of our nature, and therefore to extirpate them entirely is a mistaken aim. Religion requires no more of us than to moderate and govern them.

Passions, when properly directed, may be subservient to very useful ends. They rouse the dormant powers of the soul; they are even sometimes found to exalt them. They often raise a man above himself, and render him more penetrating, vigorous, and active, than he generally is in his calmer hours. Actuated by some high passion, he conceives great designs, and surmounts all difficulties in the execution. He is inspired with more lofty

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\* Christian is the highest style of man.



sentiments, and endued with more persuasive utterance than he possesses at any other time. Passions are the active forces of the soul; they are its highest powers brought into movement and exertion; but, like all other great powers, they are either useful or destructive, according to their direction and degree; as fire\*, wind, and water are instrumental in carrying on many of the most useful operations of nature; but when they rise to undue violence, or deviate from their proper course, their path is marked with ruin and destruction.

Indeed, if there be any fertile source of mischief to human life, it is, beyond doubt, the misgovernment of our passions. It is this which poisons the enjoyment of individuals, overturns the order of society, and strews the path of life with so many miseries, as to render it truly a vale of tears. All those great scenes of public calamity, which we behold with astonishment and horror, have originated from the source of violent and unsubdued passions. These have overspread the earth with bloodshed; these have pointed the assassin's dagger, and filled the poisoned bowl. These, in every age, have furnished too copious materials for the orator's pathetic declamations, and the poet's tragical and melancholy songs.

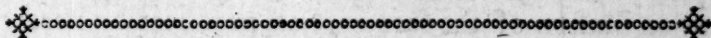
When from public life we descend to private conduct, though passion operates not there in such a wide and destructive sphere, we shall find its influence to be no less baneful. I need not mention the black and fierce passions, such as envy, jealousy, and revenge, whose effects are obviously noxious, and whose agitations are immediate mi-

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\* Fire and water are, with great propriety, called good servants, but bad masters.

fery. But take any of the licentious and sensual kind. Suppose it to have unlimited scope; trace it throughout its course; and you will find that gradually as it rises it taints the soundness, and troubles the peace of his mind over whom it reigns; that in its progress it engages him in pursuits which are marked either with danger or with shame; that in the end it wastes his fortune, destroys his health, or debases his character; and aggravates all the miseries in which it has involved him, with the concluding pangs of bitter remorse. Through all the stages of this fatal course, how many have heretofore run? what multitudes do we daily behold pursuing it with blind and headlong steps!

But on the evils which flow from unrestrained passions it is needless to enlarge. Hardly are there any so ignorant or inconsiderate as not to admit, That where passion is allowed to reign, both happiness and virtue must inevitably suffer.



ON TEMPTATIONS TO VICE AND  
IMMORALITY.

ADDRESSED TO YOUNG MEN.

*Touch not, taste not, handle not. Colos. ii. 21.*

YOUNG men are encompassed with snares; all is enchantment around them. Their fancies, like florid painters, give too much colouring to every object: their passions, like spirited horses not yet broke, disdain the curb. Pleasure invites, and appetite impells them. Opportunity presents itself in endless shapes; and ignorance of the world promises concealment, where concealment is wished;



where it is not, the notion of liberty is ever grateful to the pride of juvenile spirits. The ardour of enterprize blends with the flame of desire, while both are fanned by adulation and carresses. In the hurry of impatience, and the heat of pursuit, future consequences are unthought on and neglected; if a few friendly advisers should step in, and offer to remonstrate, however discreetly, Fashion, that petulant and over-bearing power, stands forward, urges the authority of rank with the weight of numbers, and laughs to scorn the singularity, unmodish air, and supposed awkwardness of Virtue.

Is it all enchantment round me, will the well-resolved youth reply? I care not; it is the magic of the blood: I will not trust it: the least sobriety of thought, or seriousness of reflection, is sufficient to break the spell: something whispers me at this moment, that there is nothing so beautiful, so sweet as innocence. Would the glare of imagination impose on my understanding? I will guard against it, as an illusion of the former, and produced by nearly the same cause\*. The senses have lent their too ready assistance; but God my creator has given me a judgment to correct both. As for those passions which were formed to submit and serve, shall they usurp the command, and precipitate me whithersoever they will, in spite of reason, and in spite of conscience? Dignity and independence disdain the thought. As to appetite; were I to follow blindly its headlong impulse, in what should I excel the beasts that perish? It is easy to talk and boast of pleasure; but in the opinion of a reasonable being, no gratification that is inconsistent with virtue or purity, can deserve so agreeable a name.

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\* Young man, beware, be wise, take care;  
The blind eat many a fly.

Does opportunity allure? Opportunity, when it would seduce me into disorder, and expose me to infamy and shame, is a betrayer under the mask of friendship. But grant I could be concealed from the eye of men; what would it avail me, since I cannot be concealed from my Maker's or my own?—And why should I be tempted to dream of liberty, in violating the laws of virtue? Do I not perceive that I am then only free and self-possessed, when I follow chearfully the dictates of the soul? When I act otherwise, do I not feel myself enslaved and wretched? If I am to attempt something great indeed, and worthy of ambition, let it be to rise above the vulgar herd, by the power of superior worth†.—With regard to adulation; how empty a thing, when the heart speaks a different language! What were the caresses of thousands, if conscience should chastise, or reason should condemn? The effects of guilt are only divided from it by a moment, and the more dreadful often for that short interval.

As to Fashion, with her whole gaudy and fantastic train; how frivolous, impotent, and contemptible, when opposed to the single dominion of Truth, rising in her native and unadorned majesty! What poor support could the applause of the former yield me, were I unhappy enough to incur the rebuke of the last? Be gone, ye gay, glittering, but constant and deceitful phantoms of criminal and vain delight. By whatever specious names ye may be called, whatever plausible appearances ye may assume! begone! and give place to the sublime and invariable honours of true Wisdom, to the solid and

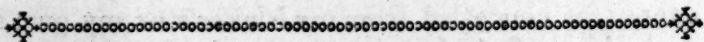
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† Honour and shame from no condition rise,  
 Act well your part, *there* all the honour lies.  
*Worth* makes the man, the want of it the fellow.

POPE.

unpre-

unprecarious joys of Virtue and Goodness. Come and possess this breast, ye fairest offspring of Heaven! to you I devote myself with eternal attachment; of you I can never be ashamed or weary.



### ON HUMAN HAPPINESS.

*Content and Virtue are the source of bliss.*

THAT "Virtue alone is happiness below," the most profligate will not deny. Yet Pleasure still exerts her syren voice, and spreads her silken net with much success; whilst the trains of Avarice and Ambition continue as numerous as ever.

The gentle gales by which Man was intended to waft his little vessel through the ocean of life, he has swelled to his own destruction. The passions designed to excite the soul to action, assume, when indulged, the most despotic influence, and the severest of all slavery is the subjection to their sway.

Observe the votary of Ambition, how abjectly he crouches to a wretch that he detests and despises; with what care he regulates his looks; how he smiles and fawns, and flatters! Can such a one be said to be free? The man who voluntarily lives in a state of servility, who had rather cringe at the levee of a prince than enjoy the dignity of independence, is a slave, a base, a shackled slave! Let him attain the height of his desires, let him be exalted above his rivals, and rewarded with the honours of the state; yet then, even then, he has only plunged himself deeper into misery. He is surrounded by parasites and sycophants, whom he dreads and distrusts; he has no friend whom he can consult, no confident to whom he can open his bosom; and the meanest of his

his enemies that languishes in a dungeon, may look down on him with pity, though his brow be crowned with a diadem, and his throne encircled with guards.

Can a more melancholy object be conceived than the man of pleasure who complies with the impulses of appetite, and destroys his health in the indulgence of licentious passions? The animal spirits soon subside, the fund of life is soon exhausted, and he sinks into a state of weakness and decay, alive only to the terrors of conscience and the pains of disease\*.

From these terrors—from these pains is the peasant free? Yes, happy man! thy pleasures are permanent, and thy life serene. Though thy meals be simple, they are sweet; and though thy bed be hard, thou sleepest the sounder for it.

The situation of the wretch who is sentenced to dig the mine, is not so deplorable as that of the man whom Avarice has enslaved. He may possess all the riches of the Indies; he may build his palace, inclose his parks, wind his canals, and shoot his fountains to the skies; yet no sooner has he ascended the steps to his mansion, than the enchantment breaks; no sooner has he viewed his prospects, his lawns, his woods, and his hills, than the spell dissolves, and he discovers, with a sigh, the impotence of the deity he has worshipped.

A man may devote his whole life to the attainment of knowledge; he may read all the books

\* Most truly happy they, who can  
Govern the little empire Man;  
Bridle their passions, and direct their will,  
Thro' all the glitt'ring paths of charming ill.

STEPNEY.



that ever have been written, study all the systems that ever have been formed; yet all his reading and study will amount to no more than this — That Virtue alone is productive of true felicity\*.

If this representation be just, the virtuous have no reason to repine. The sweet reflection of having acted right, is a higher reward than the sovereignty of an empire. Virtue, like health, renders the mind more susceptible of real pleasure, casts a light on every object, and brightens every scene. If a man be engaged in a good cause, it is comparatively of little consequence to himself, whether he succeed or not. The patriot who fails in an attempt to free his native country, may be condemned to exile, or loaded with chains; yet he has no right to complain; he has done his duty, and ought on that account to be satisfied.

What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,  
The mind's calm sunshine and the heartfelt joy,  
Is Virtue's prize.

POPE.

Good Heavens! and what would he have besides? Dejection is only to be expected from the villain, when guilt points the arrows of adversity and distress. The enjoyments of the reflective mind are the highest of all enjoyments, and those who possess them are superior to the evils of human life. Philosophers may talk just as they please; they may declaim a thousand and a thousand times, on the folly of expecting happiness in this sublunary state. A man's happiness does not depend on his situation,

\* To be good is to be happy.

· ROWE.  
but

\*\*\*\*\*

*Kind Heav'n some blessings in our cup has thrown,  
To make the nauseous draught of life go down.*

\* Dear friend, expect not real bliss to find,  
In *this* or *that* condition of mankind ;  
Where is it then, say you ? Where can it be ?  
This with't-for phantom, TRUE FELICITY ?  
In what blest'd region, on what happy shore ?  
Why—in *yourself* ! Content's the golden ore ;  
Whate'er your state may be, remember this,  
Make sure of *Virtue*, and you're sure of bliss.

of



of Religion are sufficient to give solidity to the enjoyments of the truly righteous.

In the exercise of good affections, and the testimony of an upright conscience; in the sense of peace and reconciliation with God through the great Redeemer of mankind; in the firm confidence of being conducted through all the trials of life by infinite wisdom and goodness; and in the joyful prospect of arriving in the end at immortal felicity, they possess an inward peace, or in other words a happiness, which, descending from a pure and more perfect region than this present state, partakes not of its vanity\*.

Besides the enjoyments peculiar to religion, there are other pleasures of our present state, which tho' of an inferior order, must not be overlooked in the estimate of human life. It is necessary to call attention to these, in order to check that repining and unthankful spirit to which man is always too prone. Some degree of importance must be allowed to the comforts of health, to the innocent gratifications of sense, and to the entertainment afforded us by all the beautiful scenes of nature; some to the pursuits and amusements of social life; and more to the internal enjoyments of thought and reflection, and to the pleasures of affectionate intercourse with those whom we love. These comforts are often held in too low estimation, merely because they are ordinary and common; although that be the circumstance which ought, in reason, to enhance

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\* Fleeting and vain are all our joys below;  
But real pleasures from religion flow;  
Pleasures as lasting as they're truly sweet,  
Solid, unfading, endless, and compleat.

RURAL CHRISTIAN.

their

their value. They lye open, in some degree, to all; extend through every rank of life; and fill up agreeably many of those spaces in our present existence, which are not occupied with higher objects, or with more serious cares.

We are in several respects unjust to Providence in the computation of our pleasures and pains. We number the hours which are spent in distress or sorrow; but we forget those which have passed away, if not in high enjoyment, yet in the midst of those gentle satisfactions, and placid emotions, which make life glide smoothly on. We complain of the frequent disappointments which we suffer in our pursuits; but we recollect not that it is in pursuit, more than in the attainment, that our pleasure now consists\*. In the present state of human nature, man derives more enjoyment from the exertions of his active powers in the midst of toils and efforts, than he could receive from a still and uniform possession of the object which he strives to gain†. The solace of the mind under all its labours, is hope; and there are few situations which entirely exclude it. Forms of expected bliss are often gleaming upon us through a cloud, to revive and exhilarate the most distressed. If pains be scattered through all the conditions of life, so also are pleasures‡.

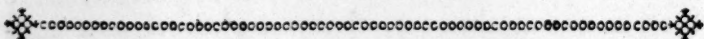
Happiness, as far as life affords it, can be engros-

\* Possession is the grave of enjoyment. BLAIR'S SERMONS.

† In wishing nothing, we enjoy still most,  
For e'en our wish is in possession lost;  
Whilst all the happiness mankind can gain,  
Is not in pleasure, but in rest from pain. DRYDEN.

‡ Pleasure and pain are, more or less, the chequer'd lot of all the sons and daughters of mortality.

fed by no rank of men, to the exclusion of the rest\*; on the contrary, it is often found where, at first view, it would have been least expected. When the human condition appears most depressed, the feelings of men, through the gracious appointment of an all-wise Providence, adjust themselves wonderfully to their state, and enable them to extract satisfaction from sources that are totally unknown to others. Were the great body of mankind fairly to compute the hours which they pass in ease, and even with some degree of pleasure, they would be found far to exceed the number of those which are spent in absolute pain either of body or mind.



## O N N I G H T.

*Night is fair Virtue's immemorial friend,*

*By night an atheist half believes a God.* Dr. Young

THE approach of night naturally intimidates even the boldest men; its solemn silence, and its awful gloom, creates in the benighted traveller's breast, a sudden fear of danger when none is near, and even makes the hardy soldier start and stand aghast at the rustling of a leaf, who but the day before, could face, undaunted, the cannons' roaring, and the clash of arms.

This is the season when man is exposed to innumerable dangers, and unless protected from on high,

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\* Remember man, the universal Cause,  
Acts not by partial, but by general laws;  
And makes what happiness we justly call,  
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.

POPE.

will

will fall into them; sleep locks up his senses, and renders him incapable of the least resistance. The bloody murderer may stand beside his couch, ready to transfix the fatal blow. The devouring flames may be even bursting through his chamber-door, while fastened in sleep's infatuating chains, he lyes as senseless of his danger as the child unborn. In these dreary hours, such are the vagaries of the wisest brain, that the most social breast frequently puts on the most pitiless savage, or in the words of Mr. Hervey, "Knows not the father that begat him, and takes no notice of the friend that is as his own soul; the wife of his bosom may expire by his side, and he lye more unconcerned than a savage Barbarian." The bloody monster to compassion, may be glutting his cruelty in the murder of his children, and he, though in the same chamber, remain as untouched at their dismal fate, as though he knew them not\*.

This is the season when Sense resigns her seat and office, and man becomes the captive of each silly dream†, eagerly pursues the fleeting phantom of each inventive thought, and is made perhaps a monarch, though a beggar stretched on a bed of straw; or shudders at the sight of the dangers that surround him, though all the while he lyes reclining on a soft and easy couch; or is starving with hunger, though surrounded with the greatest plenty.

Here it is that the intrepid warrior, who never declined the battle, is seen to fly with timidity be-

\* See Hervey's Meditations on Night.

† Now mimic Fancy takes her nightly reign,  
While airy songsters rest on every spray,  
And draws fresh terrors in the sickly brain,  
Or paints anew the labours of the day.



fore imaginary foes : it is here the abstemious stoic, who contemns all the pleasures in the field of sense, is found pursuing ideal pomp, and eagerly catching at the airy lures of inventive thought. Such are the mad delusions of the brain while sleep maintains its dominion over the senses, and keeps our bodies locked within its chains : but too just a picture of those unhappy sons of folly, whose minds are overspread with darker shades even than the dusky shades of night ; and all the faculties of whose souls are faster bound in folly's chains, than ever the chains of sleep bound the limbs and senses of the man reposed within its arms.

Thus even dull night may become instructive, and teach us the most important truths, even to embrace and spend in virtue's cause the present short-liv'd day of life ; that so we may be well prepared for that long and darksome night, the night of death, which soon will spread its awful shades around us all ;—at which decisive period, if the short and fleeting day of this life, has not been spent and laid out in pursuits after celestial wisdom, little will all our other pursuits then stand us in any stead. Such are some of the important truths the wise may learn from the dark and silent night ; which, notwithstanding its darkness and silence, conveys to the attentive mind, instruction truly heavenly and divine. Thus even night itself becomes instructive ; “ nor sport vain dreams in vain,” since their fleeting shadows, which instantly disappear when morning light awakes the man, present to our view a near resemblance of what this world calls happiness and joy ; whose highest satisfactions but too nearly picture the empty shadows of each transitory dream, and whose fairest promises will at the last as much deceive its unhappy votaries, as ever the airy visions of the night, did the man awakened from a pleasing slumber.

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ON THE TRUE FELICITY OF MAN.

*Dream not of perfect happiness below the sun.*

WHOEVER reflects on the objects that surround him, will find abundant reason to admire the works of nature, and adore that all-wise Being who directs such astonishing operations. He will be convinced, that infinite Wisdom could alone design, and infinite power finish such wonderful and amazing works.

A few evenings ago, after the earth had experienced the bounty of its Creator, by refreshing showers, I left the crowded city to visit the open fields, where silent Meditation has fixed her abode. Nature seemed animated with fresh vigour, and to exhibit again the glowing beauties of the spring. The beasts greedily cropped the succulent pastures, and the birds, assembled in the hawthorn's shade, poured forth their enchanting and harmonious lays.

Whence, said I to myself, has this renewal of the beauties of nature derived its existence? Are the cooling drops of rain, that lately descended from the clouds of heaven, transformed into these beautiful trees that adorn the lovely productions of the earth? or have chrystal streams of water precipitated with them the glowing colours of the wondrous bow, so often painted on their parent clouds \*? Here, ye votaries of human reason, ye

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\* The wisdom of the great Creator of heaven and earth appears in all his works,

Warm in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,  
Glow in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;  
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.

POPE.  
sons

sons of philosophic speculation, exert your boasted powers to explain this astonishing, this pleasing phenomenon. It is a subject worth your attention, a problem sufficiently interesting, and has engaged the attention of the studious even from the infancy of time.

But see with what pleasing satisfaction the beasts crop the luxuriant pastures, and seem entirely contented with their abode; while man, their master and their lord, is continually searching for happiness, and never satisfied with his present condition. Are the beasts of the field, which are destitute of reason, and their mind only a dreary void, happier than proud man, who beholds them with contempt, as formed only to assist him, and obey his commands? Alas! happiness is not properly understood. The beasts enjoy it here; they have a relish for no other than animal gratifications, and therefore enjoy them in perfection. They are not endued with the power of reflecting, and consequently never miserable, by recollecting the past, or dreading the future hour. But man is endued with an immortal spirit, enlightened with a ray of wisdom from the Almighty to direct his steps. He must therefore seek happiness in futurity, in the mansions of eternal bliss, where alone it is permanent and pure. He must tread the paths of piety and virtue, if his aim be happiness\*, and then he will not fail to find it, when death puts a period to his present existence, and releases his immortal part from its earthly prison.

Filled with these weighty reflections I returned to the city, for night had stretched her leaden

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\* Know then this truth (enough for man to know),

*Virtue alone is happiness below.*

POPE.

sceptre

sceptre o'er the pleasing scene, and cloathed every object in a sable robe. But my reflections continued till sleep overpowered my drowsy eyes, and I was both entertained and instructed with the following dream :

A boundless plain presented itself to my view, covered with rural objects, and decorated with every beautiful flower of the spring. The whole was wrapt in an awful silence, and I contemplated with fear the beautiful prospects around me. While I continued musing on the solemnity of the scene, I felt the earth tremble, and heard the hoarse thunders roll over my head. The lightnings darted their coruscations across the skies, and universal nature was seized with convulsions. Multitudes of people now entered the plain, and with all the marks of terror in their faces, flew from place to place, seeking some secret retreat to hide themselves, some place of refuge from the approaching destruction.

In the midst of this universal horror and consternation I heard a voice from the clouds louder than the thunder's roar, proclaiming, " This is the harvest of the King of kings, in which all the nations of the world shall receive the reward of their doings; when the secret proceedings of Providence shall be revealed, and the ways of the Most High justified before all the inhabitants of heaven and earth." Immediately an astonishing multitude of persons from every quarter of the plain approached the center, and were separated into two divisions; the countenances of the one were placid and serene, but those of the other gloomy and fearful.

While I stood wondering at these amazing transactions, a person of a smiling aspect accosted me in the following manner : " Wonder not, mortal,  
at



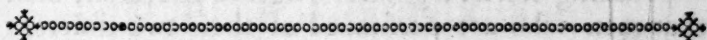
at what thine eyes behold; thou shalt see yet greater things than these. This day shall put a period to the reign of Time, the race of princes, and the pomp of worlds; this day shall terminate the ambition of kings, the grandeur of nobles, and the strife of nations: it shall decide the lot of all, distinguish the proud from the humble, the sincere from the hypocrite, and the fool from the wise.

“ Look on thy left hand, and behold that desponding person, dressed in the vilest attire. He formerly rode in a gilded chariot, attended with a train of servants; his name was celebrated in the earth, and his actions were great and famous: the children of the dust gazed on him with admiration, and were almost ready to declare him more than mortal. His ambition had no bounds; he bid defiance to Heaven, and challenged the arm of Omnipotence to exert its force. But let mortals know, that the most secret actions are open to the Almighty, and he will repay vengeance on those who despise his commands, and trample under foot his sacred laws.

“ But turn thine eyes to the right, and behold the man with his eyes lift up to heaven; how serene and joyful, how pleasant and serene his countenance! He was once a mortal like thyself, surrounded with all the weaknesses of imperfect nature, and exposed to all the temptations and allurements of sensual life. He was once a wanderer in the world, and acted as a stranger and pilgrim on the stage of existence; his relations lived in all the pomp and gaiety of the world, and his father's house was a place of riot. But he despised the fleeting pleasures, and beheld the gayest scenes of folly, without wishing to be a partner in the vain enjoyment. He left the giddy company of the thoughtless, and conversed with the wise and virtuous;

tuous; he contracted a familiarity with death; and an alliance with the house of corruption: his wishes aspired to more rational and sublime enjoyments—to enjoyments adapted to the nature of his immortal part, which are found only in the realms of immortality and eternal life; his spirit soared to her native regions, and beheld the glittering magnificence of the world with a suitable contempt.”

While my director was speaking, one of these divisions were caught up into the air, and the piercing cries of the other made me start with terror, and released me from the slumbers of the night; but impressed on my mind this important truth, That he who searches for, and expects to find true happiness in this transitory scene of things, will be infallibly disappointed; whereas he who extends his hopes beyond the bounds of animal existence, and carefully directs his actions by the precepts of virtue and religion, will, in the end, receive a reward infinitely superior to his wishes, even an immortal crown, that shall never be taken from him, and inherit a kingdom that shall never have an end.



#### ON THE FOLLY OF MANKIND IN GENERAL.

*Oh that they were wise!* Deut. xxxii. 29.

**S**HOULD a spirit of superior rank, who is a stranger to human nature, accidentally alight upon the earth, and take a survey of its inhabitants, what would his notions of us be? Would not he think that we were a species of beings made for quite different ends and purposes than what we really are? Must not he imagine, that we were placed

placed in this world only to get riches and honours? Would not he think that it was our only duty to toil after wealth, station, and title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden poverty by threats of eternal punishment, and enjoined to pursue our pleasures under pain of endless damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a scheme of duties quite opposite to those which are in the word of God prescribed to us: and truly, according to such an imagination, he must conclude that we are a species of the most obedient creatures in the universe; that we are constant to our duty, and keep a steady eye on the end for which we were sent into this present state.

But how great would be his astonishment, when he learned that we were beings not designed to exist in this world above threescore and ten years; and that the greatest part of this busy species fall vastly short even of that age! How would he be lost in wonder and astonishment, when he was told that this set of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life, which scarce deserves the name of existence, are to exist to all eternity in another life\*, for which they make no preparations!

Nothing can be a greater disgrace to reason, than that men who are persuaded of these two different states of being, should be perpetually employed in providing for a life of threescore years, and neglecting to make provision for that, which after many myriads of years, will be still new, and still beginning to begin; especially when we consider, that

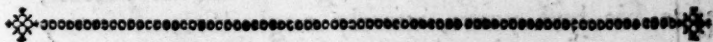
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\* And is it in the flight of threescore years,  
To push eternity from human thought,  
And smother souls immortal in the dust?

our endeavours for making ourselves great, rich, or honourable, or whatever else we may place our happiness in, may, after all, prove unsuccessful; whereas, if we constantly and sincerely desire and endeavour to live soberly, righteously, and godly in the world, we may humbly hope that our endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our expectations in a future state and world.

Every wise person, therefore, will consider this life only as it may conduce to the happiness of the other, and cheerfully sacrifice the pleasures of a few years to those of an eternity.

Life has no value as an end, but means;  
An end deplorable, a means divine;  
When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing; worse than nought;  
A nest of pains; when held as nothing, much.  
————— most worth, when disesteem'd;  
Then 'tis the seat of comfort, rich in peace;  
In prospect, richer far; important! awful!  
Not to be thought on, but with tides of joy;  
The mighty basis of eternal bliss.      NIGHT THOUGHTS.



O N B E A U T Y.

*'Tis not a set of features or complexion,  
The tincture of a skin that I admire;  
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,  
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.*

ADDISON'S CATO.

THE charms of beauty give to certain individuals of both sexes a distinction impossible to be described, though easily and irresistibly felt. We are forced to add, that it is a distinction in  
C general



general disadvantageous to its possessor\*. The folly of parents, the early adulation of interested admirers, the suggestions of self-conceit, and a thousand other enemies, conspire against those favourites of nature; and, at one time or other, render them objects of weariness, if not of disgust. Trusting entirely to external charms, every solid and permanent accomplishment is too often neglected, while we spend the inestimable days of youth in acquiring a few superficial and transitory trifles, as frail as the beauty they are meant to adorn.

How many delightful forms attract our attention, which, upon examination, we quit with a sigh of pity, or a smile of contempt; finding their minds either mere voids of nothingness, blanks of insipidity, or despicable magazines of vanity and folly†. How many a young female thus steps into the world, confident of her charms as Samson of his strength, untutored by Wisdom, unguarded by Prudence; running wild through all the mazes of fantastic dissipation, and in the end, perhaps, drawing ruin upon herself? How many a young man, thus depending on the graces of his person, spends his best years, utterly neglectful of every noble purpose and rational enjoyment of life, despised by every man (and woman too) of sense, and only acceptable to beings whose frivolity equals his own!

But neither of these characters will feel all their misery during the days of youth and health; for

\* Beauty in both sexes, but particularly the *female*, exposes its possessor to unnumbered snares.

† Beauty, however pleasing to the eye, will never be esteemed by the wise and virtuous a sufficient apology for the want of good sense.

then

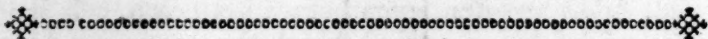
then their society will be tolerated by most people, and even courted by many : yet by how precarious a tenure do they hold even that privilege ! Their enjoyment resembles his who feasted royally in a room of state with a sword over his head, suspended by a single hair. And though they should escape the strokes of sickness and of accident, yet soon will the scene of joy be closed ; soon will the ruthless hand of Time crop every flower of youth and beauty : then what a disconsolate and dreary waste succeeds !

I am not able to imagine a state on earth more wretched than that of a person advanced in life, whose mind has never known the happy effects of cultivation, and whose pleasures have been merely constitutional. Better were it indeed for that man never to have been born, than to drag the languid hours of age in listless weariness ; neglected, despised, and forgotten, even before his death. It is a state of desolation against which the young ought carefully to fortify themselves, by a diligent culture of their best powers, and by acquiring those accomplishments and amusements, which depend not for their relish on the fine turn of the limbs, the brilliancy of the eyes, or the polish and transparent glow of the skin.

In general, it is wrong to trust blindly for our happiness to any one natural gift, and neglect every other useful attainment. This remark greatly widens the field of instruction ; we are not all beauties, but we have all received some talent in trust from Heaven, for which we are accountable. To mistake that talent—to over-rate it—or to misapply it, are the chief misfortunes to which we are exposed ; and he only fulfils the purposes of his life, who, by judicious inquiry, and by proper knowledge of himself, discovers where his strength lies ; who strives to form a right estimation of it, and to en-

force its exertions by every advantage in his power to obtain \* ; who will not reveal it to the unworthy, exhaust it in vile pursuits, nor prostitute it to the advancement of such ends which religion forbids, and wisdom reprobates.

By such rational and manly conduct we may render our characters respectable ; and it will be beyond the power of our most malicious enemies to make sport of them : we may secure our happiness, at least as far as human happiness can be secured ; and, while free from outward misfortune, we may enjoy every hour with relish. Age, which brings the frivolous, the idle, and the dissipated to a state of premature oblivion, will only make us more venerable, and turn our enjoyments into a current more serene and pure. Man will admire a life so beautiful, and God himself will approve it.



#### ON FEMALE PROSTITUTES.

*Ye Heaven's ! if Innocence deserves your care,  
Why have you made it fatal to be fair ?  
Base man ! the ruin of our sex, was born,  
The beaut'ous are his prey, the rest his scorn ;  
Alike unfortunate, our fate is such,  
We please too little, or we please too much.*

**T**HOUGH in the prime of life, and open to every passion which female beauty can inspire, I own myself truly concerned whenever I see or

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\* Hence, Reader, lay this truth to heart,  
Not he who acts the *greatest* part ;  
But they who act the *best*, will be  
The happiest men eternally. **RURAL CHRISTIAN.**  
meet

meet an unfortunate girl \*, who, after having parted with her virtue and innocence to some cruel and base deceiver, (who perhaps only laughs at her credulity, and smiles at her misfortunes) comes to offer herself upon the town, and to the promiscuous embraces of those whom, even now, she detests from her very soul; and who, added to the dislike she must naturally have to those men, who are only actuated by brutality and lust, has the constant apprehensions of disease and infamy before her.

Though the sun of innocence is, respecting her, set for ever, yet like a beautiful summer's evening, her countenance still glows with its parting beams, and some remaining tints of virtue and amiableness are still visible;—but, alas! they cannot long remain; for soon, very soon, will even those traces be lost, and total darkness, with all its attendant horrors must ensue!—In this gloomy, this dreadful night, no “lesser lights” can cheer the bosom of the unfortunate victim;—no moon, with her silver beams, can penetrate the shade, because no light or comfort can possibly be derived from reflection;—the stars of heaven are clouded, and nothing presents itself but those *ignes fatui*, which having for a while diverted her attention, and led her through the different mazes of iniquity, leave her at length in some deep, inextricable swamp, exposed to the rude assaults of the impending storm, and remote from every human assistance:

Unhappy sex! whose beauty is your snare,

Expos'd to trials, made too frail to bear. DRYDEN.

No eye pities her; no hand is stretched out to re-

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\* Alas! how many unhappy women, of all ages, are nightly to be met with in the streets of London, abandoned to shame, the subjects of disease, and the slaves of lust, intemperance, and sensuality.



lieve her!—The virtuous thinking such an object unworthy of their attention, are too good to assist or comfort her;—and the vicious, having lost all feelings of humanity, are too bad!

Deserted thus on every side, and worn out by calamity and disease, Death, who alone can put a period to her troubles, or terminate her woes, soon draws the curtain over this tragic scene\*!—Happy is it for her, if she has a friend still remaining, who after having challenged every accuser to cast the first stone at her, tells her, with a voice full of love, mildness, and benevolence, “neither do I condemn thee!”—There alone is the only true friend of wretchedness to be found, who thinks no object too deplorable for his pity and assistance!

It may be perhaps asked, why a woman, who has been long accustomed to prostitution, should not attract the same pity, as one who has but lately been corrupted? To this it may be answered, that the former, having by a long continuance in that course, lost all those finer feelings which at first rendered her miserable, she at length becomes more callous to the strokes of adversity, which having been so repeatedly inflicted, render her in some degree less sensible of them; and having experienced a succession of contempt and aversion from the good part of mankind, and ill usage from the bad, she conceives an unalterable hatred to the whole human race, and is perfectly indifferent in what light she appears to them†. The latter, on the contrary, has all that

\* ——— Death ends our woes,  
And the kind grave shuts up the mournful scene!

DRYDEN.

† Women are govern'd by a stubborn fate,  
Their love's insuperable as their hate;  
No merit their aversion can remove,  
No ill requital can efface their love.

WALLER.  
misery

misery to go through, (and who that has any feeling, will not pity her!) before she arrives to that insensible, (and in comparison with the other, happy) state!

Give me leave to conclude, with observing, that those libertines who behave with unfeeling brutality to such unhappy women, scarce deserve the name of men; while they who are continually talking, or writing against them, should be informed, that it is no ways necessary that their invectives or bitter reflections, should add a single pang to what they already suffer.

ON THE VANITY OF RICHES.

*Riches make themselves wings and flee away.* Prov. xxiii. 5.

WE are too prone to imagine the condition of others preferable to our own: we change, it may be, our situation, but therein find not the happiness we expected, and yet remain unconvinced of our folly. We pursue, vainly pursue, the fleeting phantoms which enfeebled hope raises in the distempered imagination, although disappointment attends every step, and mocks every endeavour. We either find the objects of our wishes recede in proportion to our advances, or, if possessed, that they prove inadequate to our sanguine expectations\*.

One of the most deceitful bubbles that ever danced before the eye of human vanity, is Wealth.

\* Mundane felicity is generally found to be more in prospect than possession.

It glitters at a distance, and appears replete with every requisite essential to terrestrial felicity. It attracts the attention of numbers from every other object, and kindles, in the breasts of its candidates, an inextinguishable ardour to acquire it\*. By weak minds it is considered as the *summum bonum* of sublunary good; and therefore to attain it, is to exclude every want, and to possess every satisfaction.

But, alas! wealth often flies the pursuer, and in the end, leaves him tired, languid, and disappointed, with the fruitless chace. To some indeed, she grants her favours with peculiar liberality, and admits them to rifle her golden treasury. But are these in "*a spot to real happiness confined?*" No, surely: they find, by unprofitable experience, that the possession of riches falls far short of their fond expectations.

Riches are not able to confer that felicity they promise, or to avert those evils which they are supposed capable of preventing. They are unable to limit the licentiousness of desire, to fill the grasp of avarice, to guard the avenues through which afflictions enter, or to afford that happiness which is expected from them. The possession of wealth introduces wants not less numerous, not less importunate, than those we complain of in a state of poverty†. They are, indeed, different in kind, but not less destructive of that felicity we vainly seek after in this

\* Jews, Turks, and Christians, different tenets hold,  
Yet all one god acknowledge, that is—*Gold*.

SENTIMENTS OF EXPERIENCE:

† In vain our fields and flocks increase our store,  
If our abundance makes us wish for more. DENHAM.  
imperfect

imperfect state. We are very apt to conclude, that those are exempt from unhappiness, on whom prosperity beams her radiance, and whose dwellings are circumfused with affluence. In the erring estimation of short-sighted mortals, "their lines are cast in pleasant places;" but a little reflection will convince us, that they are "incompassed with many sorrows."

View the men who have free access to the temple of Riches, and you will not find them happier than others: they have still numerous wants, which increase with their acquisitions; and still more numerous fears, arising from their very possessions; to which those in humbler stations are utter strangers. Some find their desires strengthened by the increase of their wealth, and the more they inherit, the more unbounded is their grasp. Were it possible for such to accumulate all the treasures of the earth, they would still be unsatisfied; and, like Alexander, weep because there was no other world within their reach to plunder\*. Others, whose desires are more circumscribed, and who appear contented with their present possessions, are not less unhappy. Men cannot essentially possess more than they enjoy; the rest, like a cypher on the left-hand of a figure, is of no value: unprofitable as to any useful purpose, it is only a barren splendour, which, like the glare of a comet, although it shines at a distance, yet affords no warmth to invigorate him who gazes on it: he may contemplate it with bar-

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\* *The more we have, the more we want*, is a proverb confirmed by the experience of every avaricious person in the world.



ren admiration, but cannot render it subservient to any of the most valuable purposes of life.

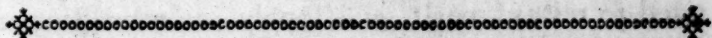
Such, therefore, as possess more wealth than is sufficient to furnish the reasonable wants of humanity, are generally employed in a laborious search after pleasures yet untasted, in which they hope to find unmixed happiness. There is, indeed, one source of pleasure, which the enjoyment of wealth opens to a rational mind; but few there are who find it. The extension of help to the helpless, of relief to the miserable, and of comfort to those who dwell in the regions of adversity, are employments attended with the purest satisfaction. To awaken joy in countenances overspread with the gloom of sorrow, is attended with sensations of the most refined delight, and tunes the soul to the sweetest harmony. This is the noblest use to which wealth can be applied; the essential end for which Heaven has dispensed it. But, alas! how few are there amongst the great and opulent who exercise themselves in such benevolent, such god-like actions! how few, whose minds are refined enough to relish the satisfaction arising from such a beneficent and praise-worthy conduct!

The generality of the rich and affluent spend their time and substance in a course of falsely-estimated pleasure, which, while it affords a momentary gratification to some desires, creates others more difficult to be satisfied. Every indulgence of the passions, beyond the boundaries of reason and temperance, either increases the appetite for more extensive enjoyment, or cloyes with a languid satiety\*. These are effects equally destructive of true  
happi-

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\* Reason was intended for a blessing; and such it is to  
 en of reflection and integrity, who desire no more than  
 what

happinefs. In this dilemma the mind is perpetually tossed, like a vessel without a rudder on the boisterous ocean. It is still hurried on by the gales of passion in pursuit of something yet untried, which is supposed more capable of conferring happinefs: but *this*, when obtained, leaves us equally unsatisfied \*, and at an equal distance from the object of our wishes.



ON SOCIETY AND SOLITUDE.

*Solitude sometimes is best society.*

MILTON.

**I**T is not probable that our rational powers and faculties were given us to be concealed, like sepulchral lamps intended only to enlighten urns, and spread their useless rays around their small circumferences. Doubtless they were designed for greater, much nobler purposes; their splendour was to be more extensive, like the sun, to be every where conspicuous: they were to be the objects of esteem, to attract respect and veneration, by which their influence might become more prevalent, and they thereby rendered capable of being universal blessings.

Such as had exalted understandings were not to live wholly to themselves, to shine in private, but

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what they are able to give themselves; like the happy old Corycian, whose fruits and fallads, on which he lived contented, were all of his own growth, and his own plantation.

- \* That cruel something unpossess,  
Corrodes and leavens all the rest;  
That something, if we could obtain,  
Might soon create a future pain.

to be guides to those of less elevated sense; the ignorant, the novices in knowledge, to be scholars to the masters of reason and science: such as had learned only the elements, the first rudiments of virtue, were to be instructed both by the precepts and examples of such as had made it their long and constant practice, and who by continual conflicts had got the mastery of their passions, the entire government of themselves; the rich were capacitated to reward merit, and supply the necessities of the poor; the great were made powerful, that they might become public blessings, defenders of the distressed, protectors of the innocent, and revengers of the injured.

From hence it appears evident, that we are not created wholly for ourselves, but designed to be serviceable to each other, to do good to all within the circle of our acquaintance, and some way or other render ourselves useful to those whom we converse with\*; for which reason solitude ought never to be our choice, an active life including in it much greater usefulness and perfection: but, if it is our fortune to live retired, to be shut up in a corner of the world, and denied the pleasures of conversation, those mental delights which naturally result from rational and instructive discourses, we ought to endeavour to become good company to *ourselves*; and to consider, that, if we husband our time well, improve our abilities, lay in a rich stock of knowledge, and, by our diligence and industry, make a happy progress in

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\* But as he fram'd a whole, the whole to bless,  
On mutual wants built mutual happiness;  
So from the first, eternal order ran,  
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.

POPE.

the

the necessary, as well as the pleasant, parts of learning, we shall be always agreeably and usefully employed, without calling in auxiliary aids; be cheerful alone, and very entertaining to ourselves, without being obliged for any part of our satisfaction, to those trifling diversions of which the generality of mankind are fond\*.

What can afford a higher, a more rational pleasure, a purer, a more transporting delight, than to retire into ourselves, and there curiously and attentively inspect the various operations of our souls, compare ideas, consult our reason, and view all the beauties of our intellects, the inimitable strokes of divine wisdom which are visible in our faculties, and those participations of infinite power, which are discoverable in our wills and abilities?

Without us, there is nothing but what will be a fit subject for our contemplation, and prove a constant and delectable entertainment. If we look on our bodies, the fineness of their composition, and admirable symmetry and exact proportion of their parts, that majesty which appears in the face, that vivacity which sparkles in the eye, together with that noble and commanding air which accompanies every motion; will afford ample matter for meditation. If we extend our view to the sensitive and vegetative kingdoms, make a strict scrutiny into the individuals of each respective kind, consider their forms, their properties, their uses, and their pecu-

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\* A person fond of reading and reflection, one who has a taste for *poetry, painting, music, drawing*, and the pleasures of a *garden*, may always find exercise and employment, though retired from business; and is best suited to lead a life of solitude, without weariness or inactivity.



liar virtues ; and if to these we add the inanimate parts of the creation, and observe Nature as she is there luxuriantly exhibiting her skill in numberless productions, we shall find abundant matter for thought to work upon ; but, if we widen our prospect, and look beyond the narrow confines of *this* globe, we shall pleasingly, confounded with a charming variety of objects, be lost in a delightful maze, shall stray from one wonder to another, and always find something new, something great, something surprisingly admirable, and every way worthy of that infinite, that incomprehensible wisdom, to whom they owe their original.

Thus may we delightfully as well as advantageously employ ourselves in our studies, in our gardens, and in the silent retirement of a shady grove.

Oh ! be this retirement mine !

Retirement crown'd with calm repose ;

The world I'd cheerfully resign,

And all the pomp which grandeur knows !

By day, the verdant fields, the lofty hills, the winding rivers, the murmuring brooks, the bleating flocks, the lowing herds, the warbling birds, the beautiful insects, the numerous little reptiles, together with the vast expanse of heaven, and that glorious spring of light, the sun, which adorns it, and imprints a pleasing lustre, imparts a delightful diversity of colours to every thing on which it shines, will suggest fresh hints : at night ten thousand lovely objects will entertain us, unnumbered orbs of light rolling over our heads, may keep our thoughts at that time agreeably employed.

If at any time we find that too close an attention, too great an intenseness of mind brings a languor

guor on our spirits, we may have recourse to *books*; in them (if judiciously chosen) we shall be sure to meet with rational amusement, something that will instruct as well as please\*; will make our hours slide pleasantly along, and by advancement in knowledge, prevent their being lost.

But none can be thus happy in solitude, unless they have an inward purity of mind, their desires contracted, and their passions absolutely under the government of their reason†. Learning, without piety and virtue, will not, cannot, bestow felicity: where there is an internal disturbance, a tumult of thought, a consciousness of guilt, and an anxiousness of soul, there can be no easy reflections, no satisfying pleasures: no; there must be innocence, composure, and a true understanding of the value of things, before the soul can take a complacency in herself.

To render a private life truly easy, there must be genuine piety, as well as human knowledge; uncorrupted morals, as well as an insight into nature; a regardlessness of wealth; at least, no eager solicitude about it; a being weaned from the world; from its vanity, its applause, its censure, its pomp, as well as from whatever it has enticing or disturbing, and from all that it can either give or take away‡: for, without an absolute independence on all things here, we cannot properly be said to enjoy ourselves; and, without this, we never can be happy in retirement.

\* A friend, a book the stealing hours secure,  
And mark them down for wisdom. THOMPSON.

† Vide Retired Pleasures, in prose and verse.

‡ Vide Lucas on Happiness.

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 ON THE BENEFITS OF ADVERSITY.

*Good when he gives, supremely good,  
Nor less when he denies;  
Ev'n crosses from his sovereign hand  
Are blessings in disguise.*

WATTS:

THE sacred writings, in almost every page, warn mankind against the insolence of Prosperity, and afford the most striking pictures of men, who, having been raised from nothing to greatness, became insensible to every past office of friendship, and sinned against that very zeal or favour, to which they principally owed their elevation. On the other hand, Adversity is described in the holy volume as the salutary chastisement of an all-wise and affectionate parent, who wishes to reclaim his child, and to call back the Prodigal to his Father's home.

Prosperity frequently inflates the mind, as particular diseases enlarge the circumference of the body, a change which proceeds from some powerful relaxation, and which is a symptom of danger and decay.—Mental imbecility causes the one, and some kind of corporeal weakness occasions the other.—But so are we made, that to bear a sudden elevation with humility and temperance, requires an almost gigantic resolution; and he must possess an eagle's eye, who can look at the sudden splendour of prosperity without winking.

To outstrip every competitor; to soar above the malice of those who once hated us, and be shielded from the attacks of those who persecuted us; to be suddenly raised to the means of crushing those who had done us evil, and of rewarding those who had done us good;—to be removed from the necessity of looking humble before the proud, and enabled to  
return

return the supercilious glance of that pride which lately had disdained us;—in short, to find every wish of humble and anxious life at once realized into gratification :—these, surely, are circumstances so flattering to the weakness of human nature, that it is almost impossible not to become giddy on a sudden elevation to them.

On the contrary, Adversity, however great its first shock may be, soon yields to time; and, on the recovery from it, we begin to see every thing in its true light; the false glare is at once dissipated,—our *true* are, immediately distinguished from our *false* friends\*;—we are no longer dupes to the fallacy of our own hearts, and the film is soon removed which prevented us from seeing and knowing ourselves†. Reflection, vigilance, and foresight, now succeed to inattention, negligence, and carelessness.—We rest upon nothing that will not support us; and, finding that the best of this world's dependencies are but weak and uncertain, we shall be taught to look for permanent support and comfort, in the hopes of a *better*, beyond the grave.

To this point Adversity is intended to conduct us; and they who patiently attend to its guidance, will soon be persuaded that it is only a blessing in *disguise*‡; the gentle corrections of a tender father,

\* He who is a friend in *need*, may be truly accounted a friend *indeed*.

Prosperity makes friends, Adversity tries them.

† Men in adversity most plain appear,  
It shews us *what* and *who* they really are;  
Then from the lips truth undissembled flows,  
The mask falls off, and the just features shows.

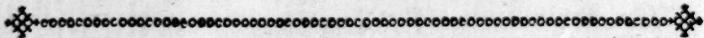
LUCRETIVS.

‡ Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head.

SHAKESP.  
who



who wished to work the real good of his children; and, looking back with gratitude, mingled with disdain, to the heights from whence they fell, will exclaim with the exiled statesman of Greece, that “*they should have been utterly ruined, if they had not been undone.*”



#### ON THE WAYS OF PROVIDENCE.

*The ways of Providence are dark and intricate,  
Puzzl'd with mazes and perplex'd with errors;  
Our understanding searches them in vain,  
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search;  
Nor sees with how much art the windings turn,  
Nor where the regular confusion ends.*      ADDISON'S CATO;

**I**N the ordinary course of human affairs, we behold a very mixed and busy scene; the passions of men variously agitated, and new changes daily taking place upon this stage of time. We behold peace and war alternately returning; the fortunes of private men rising and falling; and states and nations partaking of the same vicissitude. In all this, if we attend only to the operations of external causes, and to the mere rotation of events, we view no more than the inanimate part of nature; we stop at the surface of things; and contemplate the great spectacle which is presented to us, not with the eyes of rational and intelligent beings.

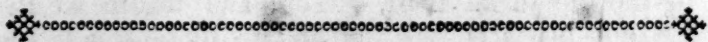
The life and beauty of the universe arise from the view of that wisdom and that goodness, which animate and conduct the whole, and unite all the parts in one great design. There is an Eternal Mind who puts all those wheels in motion; himself remaining for ever at rest. Nothing is void of God. Even in the passions and actions of men he is to  
be

be found; and where they imagine they guide themselves, they are guided and controuled by his Almighty hand. What solemn thoughts and devout affections ought this meditation to inspire; when in viewing the affairs of the world, we attend not merely to the actings of men, but to the ways of God; and consider ourselves, and all our concerns, as included in his high and gracious administration!

This should prevent us from censuring Providence, on account of any seeming disorders and evils which at present take place in the world. The various instances which might be pointed out, of human passion and wickedness rendered subservient to wise and useful ends, give us the highest reason to conclude that, in all other cases of seeming evil, the like ends are carried on. This ought to satisfy our minds even when the prospect is most dark and discouraging. The plans of Divine Wisdom are too large and comprehensive to be discerned by mortals in all their extent; and where we can see only by parts, we must frequently be at a loss in judging of the whole. "The way of God is in the sea, and his path in the mighty waters; and his footsteps are not known. But although thou sayest thou canst not see him, yet judgment is before him; therefore trust thou in him." As in the natural world no *real* deformity is found, nothing but what has either some ornament, or some use; so in the moral world, the most irregular and deformed appearances contribute, in one way or other, to the order of the whole.

The supreme Being, from the most opposite and disagreeing principles, forms universal concord; and adapts even the most harsh and dissonant notes to the harmony of his praise. As he hath reared the goodly frame of nature from various and jarring elements,

elements, and hath settled it in peace; so he hath formed such an union by his Providence, of the more various interests and more jarring passions of men, that they all conspire to his glory, and co-operate for general good. How amazing is that wisdom, which comprehends such infinite diversities and contrarieties within its scheme! How powerful that hand which bends to its own purpose the good and the bad, the busy and the idle, the friends and the foes of truth; which obliges them all to hold on their course to his glory, though divided from one another by a multitude of pursuits, and often differing even from themselves; and while they all move at their own freedom, yet by a secret influence, winds and turns them at his sovereign will! “O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!”



#### ON THE PLEASURES OF OLD AGE.

*The sweetest cordial Age receives at last,  
Is conscience of our virtuous actions past.*

DENHAM.

IT is the observation of a fine writer, that “an old man who is not a fool, is the happiest creature in the world;” for after having passed the noon of life in the hurry of business, he sits down in the evening in his great chair, and, in social converse or chearful reflection, enjoys the pleasing retrospect of past occurrences.

All the events of his active life he recalls to memory; he re-acts, in imagination, the characters he was once fond to personate. Such are the natural  
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and pleasing amusements of his solitary moments ; and in his social hours, happy in the enjoyment of the friends that revere and love him, and blessed perhaps, in the sweet attentions of a virtuous and affectionate family, he entertains himself and them, with a narrative of past achievements, when his heart was fired by the love of virtue, animated by the pursuit of its attendant pleasures, and ardent for the acquisition of honourable fame. The various scenes and various adventures of days that will return no more, afford an inexhaustible fund of retrospective pleasure. The youthful studies that now contribute their acquisitions for the delight and ornament of his age ; or the days of honest industry, by which he has gained the blessings of competency ; these, in review, afford him inexpressible satisfaction\*.

The good old man is sensible to pleasures that are peculiar to that period of his life. Secure in the harbour of tranquillity, he revolves in his mind, with unspeakable satisfaction, the adventures of his laborious life ; and the calamities that are now no more, he reviews with the glow of extacy and joy : for so powerful indeed is the influence of contrast, that it may not improperly be termed the Nurse of Happiness : it teaches us to know the value of our present enjoyments, by comparing them to the sufferings we once endured, and the misery from which we have happily escaped.

With respect to all the rational and worthy pleasures of existence, and the conscience of a good

\* Bless'd son of foresight! —

Whose work is done, who triumphs in the past,

Whose yesterdays look backwards with a smile.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

fame,



fame, the respect and company of virtuous men, and the contemplation of a happy immortality, these are enjoyments for which our capacities are enlarged by increase of years.

While we are indulged by the Divine permission with the blessing of health, a wise man will consider the latter part of life as certainly the most eligible. The recollection of a well-spent youth fills the mind with a pleasure, not only the most elegant in itself, but pure, tranquil, and unallayed. Even those who are so unhappy, that they cannot advert to their earlier years with satisfaction, have at least this consolation left, that they are under no temptation to repeat their youthful follies.

But we must not forget to instruct the youthful votaries of pleasure, that vicious indulgencies, not restrained in time, will grow into habits that cannot be eradicated\*, and will render the aged man an object of pity and contempt. In one of the Spectators this consideration is forcibly exemplified in the supposed letter of an old debauchee: "How is it, Sir, that my appetites are increased upon me, with the loss of power to gratify them? I write this, like a criminal, to warn people to enter upon what reformation they please to make of themselves in their *youth*, and not expect that they shall be capable of it, from a fond opinion some have often in their mouths, that if we do not leave our desires, they will leave us. It is far otherwise.

I am now as vain in my dress, and as flippant when I see a pretty woman, as when in my youth I stood upon a bench in the pit, to survey the whole circle of beauties. The folly is so extravagant

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\* Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,  
As brooks make rivers, rivers swell to seas.

with me, and I went on with so little check of my desires, or resignation of them, that I can assure you, I very often, merely to entertain my own thoughts, sit with my spectacles on, writing love-letters to the beauties that have long since been in their graves.

This is to warm my heart with the faint memory of delights which were once agreeable to me : but how much happier would my life have been now, if I could have looked back on any worthy actions done for my country ! If I had laid out that which I profused in luxury and wantonness, in acts of generosity and charity ! I have lived a batchelor to this day ; and, instead of a numerous offspring, with which, in the regular ways of life, I might have possibly delighted myself, I have only to amuse myself with the repetition of old stories and intrigues, which no one will believe I was ever concerned in."

But Age, on the contrary, in every virtuous person, obtains a degree of respect and authority, which renders it far more eligible than all the pleasures of youth. If to be regarded, attended, and consulted with deference, are circumstances of pleasure, they are such as are the constant concomitants of a virtuous old age. With respect to the approach of death, which Tully has enumerated in his account of the four objections to old age, it may be observed with that admirable Philosopher, that youth has greater probabilities of being nearer death than age\*. What youth can say more than an old man, that he shall live till *to-morrow* ?

Youth are not only more liable to disorders, but

\* The old *must* die, we truly say,  
But 'tis as true, that younger *may*.

SOLIT. WALKS.  
those

those disorders are more violent, and their recovery from them, in consequence, more doubtful. The youth, indeed, expects many more days, which the old man has no reason to do. The expectations of the youth are not well founded; for what can be more unwise than to put confidence in an uncertainty\*? But if the aged man has not room even for hope, he is still happier than the youth; for he has already enjoyed that, of which the other is only in expectation. The one wishes to live long; but the other has already obtained that wish.

After all, is there any thing in human life, the duration of which can be called *long*? If hours, days, months and years pass away in quick succession, it is of little moment what hour, what day, what month, or what year, we may retire from such a transient scene. Applause is due to the *good* actor, in whatever part of the play he makes his exit. Thus it is in the estimation of a wise man: a short life will be sufficient to evince him a man of probity and virtue: when he ceases to be such, he has lived too long; and while he is such, it is of little importance to him how long he shall be so, if he is to continue so to the end of his life: “for,” as it has been admirably observed, “honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor that is measured by number of years; but *wisdom is the grey hair unto men, and unspotted life is old age.*”

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\* 'Tis a common and just proverb, the old *must* die, and the young *may*:

No age nor station is from death secure,  
He cuts down young and old, the rich and poor.

A W A L K

## A WALK IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

————— *Omnes una manet nox,  
Et calcanda semel via Letbi.*

I Am just returned from indulging a pleasing melancholy in a country churchyard, and paying a respectful visit to the dead, of which I must one day increase the number. As the solemnity and awfulness of the place instantly affect the beholder, the solitude and silence of it equally dispose him to seriousness and attention; so that we nowhere find a more suitable, useful, and improving retirement for the sons and daughters of mortality. Every monument has its instruction, and every hillock its lesson of morality, for the perusal of the thoughtful passenger.

How blest'd the man! who, sick of gaudy scenes,  
(Scenes apt to thrust between us and ourselves,)  
Is led by choice to take his favourite walk  
Amid Death's gloomy, silent, cypress shades,  
Unpierc'd by Vanity's fantastic ray;  
To read the monuments, to weigh his dust,  
Visit the vaults, and dwell among the tombs!

NIGHT THOUGHTS:

I have, by this means, in a short space of time, read the history of the whole village, and could tell the names of its principal inhabitants for the last thirty or forty years\*. I might, perhaps, go a lit-

\* Their names, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply;  
And many a holy text around the strews,  
That teach the rustic moralist to die. GRAY'S ELEGY.



tle higher; but here, by the injury of time and weather, the register begins to be interrupted, and the letters are so defaced, that, if an inscription can be made out, it is with great difficulty and conjecture.

It is not, however, without pity and concern, I see the kind endeavour of the survivor, to preserve the memory of a departed friend, so soon frustrated and disappointed. To continue the remembrance of the deceased, though by a mould of earth, a turf of grass, or a rail of wood, is an instance of affection and humanity, equal to the most costly monuments of brass and marble, in every thing but expence and the duration; and yet how perishable are even these! how fruitless is the expence! and how short is the duration!

The churchyard I look on as the rendezvous of the whole parish, to which people of all ages and conditions resort. It is the common dormitory, where, after the labours of life are over, they all repose themselves together in the dust\*. The little cares and concerns they had, when living, are here entirely forgotten; nor comes there hither any uneasiness or enmity to disquiet or interrupt their rest. The jealousies and fears, the discontents and suspicions, the animosities and misunderstandings, which imbitter men one against another, are all determined in the grave; here end all resentments and contentions.

The grave very justly may be styled a state of perfect equality. The rich and the poor, the young and the aged, the wise and the foolish, all lie down together, and are blended in the dust.

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\* ————— 'Tis here all meet;

Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.

BLAIR'S GRAVE.

Here

## REFLECTIONS.

51

Here it is, that no one is greater or less than another; for rottenness admits of no distinction, nor corruption of superiority: the fairest shall be a stench, and the most beautiful shall be loathsome\*. Rejoice thou, then, that art now despised and lightly esteemed; for the time cometh when the haughtiest shall be made low, and the meanness of the great be as thine; the spitefulness of the proud, and the loftiness of the scornful, shall be humbled together, and the foot of the beggar shall trample on them.

I will allow that the pomp of a great man may adorn his funeral, and flattery may attend it with coronets, pedigrees, and banners; whatever is beyond, is nuisance only and abhorrence. The sepulchre, too, may be painted without, but within is full of filthiness and uncleanness; and the corpse may be wrapped in velvet and fine linen, yet in velvet and fine linen it shall rot and moulder; the leaden coffin, and the arched vault may separate it from vulgar dust; but even here shall the worm find it, nor shall his hunger be satisfied, till he strips it to the very bones. In the mean while, the labour'd epitaph is mocking it with titles, and belying it with praises; the passenger must be stopt to lament its loss, and the reader is called upon to weep, that a person, illustriously descended, should be so like the rest of his fellow-creatures as to — *die*.

The procession may be long, and set off with all the finery that pride can invent, or money can pro-

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\* Ye blooming virgins, beautiful and fair,  
 To these abodes, this place of skulls repair,  
 And learn how frail the charms of beauty are. }

SOLITARY WALKS.

cure\*, insomuch that women shall stand amazed, and even children behold it with astonishment and wonder; yet all this midnight-shew, which has raised the curiosity of multitudes, and with purposed delays has increased it into impatience, can go no farther with him than to the *grave*; here must all state leave him, and the honours he possesses, shall be his no longer; hitherto they may go, but no farther, and *here shall his proud waves be stayed.*

Having thus amused myself in contemplating the vanity of human greatness, What is it, said I, that can make us start and shudder at the thoughts of death? The mighty and the rich of the world may tremble; but what is the sting of death to those whose lives have been altogether misery? or what power has the grave over the wretched and unhappy? Is it not rather a refuge from violence and oppression, and a retreat from insolence and contempt? Is it not a protection to the defenceless, and a security to him who has no place to fly to? Surely in death there is safety, and in the grave there is peace†; this wipes off the sweat of the poor labouring man, and takes the load from the bended back of the weary traveller: this dries up the tears of the disconsolate, and makes the heart of the sorrowful to forget its throbbings: it is this which eases the agonies of the diseased, and gives a medi-

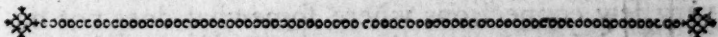
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\* How rich the trappings! Now they're all unfurl'd,  
And glittering in the sun, triumphant entries  
Of conquerors and coronation pomps  
In glory scarce exceed! BLAIR'S GRAVE.

† *Here the wicked cease from troubling, and here the weary are at rest.* Job iii. 17.

cine to the hopeless incurable; this discharges the naked and the hungry insolvent; and releases him from his confinement, who must not otherwise have come thence, till he had paid the uttermost farthing: it is this that rescues the slave from his cruel talk-master, and frees the prisoner from the demands of him that cannot pity: this silences the clamours of the malicious defamer, the slanders of whisperers, and the voice of scandal.

The infirmities of age, the follies of youth, the blemishes of the deformed, the phrensies of the lunatic, and the weaknesses of the ideot, are here all buried together; and who shall see them? Let the men of gaiety and laughter be terrified with the thoughts of their departure, because their pleasure is no more; but let the sons and daughters of wretchedness and affliction, who believe on Christ, (the resurrection and the life) smile and be comforted; for their deliverance draweth nigh, and their trouble ceaseth; while sighing and sorrowing shall be known to them no more.



ON THE HAPPINESS OF A FUTURE STATE.

*All, all on earth is shadow;*

*All beyond is substance.*

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

**W**ITHOUT society it is impossible for man as a social being to be happy. Place him in a region where he was surrounded with every pleasure; yet there, if he found himself a solitary individual, he would only pine and languish. Not merely our wants, and mutual dependence, but our native instincts also, in some degree, impel us to associate together. The intercourse which we here



maintain with our fellow-creatures, is a source of our chief enjoyments. But, alas! how much are these allayed by a variety of disagreeable circumstances that enter into all our connexions! Sometimes we suffer from the distresses of those whom we love; and sometimes from their vices or their frailties. Where friendship is cordial, it is exposed to the wounds of painful sympathy, and to the anguish of violent separation. Where it is so cool as not to occasion sympathetic pains, it is never productive of much pleasure.

The ordinary commerce of the world consists in a circulation of frivolous intercourse, in which the heart has no concern. It is generally insipid, and often soured by the slightest difference in humour, or opposition of interest. We fly to company in order to be relieved from wearisome correspondence with ourselves; and the vexations which we meet with in society, frequently drive us back again into solitude. Even among the virtuous, dissensions will arise; and disagreement in opinion too often produces alienation of heart. We form very few connections where somewhat does not occur to disappoint our hopes. The beginnings are often pleasing. We flatter ourselves with having found those who will never give us disgust. But weaknesses are too soon discovered. Suspicions arise; and love waxes cold. We are jealous of one another, and accustomed to live in disguise. A studied civility assumes the name, without the reality of friendship\*; and secret animosity and envy are often concealed under the caresses of dissembled affection.

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\* Mankind are in gen'ral full of deceit,  
And friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet.

Hence

Hence the pleasure of earthly society, like all our other pleasures, is extremely imperfect; and can give us but a very faint conception of the joy that must arise from the society of perfect spirits in a happier world. Here, it is with difficulty that we can select from the corrupted crowd, a few with whom we wish to associate in strict union. There, are assembled all the wise, the holy, and the just, who ever existed in the world; without any distress to trouble their mutual bliss, or any source of disagreement to interrupt their perpetual harmony. Artifice and concealment are unknown there. There, no competitors struggle; no factions contend; no rivals supplant each other. The voice of discord never rises, nor the whisper of suspicion never circulates among those innocent and blessed spirits. Each happy in himself, participates in the happiness of all the rest; and by reciprocal communications of love and friendship, at once receives from, and adds to, the sum of general felicity.

United to this great assembly, the blessed at the same time renew those ancient connections with virtuous friends, which had been dissolved here below by death. The prospect of this awakens in the heart the most pleasing and tender sentiment which perhaps can fill it in this mortal state; for of all the sorrows which we are subject to in the present world, none is so bitter as that occasioned by the fatal stroke which separates us, in appearance *for ever*, from those to whom either nature or friendship had intimately joined our hearts\*. Memory, from time to time, renews the anguish; opens the

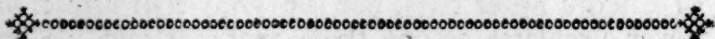
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\* It is one of the melancholy pleasures of an old man, to recollect the kindnesses of friends, whose kindness he will experience no more.

Dr. JOHNSON.

wound which seem'd once to have been clos'd ;  
and by recalling those joys which are past and gone,  
touches every spring of painful sensibility.

In these agonizing moments how relieving the  
thought, that the separation is only *temporary*, and  
not eternal\* ! that there is a time to come of re-  
union with those with whom our happiest days on  
earth were spent ; whose joys and sorrows once  
were our's ; and from whom, after we shall have  
landed on the peaceful shore where they now dwell,  
no revolutions of nature shall ever be able to part  
us more !—Such is the society and blessedness of the  
saints above.



## O N E T E R N I T Y.

*'Tis Heaven that points out an Hereafter,*

*And intimates eternity to man.*

ADDISON'S CATO.

“ Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or  
“ mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain or par-  
“ ticle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand  
“ years : Supposing then that you had it in your choice,  
“ to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand  
“ was consuming by this slow method, till there was not  
“ a grain of it left, upon condition that you were to be  
“ miserable for ever after : or, supposing that you were to  
“ be miserable till the whole mass of sand were thus an-  
“ nihilated, at the rate of one grain in a thousand years :  
“ which of those two would you make your choice ? ”

FOR imaginations like our's, confined within  
narrow bounds, and to natures almost entirely  
subservient to error, it might perhaps seem impossi-

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\* Tho' here we meet to *part*, when time is o'er,  
We then shall meet in heav'n to part *no more*.

ble

ble that such a vast heap of sand as is mentioned in the above query could ever be annihilated; consequently we should be apt to prefer immediate to future *expectant* happiness. But in that we should only act according to our natures, not according to our interests.

Eternity far exceeds the comprehension of finite beings\*; nor can a just idea of its duration enter into the heart of man. We look forward, and at first fancy we have found it out; but we are soon overwhelmed with perplexity, and brought to acknowledge our ignorance; though at the same time our thoughts are raised to contemplate that Divine Being who is infinity himself, who has existed from, and who will exist to, all eternity. Eternity we have a faint conception of, as a continual series of ages that will never have an end†: But how that is possible, is beyond the reach of human knowledge to ascertain. This truth, however, is obvious—That though we are now ignorant of it, we shall not always remain so; and therefore our principal study ought to be, to secure, through the aid of divine grace, a favourable reception at the end of our journey, where we must all, sooner or later, arrive.

We are allowed a small, but uncertain number of years in this life to qualify and prepare us for the next ‡; and what the next will be, depends in a

\* A still beginning never-ending age;  
Which when ten thousand years are done,  
Is still the same, and still to be begun. CONGREVE.

† Eternity is not unfitly represented by a ring or circle, which has neither a beginning nor end.

‡ ————— While thou *may'st*,  
Provide more firm support, or sink for ever.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.



great measure on the works we perform in this. Either we shall be eternally happy, or everlastingly miserable \*! And are these such trifling thoughts, that nearly all mankind laugh at them? Is not our eternal welfare at stake—and are not we the objects who are to be answerable for it? Surely we are! and can we then neglect so great a work? or rather, ought we not to prefer this to every other consideration?

The question is, (not that which is proposed above, but) whether we will chuse to be happy for the space of threescore and ten, nay, perhaps of only *twenty* or *ten* years, or miserable to all eternity: or, on the contrary, miserable, (even supposing that should be the case, which rarely if ever happens) for this short term of years, and happy for a whole eternity†? What words are sufficient to express that folly, and want of consideration, which in such a case makes a wrong choice!—Indeed, one would think it absolutely impossible any rational being could do it. But yet we every day see that mankind are a set of unthinking, degenerate wretches, who sacrifice their real, to imaginary interest; and act in direct defiance of that God, who they are assured by divine revelation will one day be their tremendous judge. One cannot enough wonder at such madness and stupidity, while the reflection causes the most poignant grief; for to suppose that hundreds and thousands of our fellow-creatures wil-

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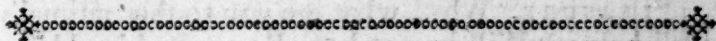
\* Beyond the grave *two* states alone remain,  
Of endless pleasure and eternal pain. RURAL CHRISTIAN.

† A dread eternity, how surely mine!  
And can eternity belong to me?  
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour!

NIGHT THOUGHTS.  
fully.

fully plunge themselves into an abyfs of endless misery and woe, must raise the tender sigh, and move the sympathizing heart.

'Tis, I grant, unfashionable to reflect *seriously* on any subject; but are we to regard fashion preferably to our eternal good?—Are we to subject ourselves to a phantom, a mere word, which hardly continues to have the same meaning six hours together, and yet refuse to obey the precepts of our God?—a benevolent, gracious, and all-wise being, at whose voice we cannot but tremble, and who will ere long reward us according to our deeds!—No, surely: let us then, as it is no less our privilege than our duty, reflect seriously in time, that we may not be miserable to all eternity.



DESIRE AND PLEASURE.

AN ALLEGORICAL DIALOGUE.

DESIRE. **W**HAT is more noble, what more exalted, than to be unconfined! has not this something divine in it?

PLEASURE. Thou hast too much of the man in thee, to pretend to any thing divine. Thy great extent is like a vast desert, a larger field to starve in, and only shews the greatness of thy want, which, like an abyfs, is never to be filled. How often hast thou exclaimed—O that I had but this, I ask no more! I have no sooner given thee that wished-for object, but thou hast solicited another, and then slighted that for a third, which has shared the same fate. For my part I only wish for one thing, that

is, to return to my native heaven, and thus get rid of thee\*?

DESIRE. Not so fast, I pray you, my lovely charmer! this would be the way to enlarge hell, and to make this world a province of the empire of PAIN and DESPAIR, our mortal enemies. No, you must and shall stay, and let me sometimes enjoy your company. You and I have interchangeably sealed and delivered *a lease* to dame NATURE, and you very well know it will not expire till Doom-day. She is of too tenacious and selfish a humour to release you; besides, this would not only destroy me, but partly your sweet self, and then farewell Man, her master-piece, of whom she is so proud; since without me Man would no more be Man, than Heaven without you would be Heaven.

PLEASURE. Why! what are you to that animal's well-being? Will he not have REASON, his old acquaintance, to keep him company, though *you* should leave him?

DESIRE. What good would that pragmatistical companion do him, were I gone? Would not man's will then prove as inactive as a fat, sleepy prebend's pen, and his liberty as useless as a city alderman's sword?

PLEASURE. And consequently as harmless. You often guide his will, like the pens of some writers, to dull and unprofitable, or fatal subjects; and his liberty like the swords of some mad libertines, to his own destruction. Even his reason, debauched by you, plagues him as sorely with her phlegmatic lectures, as a jealous or churlish wife does her half-witted husband with those of the curtain. And his boasted reason, at last, is so puzzled, that it

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\* Pleasure here respects those *true* pleasures, flowing only from the pure fountains of *Piety* and *Virtue*.

cannot decide what it is most reasonable for him to do. You fill his imagination with such a crowd of enchanting objects, that he does not know which to chuse; trying the new, he forgets the old that charmed him, and, in short, always proves more out of taste than contented.

DESIRE. Rather say, more tired than fated; and neither blame man, nor me, but your own niggard temper, since to set all right, you need but answer your end. Satisfy man by the constant enjoyment of Pleasure.

PLEASURE. What! I glut his canine, insatiate appetite with my limited store! You may as soon make a finite being comprehend an infinite. Besides, man, by desiring so many things, does not well know what he would, or what he should have.

DESIRE. Surely he cannot be so ignorant as you say, since we find him determining his will to possess this or that thing! What, for instance, can the most ambitious man aspire to, but the highest pitch of grandeur?

PLEASURE. He may have attained it, and yet not think so, or scorn his elevated rank as still too low, prompted by thee, for his boundless ambition.

“ In vain, ambitious souls, in vain

You to your fierce desire intend

At last to fix an end;

If ere that distant end you gain,

It only proves a mean, another to attain.”

You never let him remain quiet, but still push him on, and make him thrust out others, that he may place himself in the centre of all things; for every one would be the wittiest, the handsomest, the noblest, the richest, the bravest, the best, and, in short,



short, the happiest in the world, though often they become the worst, and the most wretched by the attempt.

DESIRE. All this is for your sake; I am but the steel, while you are the loadstone, whose attractive power draws me.

PLEASURE. Did you, instead of perverting man's reason, suffer it to guide and curb him, he would not so often and so justly complain of us both.

DESIRE. It is then impossible I should ever be satisfied, or man be happy on earth; since whatever gratification you afford him, he will still desire a greater; whereas perfect happiness consists in having nothing to do with me. A blessing not to be attained in such a scurvy lodging as this world.

PLEASURE. It is indeed but a paltry hedge-inn; but many a bad road leads to a beautiful city: were the baiting-place more pleasant, it is very likely that too many would be tempted to forget to proceed on their journey\*.

DESIRE. Let us then cordially embrace, and continue to act the different parts Providence has allotted us, till the final dissolution of all things, which must necessarily put an end to my existence, and translate you to that paradise, which you justly call your native home.

\* The more easy and comfortable our condition in this world is, the more loath we naturally shall be to leave it at death.

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ON THE KNOWLEDGE OF MANKIND, AND THE  
DANGER OF FOLLOWING THE MULTITUDE.

A N E S S A Y.

*The proper study of mankind is Man.*

POPE.

**I**T is a doctrine of more than two thousand years standing, and which has been more than twice two thousand times repeated, that the greatest, the most useful, and the first of all branches of wisdom, is the knowledge of *ourselves*\*; but the extension of that doctrine, laid down in the motto to this paper, which enlarges the field of knowledge on this head, and takes in the rest of mankind along with the individual, is not less essential to our happiness, though encumbered with less difficulties in the attainment.

The knowledge of mankind, the understanding the nature, qualities, and affections of our fellow-creatures, is of more efficacy to our well-being, and tends more, infinitely more, to the great end of answering the purposes for which we were created, than all the other sciences put together; and as a great encouragement to our attempting to excel in it, it is much easier to arrive at, than any other science whatever. Before a man presumes to study others, it is absolutely necessary that he know *himself*; when this is arrived at, men are so like one another, that the rest is easy; and the man who

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\* *Nosce teipsum* was the motto of a heathen philosopher, and well worthy to be written in letters of gold.

can certainly tell, from his just knowledge of himself, what he would do in any particular circumstance, making proper allowances for the known passions, will not often be mistaken, in concluding by it what another person would do in the same case.

It is on this principle we venture to advance, that the knowledge of mankind is so easy, after the knowledge of ourselves is once arrived at: and whoever will look into the world will find, that these two essential parts of human wisdom ever advance in proportion to one another. The most formidable enemies we have to encounter in our way to self-knowledge, are prejudices taken up early, which strengthen as we grow older; and that great and powerful innate principle, *self-love*.

Every man takes a delight in deceiving and betraying himself; there is no species of cunning of which we are naturally so fond, as that of hiding ourselves *from* ourselves: in consequence of these original designs, we eternally flatter ourselves; set an infinitely higher value on any thing that is good in us than it deserves, and extenuate our defects to nothing; in short, we are continually winking purposely, lest we should see ourselves too clearly.

Every man who knows his own heart, knows that this is more or less the state of it, as he is more or less removed from that knowledge we are inculcating; and every one must own, that these are qualities rather habitual than natural to us; that they are founded on a compelled, not a necessary ignorance, and kept up by force, not by any involuntary affections. If this be the case, then where is the mighty difficulty of overcoming them? There seems indeed little more necessary, than occasionally to throw aside our habitual prejudices, to put ourselves in the place of other people; and in

in short, to leave our eyes at liberty to continue open.

The truth is, that this sort of knowledge is not so often missed in the research, as neglected, and not at all searched after. Few people, very few ever enquire about it, or indeed will give themselves leave to receive it; and if so, where is the wonder that so few among us have any share of that knowledge which it is so much their interest to cultivate, since they will not suffer themselves to be instructed in the first lesson of it?

There is hardly a man to be met with in ten thousand who well knows himself \*, much less who knows another, or, in general, all others. In things not immediately necessary to us, there are multitudes of masters, and multitudes of disciples; in *this*, which is the great essential on which we are to depend for every thing else, there are just as many masters as scholars. As it is generally managed, we are never with, or within ourselves; our contemplations are on external objects, and such is our misery and infatuation, that we know every thing better than ourselves.

The knowledge of mankind is of a very extensive nature, yet all naturally resulting, and easily following from this first principle. To know men perfectly, we must know all kinds of men; those of all tempers, ages, constitutions, and even of all professions; their secret motions, natural inclinations, and, as the result of these, even their actions; not only their *public* ones, which are the less to be re-

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\* Self-knowledge is essentially necessary to our knowledge of mankind in general; therefore the poet justly says,

All our knowledge is *ourselves* to know.

POPE.

garded.



garded, as being generally feigned, disguised, and artificial; but their *private* ones also; and in particular the most simple, which arise naturally from their habits and inclinations, which may generally be foreseen by a pre-knowledge of those habits, and from which all their more complex actions are most easily deduced.

If we enter seriously and disinterestedly on this plan of study, we shall see but a bad portrait of human nature, but we shall see a true and accurate one, so far as it goes; we shall find man, on the one hand, a poor, weak, low, and miserable being, whom we cannot but heartily pity; and, on the other, we shall find him proud, insolent, puffed up with ill-grounded presumption, and requiring little less than adoration from us, though, in reality, he can justly claim nothing but contempt.

There are two great enemies to all true knowledge; the first external and open, as in the popular opinions, the vices, and the follies of the world; the other internal, from our passions. The true means then, by which we have any rational prospect of arriving at this difficult, this uncommon, yet this most essential and advantageous wisdom, must be by freeing ourselves from this double occasion of error, popular prejudices, and domestic passions.

The innumerable errors that we find the generality of the world running into, in regard both to judgment and to will, prove too evidently to us, that vice and error are the most powerful agents. What reason then can we have to let such a multitude decide for us? The best and wisest men of all ages have been forced to acknowledge, that the generality of the world in their time was foolish and wicked; that, among a thousand, there have not been found one wise or good person; and that vice ever seemed to plead universality in its favour.

There.

There can be no wonder, as this has been always the state of mankind, that they have been deceived who trusted general decisions; nor can there be any true wisdom hoped for in the world, till those, who are ready to take up opinions from others, will first take the pains to know who and what those are from whom they take them.

The appearances that make for us in going with the multitude, are indeed *but* appearances; and the more true state of the case is, that we follow the wildgoose train, without knowing where it goes; we join one another, like sheep, for company; we never enquire into the reason of what we are about, nor remember that we are a part of that multitude we seem to be guided by. We are no sooner drawn away, we know not why, than we make a part of the attractive body, and draw away others to follow us, who know no more than we do ourselves why we follow those who in the same thoughtless manner fell into the crowd before us.

He who would arrive at true wisdom, must always suspect whatever pleases, and has the sanction of *vulgar* authority, and must credit that alone which demands such credit in itself, and on its own bottom; that which is true and good in itself, not which has the good fortune to appear so to others: he should account the multitude, when in the wrong, as one man; and one man, when in the right, as a multitude; and when an antagonist would overbear his reason, by telling him all the world believes a thing, he may answer, So much the worse, since the best and truest things are esteemed and believed only by a few; and little, except falsity and error, by that imaginary, infallible body, the world\*.

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\* The *world*, or in other terms, the multitude, are in the general, as good judges of right and wrong, as a blind man is of colours.

All the world once believed that the earth stood still; yet was not he, who alone discovered that it moved round the sun, the less in the right, because of this general contrariety of opinion.

Socrates had so little relish for this general opinion, that, when a dissolute fellow, a favourite of the mob, said, as he passed by, "There goes the honestest man upon earth;" he started, and asked aloud, "What have I done, that such a fellow should speak well of me?" The known ill character of the person who gave the encomium, here pleaded against it; but Phocion, who had as just an opinion of a multitude as any man, carried this sort of censure much farther; he was speaking in public, with his usual strength of reason, when the people set up a general shout of approbation at something he had said; on which this judicious man turned round to those who were about him, and asked them, with a blush, "Has any folly escaped me, or any loose word slipped from my tongue, that these people are so pleased with me?" The reproof was uttered loud enough to be heard by the people that had occasioned it; and the consequence was, a discontinuance of all these noisy testimonies of satisfaction on the like occasion for the future; and the speaker in public never knew the sense of the people, till he had finished all he had to say among them.

The multitude are so far from meriting our regard as patterns and examples, that it was nobly said by an ancient heathen, who had not the general plaudit of the vulgar, *Qui placere potest populo, cui virtus placet?* "What man to whom virtue is pleasing, can please the multitude?" We ought, in general, to avoid the company of these misleading guides, and, above all things, to preserve ourselves from the effects of their behaviour, which, he who  
knows

knows mankind, will always know, is the more likely to err, as there are the more opinions concerned in it.

When a man has, on such principles as these, put himself upon his guard against this external enemy, the next he is to conquer is the yet more dangerous, internal one, his *passions*: the confusion and slavery these bring on, are only to be guarded against, by our discarding them from our thoughts, at least while employed on these important subjects.

However difficult a task this may seem, there are many ways of arriving sufficiently near it for this great purpose; the one is, to affect an insensibility to them, to refuse to perceive the things they offer, in the light they offer them; but this is an imperfect remedy; it is not so properly curing the disease as not feeling the effects of it. A second method is, by contradiction: the destroying one passion, which is too strong for our reason, by another which is stronger, and thus rooting out the greater part of them, and retaining those only at last, which are the least mischievous. Another method is by precaution, by avoiding these dangerous enemies, and flying every occasion of them. But a superior method to all these is by *virtue*\*; in that alone resides the great power of quelling them at pleasure, and on that eternal basis, is built the sacred truth of that ancient proposition, that "virtue alone is the beginning of all true wisdom."

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\* Dare to be virt'ous in a vicious age,  
And Heaven itself will on your side engage.



## P O R T R A I T S

O F A

## B A T C H E L O R A N D A M A R R I E D M A N.

D R A W N B Y A L A D Y.

*To wed or not to wed, that is the question!*

A Batchelor is a sort of whimsical being, which Nature never intended to create; he was formed out of all the *odds* and *ends* of what materials were left after the great work was over; unluckily for him, the *finer* passions are all mixed up in the composition of those creatures intended for *social* enjoyments; what remains for the Batchelor is hardly enough to rub round the crusty mould into which he is thrown: to avoid waste, some seasoning, that he may not be quite so insipid, must be substituted in the stead of more valuable ingredients, so in dame Nature tosses *self-love*, without weight or measure; a kind of understanding that is fit for no other use; a sprinkling of wisdom which turns to acid, from the sour disposition of the vessel in which it is contained, and the whole composition is concluded with an immoderate portion of oddities.

Thus formed, thus finished, a Batchelor is popped into the world — mere lumber, without a possibility of being happy himself, or essentially contributing to the happiness of others. His only business is to keep himself *quiet*; he gets up only to ly down again, and lyes down to get up. No tender impressions enliven his walking hours; no agreeable reveries disturb his drowsy slumbers. If he ever  
speaks

Speaks the language of sensibility, he speaks it on the excellence of some favourite dish, or on the choice liquors with which his cellars abound; on such subjects he feels the rapture even of a lover.

The pace of a Batchelor is *sober*; he would hardly mend it to get out of a storm, though the storm were to threaten a deluge; but shew him a woman who is intitled to the compliment of his hat, and he will shuffle on, as if he was walking for a wager. His house-keeper or his laundress, he can talk to without reserve; but any other of the sex, whose condition is above a useful dependent, is his terror. A coffee-house is his *sanctum sanctorum* against *bright* eyes and *dazzling* complexions; here he lounges out half his days—at home he sits down to his *unsocial* meal, and when his *palate* is pleased, he has no other passion to gratify. Such is a Batchelor—such the life of a Batchelor!—what becomes of him after death, I will not determine.

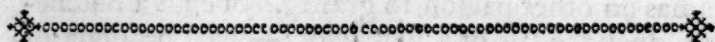
Now for the Married Man.—The felicity of a Married Man never stands still; it flows perpetual, and strengthens in its passage; it is supplied from various channels; it depends more on others than himself: from participation proceeds the most extatic enjoyments of a Married Man\*.

By an union with the *genteel*est, most *polished*, most *beautiful* part of the creation, his *mind* is harmonized, his *manners* softened, his *soul* animated by the tenderest, liveliest sensations. Love, gratitude, and *universal* benevolence, mix in all his ideas. The house of a Married Man is his *paradise*; he never leaves it without regret, never returns to it

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\* The marriage state is capable of being made the happiest or the most miserable condition upon earth, by the conduct and disposition of either the *husband* or *wife*.

but with gladness—the *friend* of his soul, the *wife* of his bosom, welcomes his approach with susceptibility; joy flushes her cheek—mutual are their transports. Infants, lovely as the spring, climb about his knees, and contend which shall catch the envied kiss of paternal fondness. Smiling plenty, under the guardianship of *economy*, is seen in every department of his family; generosity stands porter at his door; liberality presides at his table, and social mirth gives to time its most pleasing motion. To the existence of a Married Man, there is no termination: when death overtakes him, he is only translated from one heaven to another; his glory is immortalized, and his children's *children* represent him on earth, even to the latest generation\*.



## ON THE EFFECTS QF LOVE

U P O N

### DIFFERENT CHARACTERS.

*Of all the passions given us from above,  
The noblest, softest, and the best, is Love.*

**T**HE effects and influence of *Love* upon the mind are various, and sometimes proportioned to the warmth of constitution: the impression is deep, or superficial, according to the strength and

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\* However these portraits may be taken, in the general, from real life, we *must* acknowledge, there are some exceptions to be met with respecting *each*. Would to God there were none as to the *latter*.

sensibility

sensibility of the mind where it fixes \*. In people of refined conceptions, it is a pleasing and noble passion, which commonly infuses itself, and takes full possession of the soul; and the more sensibility they have, the less is their power to resist it; in others, it has only the force to create certain desires, which, when gratified, is quite at an end; and they wonder it should occasion the least agitation, or find an entrance to their hearts. There are others again who only *fringe* their wings in the *flame* of *Love*, and admit a tincture of it sufficient to introduce a little petulance, jealousy and impatience†.

But genuine *Love* makes the most rapid and powerful advances in our hearts, and seldom fails to soften or blunt the edge of all our other passions, which are rarely awakened but by obstacles or disappointments in it, and where our pursuits are unsuccessful. But this sentimental, romantic kind of *Love*, I think, is beaten out of vogue amongst the men; and dying at the feet of their mistresses, has been reckoned a very awkward custom ever since the times of the *Grand Cyrus*, *Parisinus*, *Clelia*, &c.

I cannot at present ascertain in what manner the ladies chuse to be worried out of their hearts, unless they gather their methods of deciding upon the merits of their lovers, from the present manu-

\* Love, various minds does variously inspire;  
He stirs in gentle Nature's gentle fire;  
A fire, which every windy passion blows,  
With pride it mounts, and with revenge it glows.

DRYDEN.

† Love is no sin, but where 'tis sinful love;  
Mine is a flame, so holy and so clear,  
That the white taper leaves no soot behind,  
No smoke of lust.

ISTD.

factory



factory of novels, which (it will be allowed) are quite degenerated and reversed, since the histories of those personages I have just mentioned; for if a man were to come fresh from reading the *Arabian Nights*, and address his mistress by the rules there laid down, to gain her heart, his disgrace would be compleat; and for the respect which would lead him to throw himself on his face out of reverence, he would either be led out of the house as a madman, or one who came to affront her, or to act the fool.

I cannot help thinking, that the god of *Love* has lost a great deal of his prerogative amongst us, and in marriages, seems to be less busy than formerly; at least, I think he is but little known at present in this island: a passion for *wealth*, is another enemy to his rites, and most commonly directs modern unions. —

But happy they! the happiest of their kind;  
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate  
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.  
'Tis not the coarser tye of human laws,  
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,  
That binds their peace; but harmony itself,  
Attuning all their passions into love.

THOMPSON'S SEASONS.

THE

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 THE FATAL CONSEQUENCES

O F

## FALSE PLEASURE.

A N E S S A Y.

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*Ye smiling band  
Of youths and virgins, who thro' all the maze  
Of young desire, with rival steps pursue  
The varied form of Pleasure; hither turn  
Your favourable ear—and trust my words.*

O Ye thoughtless and dissipated youths!—attend for once to the voice of reason—listen to the benign effusions of humanity! Let a benevolent monitor, who would wish kindly, and pathetically, to press his counsels through the convictive impulse, be for a moment attended to. Come, ye children of libertinism, and heirs of a voluptuous age, whose viciousity is apparent from the multiplicity of internal calamities, among its numberless wretched cotemporaries;—come, let us reason together, and calmly deliberate on an important subject: Where will a life of inordinate vicious pleasure and dissipation end? Think on the dreadful consequences that must inevitably succeed riot and debauchery; since the means which the blind infatuated votaries to “false pleasure,” use to support their unbounded folly and extravagance, are frequently the most illicit and unworthy, and often terminate in the most indelible disgrace.

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Remember,

Remember, the frequent repetition of vice sears the conscience, depraves the mind, and excludes all serious thoughts and reflections\*: it extirpates every virtuous principle, and the mental faculties become absorbed in an irrecoverable stupor†; and now, alas! alas! commences the fatal period, when religion, and all that is good, or praise-worthy, becomes disgusting; and there is not even one vice, one folly, nor one incitement, that conveys only an idea of pleasure, let the position be ever so false, but is by the children of inconsideration and vanity eagerly sought after, and pursued with an alacrity that plainly evinces the most egregious weakness and stupidity. Come, cool deliberate Reflection! source of repentance! dispel from mine eyes that bewitching and dangerous charm Variety. O thou source of seduction—thou parent of ills! how much art thou to be dreaded! Visit the chambers of the diseas'd, perambulate the regions of distress and misery; enquire the cause of their calamities, and you will find, chiefly, that a thirst for *variety*, and a pursuit after false and visionary pleasures, have proved their early bane.

How truly alarming are the rise and progress of those seminaries, where every species of vice and folly is cultivated to afford pleasure to the degenerate and weak of mankind! where the libertine and debauchee may wanton in excess of new delights, and the profane and impious revel in brutal sensu-

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\* He that once sins, like him who slides on ice,  
Goes swiftly down the slippery paths of vice;  
Tho' conscience checks him, yet these rubs got o'er,  
He sins securely, and looks back no more. DRYDEN.

† Vice seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace. POPP.  
ality!

ality! where each simple one is working with rapidity his own destruction, and eagerly pressing forward unalarmed and unprepared, to those dreary regions from whose bourn no traveller returns!

From natural diseases, and providential calamities, thousands fall before the all-conquering arm of death; but the pursuit of vicious pleasures, an unlimited unrestrained indulgence in Dissipation's frantic round, carries with it, as its certain entailment, the destruction of tens of thousands\*; now from this certain and acknowledged truth, what other idea can we form, and conclusion draw, but that the vain boastings of the libertine, and the fancied happiness and glories of the debauchee, are built on the quick-sand foundation of "false pleasure," which from its nature must inevitably fail; and whenever it does, either sooner or later, great, indeed, will be the fall thereof!

To indulge every appetite, to gratify every passion indiscriminately, and to fulfil each inordinate desire as they may arise, is an excess one would think enough to shock human nature. "Destruction is in the cup"—turn to the right hand or to the left, and there is ocular demonstration of the truth of this assertion: Do we not see many who become their own executioners—destroyers of themselves! who against every principle of that great luminary, Reason, and conviction's strongest stings, continue in days of riot, and nights of dissipation and debauchery†, violent revellings, gluttony and drunkenness,

E 3

kenness,

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\* Sensual pleasures generally forestall the rottenness of the grave.

† Not so the wise and tranquil man,  
Who acts on Reason's virtuous plan:  
No wild fantastic thoughts controul  
The settl'd firmness of his soul.



kenness, and all the destructive vices which a degenerate age can produce, although disease be painted before their eyes, and their speedy untimely dissolution so horribly evident?

Many there be, ah! many indeed! who forfeit their lives to the injured laws of their country, who know, in the commission of their crimes, they are taking the most direct means possible to destroy themselves!—In a word, and as an incontrovertible truth, how many miseries do the simple and thoughtless part of mankind accumulate? and how many afflictions and inflictions do they undergo?—tortures of body, and rack of the mind (the most dreadful of all diseases) for want of attending to this one plain, easy, simple consideration; viz.—That happiness is only to be found in the paths of *virtue*\*, and any deviation therefrom is hurtful even in the abstract; and wholly ruinous in the ultimum?

For thro' the gloomy veil of night,  
He sees a constant, sacred light,  
That beams its unremitting ray,  
And changes darkness into day.

\* Virtue alone is happiness below,  
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know. POPE.

## ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.

## AN ESSAY

ADDRESSED TO YOUNG PERSONS.

*Redeem we time? Its loss we dearly buy;**Part with it as with money, sparingly.*

DR. YOUNG.

**T**IME you ought to consider as a sacred trust committed to you by God Almighty; of which you must assuredly render a just account at last. That portion of it which he has allotted you, he expects you suitably to improve, by living soberly, righteously, and godly in the world. Let not the hours of hospitality and pleasure interfere with the discharge of your daily avocations; nor let what you esteem necessary affairs, encroach upon the time which should be sacred to devotion\*.

To every thing there is a season, "and a time for every purpose under heaven." If you delay till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day, you overcharge the morrow with a burden which belongs not to it. He who every morning plans the transactions of the day, and follows that plan, carries on a thread which will guide him through the labyrinths of the most busy life. The orderly arrange-

E 4

ment

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\* . . . . The man who consecrates his hours  
By vigorous effort and an honest aim,  
At once he draws the sting of life and death;  
He walks with Nature, and her paths are peace.

DR. YOUNG.

ment of his time is like a ray of light which darts itself through all his affairs. But where no plan is laid, where the disposal of time is surrendered merely to the chance of incidents, all things lye huddled together in one chaos, which admits neither of distribution nor review.

The first requisite for introducing order into the management of time, is to be impressed with a just sense of its real value. Consider well how much depends upon it, and how fast it flies away. The bulk of men are in nothing more capricious and inconsistent, than in the spending of their time. When they think of it as the measure of their continuance upon earth, they highly prize it, and with the greatest anxiety seek to lengthen it out. But when they view it in separate parcels, they appear to hold it in contempt, and squander it with inconsiderate profusion. While they complain that life is short, they are often wishing its different periods at an end. Covetous of every other possession, of *time* only they are prodigal. They allow every idle man to be master of this property, and make every frivolous occupation welcome that can help them to consume it.

Among those who are so careless of time, it is not to be expected that order should be observed in its distribution. But by this fatal neglect, how many materials of severe and lasting regret are they laying up in store for themselves! The time which they suffer to pass away in the midst of confusion, bitter repentance seeks afterwards in vain to recal\*.

What.

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- \* There's no prerogative in human hours.

.....  
Where is to-morrow? in another world.

For numbers this is certain, the reverse

Is sure to none .....

A moment we may wish, when worlds want wealth

To buy.

N. THOUGHTS.

What was omitted to be done at its proper moment, arises to be the torment of some future season \*. Manhood is disgraced by the consequences of neglected youth. Old age, oppressed by cares that belonged to a former period, labours under a burden not its own. At the close of life, the dying man beholds with anguish, that his days are finishing, when his preparation for eternity is hardly commenced.

Such are the sad effects of a disorderly waste of time, through not attending to its intrinsic value. Every thing in the life of such persons is misplaced. Nothing is performed aright, from not being performed in due season.

But he who is orderly in the distribution of his time, takes the proper method of escaping those manifold evils. He is justly said to *redeem the time*. He lives much in a little space; more in a few years than others do in many. He can live to God and his own soul, and at the same time attend to all the lawful interests of the present world. He looks back with pleasure on the past, and wisely provides for the future. He catches and arrests the hours as they fly, and marks them down for wisdom.

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\* The spirit walks of every day deceas'd,  
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.

Dr. YOUNG.



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 THE FATAL TENDENCY OF GAMBLING.

 EXEMPLIFIED IN THE  
 HISTORY OF MISS BRADDOCK\*.

## A R E A L F A C T.

*What mighty ills have not been done by Gaming!*

MISS Frances Braddock was the admiration of every polite circle—Her person was elegant, her face beautiful, and her mind accomplished.

She unhappily spent a season at Bath—The whole *beau monde* courted her acquaintance—She gave the *ton* not only to the fashion, but to the sentiments of every assembly. Her taste was admirable, her wit was brilliant.

Her father, at his death, bequeathed twelve thousand pounds between her and her sister, besides a considerable sum to her brother the late General Braddock, who was cut off with a whole party on an American expedition against the Cherokee Indians.

Four years after the death of her father she lost her sister, by which her fortune was doubled,—but alas! in the course of a month, by a constant application to cards, she lost the whole.

She fell under the infatuation of her own opinion—she conceived that *judgment* was sufficient, being, totally ignorant of *unfair practice*.

Her misfortunes preyed upon her mind, nor did she communicate the cause even to her most confi-

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\* Daughter of the late Admiral Braddock.

dential friends for a considerable time, till at last her mind being unequal to struggle with accumulating adversity, she declared to an intimate female, that the world should never be sensible of her necessities, however extreme they might be.

Notwithstanding her caution, her poverty became known, and her sensibility was daily injured by the real and fictitious condolence of her acquaintance, which stimulated her to the rash resolve of terminating her anxiety, by putting an end to her existence.

On the night of perpetrating the act of suicide, she retired to her chamber in apparent good health, and in full possession of her senses.—Her attendants left her in bed with a candle lighted, as was usual, and having locked the door, put the key under it.

Miss Braddock always opened her chamber door in the morning to admit her attendants; but the next morning the maid coming as usual, and not hearing her mistress stir, retired till near two o'clock in the afternoon, when being alarmed at receiving no answer to her calling, she employed a man to climb in at the window, when the horrid catastrophe of her mistress was discovered, and the following fact appeared in the evidence upon the view of the Coroner's Inquest.

After the departure of the maid on this night, she got out of bed again, and, it is supposed, employed some time in reading, as a book was discovered lying open upon her dressing-table. She put on a white night-gown, and pinned it over her breast; tied a gold and silver girdle together, and hanged herself on a closet door in the following manner:—At one end of the girdle she tied three knots, each about an inch asunder, that if one slipped, another might hold; opening the door, she put

the knotty end over, and then locked it to secure the girdle, at the other end of which she made a noose, put it about her neck, and dropping herself off a chair, accomplished her fatal purpose. She hung with her back to the door, and had hold of the key with one of her hands. She bit her tongue through, and had a bruise on her forehead, supposed to have been occasioned by the breaking of a red girdle on which she had tried the first experiment, and which was afterwards found in her pocket with a noose upon it. The Coroner's Inquest being called, they returned their verdict *Non Compos Mentis*. On the day after, she was decently buried in the Abbey-church, by the side of her brave old father, who happily did not live to weep over the misfortunes of his children. In her window were found written the following lines :

O Death ! thou pleasing end to human woe !  
 Thou cure for life ! thou greatest good below !  
 Still may'st thou fly the coward and the slave,  
 And thy soft slumbers only bless the brave.

Thus, by an act of *self-murder*, or of *madness*, a young lady, in the 23d year of her age, in the full possession of personal charms, sensibility, and virtue, lost her life by an unhappy infatuation to a fashionable vice.

O CARDS ! ye vain diverters of our woe !  
 Ye waste of life ! ye greatest curse below !  
 May beauty never fall again your slave,  
 Nor your delusion thus destroy the brave.

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THE TRAVELS OF VIRTUE.

AN ENTERTAINING AND INSTRUCTIVE

ALLEGORY.

VIRTUE, desirous of visiting the abode of mortals, undertook a journey through the world; she was attended by Temperance, Justice, and Humanity, her constant companions in all her peregrinations. They passed the first part of their journey without any considerable opposition; but when they arrived at a certain city called Manhood, the metropolis of the kingdom of Existence, they received many insults from the subjects of Vice, who was the governor of the place. They, however, behaved themselves with great steadiness and resolution, and looked upon the aspersions thrown on them with contempt; but they were surprized by Temptation, Allurement, and Consent: it was with great difficulty that they escaped out of their hands, and Temperance, Justice, and Humanity, had nearly been carried off by a company of robbers, whose names were Extravagance, Villany, and Cruel Disposition. All their arts could not however deceive, or their power force Virtue, who being the favourite of the skies, was defended from every insinuation, and protected from every danger.

Soon after, Virtue and her companions met with Misfortune, attended by a numerous retinue; yet they remained serene and calm, nor discovered the least sinful disorder or emotion; so that the inhabitants of the earth were astonished, and the family of Sense confounded; but Virtue, seeing their amazement, spoke to them in the following manner:



ner:—"Why are ye surprized, O ye children of the dust? you judge only from external appearance, and contemplate the outward surface of things; but assure yourselves my happiness does not depend on the breath of fame, nor is it placed in that which the world terms felicity: it is neither grandeur, riches, nor pomp, that please my soul, but the approbation of Him whose favour is preferable to life in its brightest scenes, and in its most alluring circumstances.

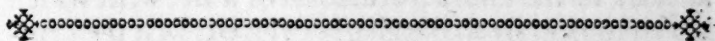
I look upon my present afflictions as only designed to prove and try the sincerity of my heart\*; a much nobler prospect lies before me; my estate is yet to come, and the possession sure and certain: the seas may evaporate, the skies pass away, the rocks crumble to dust, and the mountains know their place no more; but my inheritance is secured, and my crown fadeth not away: I am descended from the great Eternal of the skies; he is my father, my guardian, and friend; his hand shall safely guide me through the maze of life, and the glory of his presence illumine the valley of the shadow of death."

Having spoken these words, Virtue and her companions pursued their journey along the road of mortality with cheerfulness. Amidst all the fatigue and difficulties that attended them, they fainted not; nor were they weary. At last they reached that ancient town in the road of life, styled Old Age, where they were seized by Infirmary, Sicknefs, and Decline; and after being for some time confined in the prison of Fatality, they were conducted thro' the

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\* The truly good man is well assured there is a *needs-be* for all his afflictions, agreeable to the assertion of divine truth, 1 Peter i. 6, 7.

the land of darkness to the region of Death, where their faces turned pale and ready to sink with fear, till accosted by Good Conscience, who promised to appear as their friend when they were brought to the bar for trial. Nor did he fail in his promise: the Judge was satisfied, and commanded Innocence to waft them over the river of Oblivion, and safely land them on the shore of Immortality. Here they were embraced by Glory, and with him took their flight from the view of mortals.



ON TERRESTRIAL METEORS.

A N E S S A Y.

*An Ignis Fatuus, that bewitches,  
And leads men into pools and ditches.*

HUDIBRAS.

I SHALL not confine myself solely to the *Ignis Fatuus* of Hudibras, but pursue that deceitful meteor through the various forms under which it is constantly every day appearing, without being dispersed even by the glare of the noon-day sun. It is frequently seen issuing from the mouths of those who call themselves *gospel* preachers. On this occasion it sometimes assumes the form of every thing that is lovely and engaging, when it seldom fails to fascinate the spectator, and draw him from the solicitous pursuit of every other object; and at other times it appears in a shape so ghastly, horrible, and terrifying, as to destroy every faculty of the minds of those who follow it, till it leaves them in a state of insanity, or hurries them to the grave in a fit of despair.

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The lawyer has his *Ignis Fatuus*, and so has the physician: with the *former*, it appears under the confused shapes of writs of error, replications, triplications, demurrers, and appeals; and with the *latter* it makes its appearance in pills, bolusses, and lotions. These lead to the destruction of health and the loss of life; while the deceitful meteor of the lawyer is not so mischievous, since it leads its successful followers only—to rags.

The *Ignis Fatuus* of the shopkeeper constantly appears in the unequivocal form of a lie, with which his customers are so pleasingly deluded, that they suffer their pockets to be picked without the least murmur or complaint. Indeed, such is the infatuation of some people, and the *ladies* in particular, that they will not enter a shop where this meteor does not blaze with transplendent lustre.

The *Ignis Fatuus* of the patriot is a most brilliant meteor, since it twinkles like the stars, and blazes like the sun, so as to dazzle the eyes of the generality of beholders; but notwithstanding all its luminous appearance, its light is at last generally extinguished by a *golden* shower, when it soon totally disappears in a cloud, till seen blazing again in a very opposite part of the political heaven\*.

The *Ignis Fatuus* of true friendship is an odd sort of a meteor, since it is seldom if ever seen, and consists only in sounds, which, though they are the most pleasing and melodious imaginable, are at last found to be only, what the countryman in the fable says of his bird, *vax et præterea nihil*†.

Love,

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\* *Modern patriotism* is only the hand of self-interest reached out to accept a golden bribe.

† True friendship and real religion are equally seldom seen, and therefore but little known in the world, though of the greatest benefit and importance for mankind to be acquainted with.

Love, that *Ignis Fatuus* which flutters round the heart of every pretty youthful fair one, has raised many commotions in the empire of beauty, and deluded many from the thorny paths of virtue into the wilds of destructive pleasure. Such is the power of this lawless blazing meteor, which traverses at random the horizon of youth, that even the eye of reason has often been deceived; and Prudence, with all her boasted caution, has been led astray from the beaten path. Age, and experience too, who have treated the delusive power of this meteor with ridicule and derision, have severely felt its fascinating influence; and few indeed are those who have not been compelled to confess its bewitching power. This only can be said in its favour, that it is sometimes the link-boy who lights us to the Temple of Hymen.

The *Ignis Fatuus* of ambition is the most dangerous, and the most to be dreaded of all meteors that can blaze around us, since we no sooner catch sight of it, than we view every thing through a false medium. The first glance of it pleases and delights us, and we view, as it were in perspective, happiness seated in the centre of its flame; but, while we fancy it within our reach, it flies from us, and constantly eludes our grasp. Care, gloom, anxiety, and sorrow, succeed the disappointment; and so great is its intoxicating influence, that it actually draws a veil over the eyes of its votaries, whereby they cannot see that happiness, ease, and pleasure, actually follow close behind them, and in vain implore their embrace.



## ON THE PASSION OF COUNTRY PEOPLE

F O R

## EMIGRATING TO LONDON.

A N E S S A Y.

*London! what's London? 'tis a world of pride,  
Snares and temptations are on every side.*

IT is really astonishing to think what strange notions prevail among the country people, respecting the wealth and splendour of the *Long Town*, as they call London\*. Every situation they believe insures prosperity; and if they have a cousin within thirty degrees, or any other friend who resides there, they make no scruple of requesting his interest, to get *places* for their children, which they suppose only calls for an application to a next door neighbour to be done.

BILLY is to be a merchant's clerk—to make a voyage or two to the East-Indies—marry a lady there very rich—come home, and provide for a long string of his relations, and spend the remainder of his days comfortably. JACKY must be a lawyer's clerk;—and lawyers all the world knows, get money. He is to marry the daughter of some rich client;—and so, his business being done, he *may*

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\* It has been often said, that the people in the country think London streets are paved with gold; hence arises their solicitous desire in general, to visit the metropolis.

*there*

## REFLECTIONS.

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*When go to bed.* As for Miss NANCY, Miss BETSEY, &c. NANCY may be waiting-maid to some good-natured, agreeable young lady, whose brother, as a natural consequence, may fall in love with and marry her; and fortunes being every day to be picked up in London, BETSEY may go to a milliner—some one of her mistresses' wealthy customers will surely propose matrimony, and hymeneal bliss crown her future life.

Thus most country people delude themselves, and make ideal settlements for their families;—who, strangers to what London really is, are perfectly well pleased to be situated in a place, where they are taught to believe, happiness is at the command of every individual, and greatness the never-failing reward of their pursuits. I don't mean to ridicule the honest efforts of parents, to provide for their children in the best manner they can: but the sentiments they entertain of Town are in general monstrously absurd, as well as dangerous, that one can hardly speak seriously on the subject.

“Did you see Mr. JOHN STAYTAPE at the wake last Sunday?—(one country bumpkin will observe to another) What a fine fellow he is grown since he went to London! His cloaths so bedaub'd with gold and silver lace—and how bold he's got! Well, it's a rare thing to see the world, and have a little learning!” So, upon the strength of Mr. STAYTAPE's appearance, and a recommendation from a *third* cousin (a cheesemonger's porter in Thames-street), my countryman's darling JEMMY is speedily to grace the roof of a stage-coach, and be whirled to Town—to figure away, perhaps, in the respectable capacity of a lacquey, journeyman taylor, or some other employ equally flattering—no matter what. If people mind their hits, they'll make  
fortunes

fortunes in London \*; trust to Providence, and the business is done.

“ Ah, bless me ! (says Dame SUSAN to Dame DEBORAH), what a charming place London must be ! Who would have thought that NANNY GINGER would have cut such a tearing figure—a poor awkward, clumsy creature as ever was seen !—’Twas but the June before I lay-in with my JOHNNY she got a place in London ; and last summer she came down to her friends, all bedizened over from top to toe with filks and satins, and laces, and fine cloaths, as grand, I warrant you, as any princess in the land.—Lord !—I wish my POLLY had such a place !”

Not to run into a long dialogue between the two Dames, SUSAN sets her wits to work, and remembers that she had heard her neighbour DOBSON say, that his first-cousin’s wife came from London, and very likely may be of a topping family. She therefore consults with her neighbour DOBSON, and finds that her memory has not deceived her. Mr. DOBSON advises with his cousin, and from him learns, that some of his wife’s relations live near the Seven Dials ; and that one of them, a pawnbroker, is a person of note. Here then a correspondence commences on the subject of Miss POLLY’s going to London, between Mr. DOBSON’s first-cousin’s wife and Mr. PLEDGE. Mr. PLEDGE, by great good fortune in marriage, is related to Mr. TROLLOP, a salesman in Monmouth-street, whose wife wants a maid to get up small linen—look after a child in arms—and at leisure hours to

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\* If London is (as doubtless it is to the active and industrious) a place to get money in, it also presents a thousand ways to spend it.

few. The glad event is announced immediately to SUSAN and POLLY;—and on some happy early day, the dear girl is sent off in all her finery to get into the good graces of Mrs. TROLLOP—well flowed too with good maternal advice, to mind what she is about, &c. and she'll undoubtedly do well—"Who knows? People no better than POLLY have rode in their coaches—and it may be POLLY's luck before she dies."—So indeed POLLY thinks;—for fine cloaths and a coach, as naturally fill the heads of all the girls who come to London, as wives with large fortunes engage the expectations of the young men.

Thus is the metropolis stocked by emigrations from the country; and it would be agreeable enough if one could truly add, that either the Town or the Country were benefited by it: but the contrary is more frequently the case than otherwise. The person who in his avocation of Shaver, Taylor, Carpenter, or other business, might have been eminently useful in a country town or village, and esteemed and rewarded for his industry, frequently finds that employment is not a certainty in London. He is ashamed, however, to return to be laughed at; and having nothing to do, is necessitated to engage in the perpetration of crimes which he at first naturally abhors, but which, often repeated, harden him in guilt, and eventually bring him to a fatal exit\*.

It would be tedious and unnecessary to give particular instances of people's miscarriages in London. Every person must have heard and seen continual

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\* This has been the melancholy experience of many an idle and thoughtless youth, and should therefore be a warning to every young man, both in town and country.



accounts of them: but parents who only view the fair side of a prospect, will hear nothing which militates against their favourite schemes. They will not believe, for example, that the situation of a lady's maid, if they intend it for a daughter, is fraught with any danger; that a young girl will have occasion to resist temptations from debauched superiors, who glory in the demolition of *female* virtue, or to guard against the artful designs of abandoned servants under the same roof\*; that pleasures may draw her into ruin, or her morals be corrupted by the company she is obliged to associate with. These they consider not, or at least consider them as dangers easily surmounted by their immaculate daughter! nor is it till an account arrives of the poor girl's being privately brought to-bed, married to one of her master's footmen, or kept by an acquaintance of his family, that they will be convinced of the impropriety of their conduct.

The dangers which surround young men in London are more, and perhaps greater, than those to which girls are liable; and parents can scarcely be sufficiently careful with whom, and in what situation they place them. The evenings and nights, when temptations appear from every quarter, when not a passion prevails but may be instantly and easily gratified, are too often at the disposal of young men in London. And how these are spent by many, the hospitals, the prisons, and the bills of mortality will evince more strikingly than I can possibly do. Diseases, imprisonment, and early dissolution, are generally the consequences of nocturnal debaucheries and their attendant crimes; and thousands who

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\* Female servants would do well seriously to attend to these hints.

might have been otherwise valuable members of society, become in London a disgrace to human nature, and a continual reproach and uneasiness to themselves and friends.

A person in a country place cannot easily commit an immoral act, without being detected and re-proved by his neighbours; nor, if he would do it, can he always find the means. But the case is different in London. Instead of being shamed out of his vices by their notoriety, every thing offers which can possibly incite him to the practice of them. His passions, inflamed by the allurements constantly before him, the secrecy with which he may conduct his designs, and the opportunities he has of indulging every appetite, are such powerful incentives to ill, that few young men however uncorrupted and zealously virtuous when they first come to town, are proof against them long.

A person seldom indeed becomes all at once a thorough debauchee, but initiates himself progressively\*. As, however, the indulgence of one passion generally provokes to the gratification of another, he who gives way to the calls of vicious pleasures in any degree, has scarce ever ability afterwards to alter his course, till his constitution is decayed, his character and reputation lost, and even his life becomes a burden to him.

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\* In doubt and fear he slowly goes astray  
Till conscience harden'd he forsakes the way  
Of virtue, and to vice becomes a willing prey. }

RURAL CHRISTIAN.

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 AN ESSAY ON NEWSPAPERS.
 

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*A Newspaper may be styled a literary Olio, suited to all palates.*

OUR curiosity may often be excited by observing the various effects the different articles of newspaper intelligence have on different persons. Thus, a *marriage* will mortify the breast of an old maid, and hurt the pride of a young one, while it gives consolation to many a poor dejected husband, who reads that another has fallen into his situation. A *death*, if it is a wife, will make husbands envy the widower, wives and widows pity the deceased, and, hurt at the husband's good fortune, exclaim against the monster for not shewing a proper degree of sorrow on the occasion, while one of them perhaps marries him in a month after. If it is the death of a young virgin, she is indeed generally pitied (except by a rival) and her fate is attributed by females, to some cruel hard-hearted brute, whom she was too good for, and whose ill-usage very likely had broke her heart.

A paragraph of an accident gives (if the object is rich) pleasure to the surgeon\*, caution to the world, and anxiety to his relations and friends. A commission of bankruptcy deals out hope and fear in equal succession : indeed, all the passions resident in

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\* Would to God there were no reason to suppose that there existed any such monsters among mankind, as those who take a secret pleasure in hearing of the misfortunes of their fellow-creatures !

the human breast, are elated and put in motion by a newspaper. It is a bill of fare, containing all the luxuries, as well as the necessaries of life. *Politics* are now the *roast beef* of the times, and a dish equally sumptuous to the king and the cobbler; *poetry* is *plum-pudding*, and palatable only to the lovers of the Muse. There are others that act as *vegetables*, to complete the course, while our mails from France and Spain serve up nothing but *kickshaws* and *fricasees*.

The four winds (the initials of which make the word NEWS) are not so capricious or so liable to change as our public intelligencers: we have on Monday morning a *whisper*—on Tuesday a *rumour*—on Wednesday a *conjecture*—on Thursday a *probable*—on Friday a *positive*—and on Saturday a *pre-mature*. And thus are our hopes and expectations, for five days regularly, and almost mechanically increased, till the sixth generally compliments us with—a disappointment.

Its defects, however, bear no comparison to its beauties, which are equally celebrated in the court as on the taylor's shop-board. It is a caricature of the times, happily calculated to hit the ordinary and unbounded prejudices of society as well as individuals. One person's affections lye in the price of stocks, and the arrival of our East and West-India fleets; another's in a dreadful battle, either by sea or land, in which he solaces himself that he can read the account free from its dangers; a third places his delight in a curious anecdote; a fourth in a tale of scandal; a fifth in horse-races; a sixth in theatrical intelligence; a seventh in the poet's corner; and I really know a person of a sanguinary disposition, whose inward feelings are gratified in a degree proportioned to the bloody circumstances that

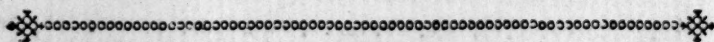
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accompany



accompany the relation of a murder.—Horrid thought!

Thus is a Newspaper a periodical magazine or literary toy-shop, where every one has his hobby-horse, and thus all humours, capacities, and descriptions, are daily furnished with instruction, amusement, and information, suited to their different tastes and dispositions.



### MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS

O N

#### U S E F U L S U B J E C T S.

*To think is a privilege peculiar to man,*

*Guard well thy thoughts, our thoughts are heard in heaven.*

Dr. YOUNG.

**M**AN was not born for *himself* alone; the very condition of his nature will inform and convince him, that his life ought to be consecrated to the good, welfare, and service of society; it is a reciprocal debt, from which no mortal is exempted\*. Every man is bound to act with a view of promoting the good of his relations, friends, and the public in general.

An indefatigable industry in our worldly affairs, by honestly and diligently prosecuting our calling, is the most sure and ready way to accomplish our designs in due time and order, and thereby to thrive and grow rich†; whereas, on the contrary, by sloth

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\* Romans xiv. 7.

† Proverbs x. 4.

our souls are, as it were, starved for want of satisfactory employment, and will at length (when we awake from our stupefaction) be filled with the most alarming considerations, for having thus squandered, or supinely dreamt away our precious time to no purpose.

A man, by sloth and idleness, may abuse and corrupt the natural parts and abilities wherewith Providence has endued him, and render himself thereby not only mean and despicable to others, as being an useless member of society, but he will prove even a burthen to himself. *Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise: the hand of the diligent shall bear rule; he that tilleth his land shall be satisfied with bread; but the soul of the sluggard desireth, and hath nothing.* It is an admirable saying, "That he who would be before-hand with the world, should be before-hand with his business, and not have that to do to-morrow, which should have been done yesterday." *Honour and riches shall crown the industrious; but poverty and shame shall be the portion of the sluggard.*

- "Flee Sloth, the canker of good sense and parts,
- "Of health, of wealth, of honour, and of arts:
- "Those who court Fame, must not their senses please,
- "Her chariot lags when drawn by Sloth and Ease.
- "Labour; and let thy hands procure relief,
- "Of all thy wants: an idle man's a thief:
- "There are in life a thousand good employs,
- "Which all excuse for idleness destroys."

Pride and vain-glory not only render men blind to the most noble perfections of others, but also so much over-bias and corrupt their judgment, that they vainly conceive themselves to possess every

qualification truly amiable or praise-worthy\*. But the being thus preposterously deceived into an high opinion of our own excellencies, is the most ready way to bar ourselves of all better information†.

Keeping bad company has been the ruin of thousands; and though it may be *possible* for a person to be found among such, without being tainted with their vices, yet it is scarce *probable*; for it is well known, and every day's experience proves, that ill examples are as contagious as diseases. We should therefore look upon persons of a bad character, as so many engines planted against us by the devil; and with whom, if we once enter into a connexion, we shall be in the greatest danger of being ruined, either in fortune or character in the world, unless we readily fall into their own vicious principles, and tamely agree to keep them company to hell.

As it is a sure and certain sign of a wise head and a virtuous heart, to see a person in the bloom and vigour of life, live in a continual expectation, and duly prepared for the stroke of death; so, on the contrary, nothing can be a greater piece of simplicity, or a surer sign of a depraved disposition, than to see a person of *four score*, with grey locks and trembling limbs, placing death at a great distance, and endeavouring to divert himself with the gay amusements and amorous follies of *eighteen*.

It was highly necessary there should be numerous kinds of beings in the scale of nature; otherwise

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\* Few if any persons think worse of themselves than they really are, but thousands err on the other side, and fancy they are much better than their neighbours, while their lives and actions too evidently prove the contrary.

† He that thinketh he knows enough, will not seek to grow wiser; while he that has a good opinion of *himself*, will seldom be found to think well of others.

their all-wise Author would never have created them. Every particular species is suited to its proper element\*, and endued with powers agreeable to its nature; and while each continues a right exercise of its faculties, and operates within its own sphere, it answers the proper end of its creation.— Thus it is with mankind: the reason, powers, and abilities of men are differently limited, and are almost as various as their features: whence it is plain, that Nature designed them to act in different capacities; such, therefore, who will endeavour to act in, or judge of things contrary to, or above their abilities or comprehensions, may reasonably expect their operations to prove abortive, and their conclusions ridiculous.— Thus says Mr. Pope in his Essay on Man:

“ One science only will one genius fit,  
 “ So vast is art, so narrow human wit;  
 “ Each might his several province well command,  
 “ Would all but stoop to what they understand.”

It is not the business of man to govern the world; therefore let mortals prepare to receive what may befall them here below, with submission; and learn to be entirely resigned at all times to the will of the Almighty, who is the great author and support of universal nature†.

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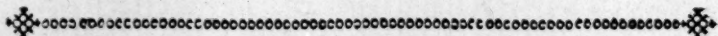
\* Birds for the air, fishes for the sea, and beasts for the earth.

† Well did an eminent writer say,

“ I leave the government of the world to the God who made it: I am his child, and he is my heavenly Father: to obey, is my duty, and with reverence be it spoken, to provide for me is his.”



- “ The man who will his confidence remove  
 “ From boundless wisdom, and eternal love,  
 “ To place it in himself, or human aid,  
 “ Shall meet those woes he labours to evade.”



## THE ADVANTAGES OF INDUSTRY.

*The hand of the diligent maketh rich.* Prov. x. 4.

IF it be true that God hath given nothing to man but what requires labour and industry to get, doubtless it should be the effort of every one so to labour that they may obtain. Those who neglect their occupation, or refuse to labour, will lose the reward.

Of all the virtues which adorn and beautify the character of a man, none sets it off to a greater admiration, or ought to be more valued by us than industry. For it is that alone which makes the artificer and labourer as useful and valuable as any members in society.

As Providence hath allotted to men different stations and conditions of life, and assigned them different gifts and talents to profit with, and different occupations and employments for the good of the whole; to be diligent and industrious then, in the several provinces in which he hath placed us, is a duty we owe to ourselves, that we may become serviceable to mankind, and at the same time merit their esteem.

The cares and anxieties of this world are often alleviated by the hand of Industry. For only let us suppose that we have in our view a cottage where Contentment and Happiness take up their abode, and Industry is its porter. Let us now take a survey of the  
 the

the family, and see what its members are employed in. The first object that presents itself to us is the aged father, (who by an industrious hand has brought up his family, now able to assist him) giving orders to his sons to go and cultivate his few acres of ground; on the produce of which, perhaps, depends the whole maintenance of his family, while he, an enemy to idleness, employs himself at home. The next in view is the mother, no less mindful of her duty than the father, who, after having set in order the house, now employs her daughters in their respective callings of the day, while she performs her domestic concerns in providing for her family. But what a change shall we find when our attention is drawn aside to the neighbouring cottage, where nothing but discord and animosities are to be seen, and where no proper regulations are kept up, and no government or obedience to be found, but all libertines; in a word, industry is shut out, and idleness, anarchy, and confusion bear the sway!

The effects of idleness often prove fatal to inconsiderate youth, and those who appear lovers of it must doubtless be enemies to industry\*; but let the scene be changed, let us see youth spontaneously opening their inclination to the embraces of it, and giving it the rule over idleness.

When the seeds of industry are well sown in the mind, and the inclination well cultivated by attentive labourers, it is like a field, although barren, nevertheless by labour and perseverance, it will abundantly repay the industry of the husbandman.

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\* Idleness and sloth will bring a man to rags.

PROVERBS xix. 15.



as far as we can judge, it seems to be one of the preventives and correctives of human suffering.

There is a religious fear, which however misunderstood by the gloomy on one hand, and the giddy on the other, both of whom view it through the same false medium, is, when properly considered, not only highly rational, but truly agreeable: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom\*." The dismal apprehension that the Supreme Being is stern and severe, should be far from his creatures; and we are warned against it by our Saviour in the parable where the unprofitable servant thought God "a hard master†." The religious fear which I mean to inculcate, is that reverential awe for the Most High Ruler of the universe, mixed with affectionate gratitude and hope, by which our minds are kept steady, calm, and placid‡, at once exalted by the contemplation of greatness, and warmed by the contemplation of goodness, while both are contemplated with a peculiar reference to ourselves.

I am sensible that this is a subject of so sublime and delicate a nature, that precise precepts cannot well be given, there being such a multiplicity of varieties, suited to different individuals, by reason of different associations of ideas, which though their original composition eludes our keenest investigation, have formed *mental* substance, if that expression may be used, which will be wrought upon very differently by the same operations. I would recommend to my readers, piety in general; and let each

\* Psalms cxi. 10.

† Matthew xxv. 24.

‡ Well might a French Protestant reply, to one who asked him what he was most afraid of; "I fear God, and I fear none besides."



practise that mode of devotion, which he finds has the best influence upon his temper, disposition and conduct.

*Shakespeare* observes with much truth as well as poetical expression, that "present fears are less than horrible imaginings." For, unless it be some excruciating bodily torments, the impressions of which through the agonized senses are stronger than any imagination can produce, it is certain that the ills of life appear more dreadful at a distance, than when actually felt\*. Sicknefs and poverty, and the loss of our dearest friends and relations, from the prospect of which we shrink with dismay, prove more mild in reality than in fancy, and bring along with them alleviations which cannot be discerned till they are close upon us. This reflection should make us less affected by the thoughts of their appearing to us, when these thoughts are, at any time, forced upon our minds.

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\* To forestall or anticipate expected evils or misfortunes by foreboding apprehensions, is the folly of thousands.

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O N   G R A T I T U D E ;  
A   D U T Y   I N C U M B E N T   U P O N   A L L .

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*He that has nature in him must be grateful,  
'Tis the Creator's primary great law,  
That links the chain of beings to each other.*      MADAN.

*The wretch, whom gratitude once fails to bind,  
To truth or honour let him lay no claim,  
But stand confess'd the brute disguis'd in man.*      FROWDE.

“GRATITUDE may justly be termed the basis of real friendship. It is this generous principle that cements and harmonizes the mind of different persons. In sacred history, you perceive these inviolable links bind together the souls of David and Jonathan. In profane history, an uninterrupted course of mutual endearments knit together the congenial minds of Pelopidas and Epaminondas.—That unexempled union and uninterrupted harmony which subsisted between these two illustrious Theban personages, ended only with their lives. The sole direction of the affairs of that republic was vested in their hands, yet during their auspicious administration, no latent spark of envy, jealousy or ambition, no private or selfish views, no interested, sinister, or factious intrigues (the fatal and too general sources of disunion) could in the least affect their friendship, or ever make any impression upon their mutual affection and reciprocal interests, because it was founded on the immoveable basis of public patriotism, and private virtue.

“Lovely and pleasant in their lives, death alone dissolved the bonds,”

The generosity of the one could only be equalled by the gratitude of the other; and how much this inseparable connection tended to the prosperity and preservation of that commonwealth, appears most evident, from its declining state, after their demise.

Every consideration must suggest to you, that the ties of friendship are sacred, and that a violation of them is in effect a breach of justice.

Gratitude is a duty pointed out to you by the light of natural reason.

The ox knoweth his owner—the ass her master's crib. Even the animal creation (void of those rational faculties, by which man is peculiarly distinguished) teach you this lesson of morality, this great and important duty.

If you manure the earth, it yields unto you her fruits—if you provide a convenient receptacle for bees, they make a return—shall man then, endued with the light of reason—shall he alone be insensible to generous emotions—to noble sentiments—to the sacred ties of gratitude?

Was this duty not so expressly pointed out to you by the light of natural reason—was it not enforced by scripture—and suggested to you by the dictates of conscience; yet, it is such a pleasing exercise of the mind—accompanied with such an internal satisfaction—delight—and self-complacency, that the duty is sufficiently rewarded by the performance.

It is not like the practice of many other virtues, difficult and painful—attended with self-denial, or set about with great reluctance, but accompanied with so much pleasure, that were there no positive command which enjoined it, nor any recompence laid up for it hereafter, a generous mind would indulge and give into it for the natural gratification that accompanies it.—If the thankful refrained, it would be pain and grief to them, but then and then

then only, is their soul satisfied as it were with marrow and fatness, when they are returning past favours, and making grateful acknowledgments for benefits received.

Hail Gratitude! thou child of Heav'n,  
Thou choicest gift to mortals giv'n,  
To me thy aid impart;  
Still let me feel thy powerful ray,  
Which, as the sun illumines the day,  
Improves the human heart.

By thee inspir'd, the heart impress'd,  
With feelings not to be express'd,  
In tears its tribute pays;  
While grateful sentiments restrain,  
The tongue that would in thanks proclaim  
The gen'rous donor's praise.

Gratitude is doubtless due from man to man,\* and when mutually exerted, naturally produces a very pleasing sensation in the mind. The author of our nature hath implanted in the ruling faculties of the soul, a strong bent towards it—so that in this sense, emphatically speaking, it is (as the lips of truth hath asserted) more blessed to give than to receive—*i. e.* attended with a higher degree of self-approbation, inward delight, and secret satisfaction;—for though the pleasures arising from beneficence are great, yet the internal transport of joy felt by a generous mind, in making returns of

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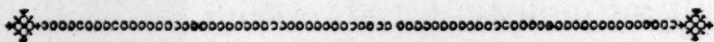
\* But how much more from man to his *Creator*, who giveth to all liberally and upbraideth not?

gratitude,



gratitude, is so exquisitely elevated, as to be easier conceived than expressed.

There is not a more active principle than this, in the human mind.



## THE BANEFUL EFFECTS OF ADULATION.

### A N E S S A Y.

#### ADDRESSED TO YOUNG WOMEN.

*Man! savage man, the wildest beast of prey,  
Assumes the face of kindness to betray;  
His giant strength against the weak employs,  
And woman—whom he should protect—destroys.*

**T**HERE is nothing I would more earnestly recommend to the female part of my readers, than a deaf ear to adulation—though I know it is pleasing—and too often acceptable, when couched in the smooth language of a sensible and designing man.

Flattery is the incense always offered to female beauty, and love the only language that it hears; but there are women whose judgment is not to be imposed on. I remember to have heard a very sensible remark of a lady, who by the greatest mental accomplishments, recompensed for deficiencies in her personal ones, to a gentleman, whom she had reason to believe was paying his addresses more for the possession of her fortune than her heart; and who considered flattery as a necessary auxiliary to his mercenary purpose.

“If,

“ If, Sir, (said she) you form so improper, so unmerited an opinion of my person, which every one, who hath solely the blessing of sight, can judge of; what conclusion can I expect you will form upon the qualities of my mind, which it requires impartial good sense to draw? Had I merited the encomiums you have been pleased so frequently to pass upon my person, I should not have considered your praises as any compliment; but as I do not, I must treat your addresses in future, with the neglect which every woman should do those of a man, who has so weak an opinion of his mistress's good understanding, as to suppose she is to be won by palpable falsehoods.”

Many of my readers will no doubt urge, that we are all fond of flattery; and so grateful is it to our ears, that we are unwilling to consider how fallacious it is; but it is the nurse of crimes. To that do many parents owe the destruction of their daughters; to that has many a fair virgin been sacrificed; to that, has many a villain owed a base triumph over credulous innocence.\*—Mark was the only son of a wealthy baronet in the west of England. Clarinda was the daughter of a neighbouring farmer. He was a man of gallantry and dissipation. Her features were elegant, her person was beautiful, and her skin exceeded the lily and the rose. Mark, from the respectability of his father, and his proximity to Rusticus (for that was the name of Clarinda's parent, her mother she had lost in her infancy) soon found means to be introduced. Her father was pleased at the partiality shewn Cla-

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\* Women cannot be too cautious respecting giving ear to, and hastily believing the dictates of flattery, and the praises of adulation.

rinda; he encouraged the visits of Mark, and they were frequent: the poor old man had buoyed himself up with the hopes of a very advantageous match for his only child. Mark was at first disagreeable to her; but flattery, and the intreaties of her father, rendered him by degrees more and more pleasing.

Every meeting he repeated his passion with additional tenderness and fervency. She believed him to be a man of virtue, as he vowed his soul was enraptured with an honourable love. He called her by every endearing name Love itself could have suggested. She never before had heard her charms so pleasingly depicted. She listened to it with avidity: it gave her the only vice she knew, it gave her *pride*; she thought all he said was true: he swore so frequently to the sincerity of his intentions, that she was at length persuaded to believe, that, without reciprocal love on her side, he would be truly wretched. She resolved to encourage his addresses, partly in obedience to her father; partly out of gratitude arising from his promises of love and friendship; but chiefly from the impression flattery had made upon her unguarded heart; these considerations prompted her to give him every assurance of her regard and esteem.

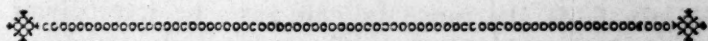
Innocent freedoms, with a mixture of the most tender and delicate expressions, passed between them at every meeting: but mark the dreadful sequel! One luckless hour, he found the fair innocent seated in a shady grove belonging to her father's garden, when her mind was fitted to give and receive every soft impression! Alas! that there are in life these unguarded minutes, when tenderness melts down the soul, and leaves the breast too open to base deceivers! but such was the time, when, softly stealing to the grove, Mark found her there, and as she sat reclined, he pressed her hand, kissed it with ardency,

dency, and begged, with love-beguiling tears, she would fix the welcome day to make him truly happy.

She was greatly affected with the earnestness of his solicitations: she sat pensive; she meditated for some minutes—and

“ She who once deliberates is lost.”

He saw her soften, kissed her blushing cheek, pressed her heaving breast, and called it the golden minute of his life! Such fondness at this time had an improper effect upon her; and he, base villain! vulture-like, seized the unguarded opportunity, and robbed the fair one of her virtue and reputation.—hapless Clarinda!



# RULES FOR MATRIMONIAL HAPPINESS.

*Here Love his golden shafts employs, here lights  
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,  
Reigns here and revels——*

MILTON.

IT has often been wondered at that so many people are unhappy in the married state; let us endeavour to examine a little into the reasons of it. Reciprocal love is, perhaps, the first necessary expedient absolutely requisite to our mutual felicity in that state\*; it covers a multitude of failings on

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\* Without love, the marriage state cannot be a happy, though wealth may make it a convenient one.

*Love and be lov'd; bear and forbear: wink and forgive: so doing, happiness will assuredly be the portion both of man and wife.*

either



either side, and enables us easily to dispense with the rest; dissimulation in courtship is to be avoided; we should, with honour, appear in our proper characters, deceit is then inexcusable: must we not pity the fair one, who, possessed of every requisite to happiness, marries a disguised brute? How often is her delicacy shocked by his behaviour? Her heart, knowing no other love on earth but him, pleads in his favour, while her cooler reason and judgment prompt her to despise the man who dared to deceive in so important a point; her only remedy, patience; her only refuge, God.

In each sex there are qualities essential to happiness, and those almost any person of common reflection is able to attain. A man should consider well, how far it is in his power to contribute to the happiness of the more delicate sex; he must divest himself of each unruly passion; his daily ambition should be to please the woman he has chosen for his partner for life; he must, in every thing, promote her ease; he must share with her his every joy, and with a delicate tenderness, let her partake also of his griefs; it is a mark of confidence due to her, it eases her mind of suspense, and gives her, as it were, a melancholy pleasure. The sex is by nature full of sensibility; the most humane man will sometimes hurt their minds without intending, or even knowing it; how great then ought to be our continual tenderness, to atone for so many breaches of the laws of delicacy!

No happiness on earth can be so great, nor any friendship so tender, as the state of matrimony affords, when two congenial souls are united\*; the

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\* Hail wedded love! mysterious law! sole propriety  
In paradise, of all things common else!

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Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets!

MILTON.  
mental

mental and personal love can never be separated; the man all truth, the woman all tenderness; he possessed of chearful solidity, she of rational gaiety; acknowledging his superior judgment, she complies with all his reasonable desires; whilst he, charmed with such repeated instances of her real love, endeavours to suit his requests to her inclinations: his home is his heaven upon earth, and she his good genius, ever ready to receive him with open arms, and a heart dilated with joy. How happy must such a mutual confidence make them!

All then is full, possessing and possess'd,  
No craving void left aching in the breast:  
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips they part,  
And each warm with springs mutual from the heart.  
This sure is bliss. ————— POPE.

What on earth, but the prospect of a virtuous progeny, can increase it? And if they have any tender pledges of their long-continued mutual love, they may comfort themselves with the knowledge, that their good example will go far beyond any precepts they could give. Habituated to walk in the delectable path of virtue, (whose way is the way of pleasantness, leading to the temple of Peace) their children will be like to follow their steps.—Happy parents! supremely happy offspring!

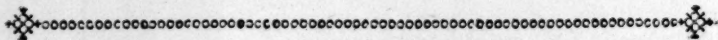
Before one of the fair sex engages in so solemn a state, she must divest herself of many things most young ladies are fond of; she must no longer endeavour to excite the love and adoration of the gay part of the other sex; her vanity must give place to her love, and her happiness must be centered wholly in the object of it; she must look upon her husband as her best earthly friend; her confidence in him must be intire; his breast must be the cabinet, the repo-

repository of all her secret thoughts ; and his love the key, ever ready to open it for her welcome inspection.

In order to be happy in the married state, each party must determine not to give the smallest cause for jealousy, nor to encourage a coolness of affection, a looseness of conduct, or a proneness to dispute.

Be to each other's failings blind,  
And happiness you'll surely find.

W.



## S O B R I N A ;

O R,

A FEMALE CHARACTER WORTHY IMITATION.

*" Go thou, and do likewise."*

**S**OBRIANA, the daughter of an eminent merchant deceased, being possessed of a genteel fortune (not less than six thousand pounds) on the death of her father and grandfather, took no small pains to lay herself out to be useful, exemplary, and benevolent in the neighbourhood in which she lived, and among those with whom she was more immediately connected. Being taught by her religious parents the principles and practice of true Christians, and animated to imitate their virtuous precepts by their pious example, she thought it her indispensable duty to follow their steps, and attend to their affectionate admonitions.

In her twenty-fourth year she married an amiable young gentleman, whose highest ambition consists in going hand-in-hand with her in the paths of virtue, piety, and benevolence : by him she has had  
several

Several children; and it is her daily and pleasing employ to superintend the nursery, while it is her constant endeavour to instruct the young and tender minds of their infant offspring in the truths of religion and the love of God \*, by the most engaging and successful methods, mature experience and parental affection can dictate and premise.

Naturally averse to the vain amusements of the age, the uninteresting conversation of gay company, and the fashionable follies of the times, she, contrary to the greatest part of her sex, avoids the acquaintance of the polite world, and secludes herself from the fatiguing formalities of visiting and dress, in a prudent attendance on the management of her little family, and the devotional retirements of her closet; free from the superstitious sentiments of fanatic methodism on the one hand, and a careless indifference respecting religious duties on the other.

Her husband, the happy partner of her best affections, thanks Heaven daily for the gift of so much excellence and worth, while God himself looks down with complacency and delight on their mutual felicity and connubial bliss.

But is Sobrina without her troubles? No, the loss of her eldest daughter, an engaging child, together with her own declining health, are the source of no little uneasiness to both her and her much-loved Theron; while anxiety, fear, and concern alternately take place in each other's breast, to prove the

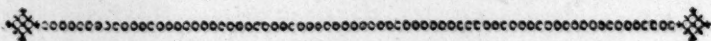
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\* Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,  
To teach the young idea how to shoot;  
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,  
To breathe the enliv'ning spirit, and to fix  
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.

THOMPSON'S SEASONS.  
impos-



impossibility of *perfect* happiness on earth, and teach them to aspire after a state of uninterrupted, compleat and eternal bliss in heaven, *where fears and sorrows shall be known no more.* W.



## O N R E T I R E M E N T.

B Y A L A D Y.

*Retire, the world shut out, thy thoughts call home.* DR. YOUNG.

THOSE people who cannot be happy in solitude, would not be so in a crowd, since it is from their own minds, and not from any outward cause that their uneasiness springs. Miserable is that wretch who is obliged to seek for happiness from others, and has nothing within himself to amuse him. So capricious is the human mind, that it is always dissatisfied with its destiny: thus, those who are confined to towns and cities, dream of nothing but flowery meads and purling streams; while the person whose fate is to live always in retirement, can propose to himself no pleasure abstracted from noise and hurry. But were either to exchange their situation, they would still repine\*.

Clarinda is a young woman of fashion and fortune, whose condition in life would enable her to enjoy all its pleasures; but, from a wrong turn of sentiment, she converts the greatest blessings into curses. Capricious and inconstant in her humour, what pleases her to-day, disgusts her to-morrow;

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\* It was a wise maxim of the ancient philosophers, Be content in the station Providence has allotted thee.

this moment it is delightful and enchanting—the next, execrable and barbarous. The finest scenes in nature are lost to her; a stranger to the pleasures of a philosophic mind, she can find no enjoyment out of a crowd, nor does she meet it there. She runs through all the circles of fashionable amusement till they please no longer, and then flies to solitude.

Sweet Solitude ! thou nurse of happiness,  
 Sure those who call thee rude, could never know thee;  
 The guilty ever shun thy calm retreat,  
 And vice and folly cannot taste thy pleasures.  
 Mild peace, content, and smiling innocence,  
 Thy constant guests, can make a desert bloom  
 With all the verdure of the opening spring.—  
 Calm Wisdom too has deign'd to be thy friend,  
 Through thee her mysteries are all reveal'd:  
 And bashful Modesty, with down-cast eye,  
 With ev'ry gentle virtue, here resides;  
 Both Truth and Goodness dwell within thy shades:  
 These shun the world, and have no commerce with it.

Retirement affords innumerable pleasures which we wilfully overlook, and fix our thoughts on those things that are out of our reach, which appear desirable for no other reason but because they are so \*. We are blind to the noblest productions of nature, and, with a stupid insensibility, admire not her greatest beauties; in vain the earth is dressed in all her gaudy colours, and calls forth every charm to delight us; we pass them unnoticed in the pursuit of fancied pleasures, and neglect the real—only be-

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\* We often wish for temporal blessings we have not, while we enjoy not those we have.

cause they are in our power ; or rather, our minds are too little and contracted to relish what is truly great.

If lofty roofs and painted domes are your desire,

Then view the rising and the setting sun ;

In the spangled canopy of night admire

Beauties, which are to art unknown.

For tapestry with Persian colours fraught,

See Nature has a richer carpet wrought,

Where every gay and fragrant flower unite,

At once to please the sense, and charm the sight.

If music is your choice, in that too we excel :

The lark, the linnet, and sweet Philomel,

Can sing in warbling notes both soft and strong,

And sweeter far than is the Italian song.

For beds of down we've banks with moss o'erspread,

While woodbines form a shelter for the head.

Here you may lye secure, Content within your arms,

And Peace and Innocence shall guard you from alarms :

While at your feet a gentle streamlet flows,

And zephyrs fan you to a calm repose.

In short, would you be happy in retirement ? Do nothing your conscience can reproach you with\* ; be virtuous yourself, and be intimate with none that are not so ; do to others as you would be done by ; and live in such a pious and exemplary manner, as to be able to meet death without fear.

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\* It is a good precept and well deserving the regard of all, whether in town or country, Do nothing in private, which the company of a *second* person would make thee ashamed of.

## MODESTY, TEMPERANCE, AND MODERATION.

## A N E S S A Y.

*Blest is the man, as far as earth can bless,  
 Whose measur'd passions reach no wild excess;  
 Who urg'd by Nature's voice, her gifts enjoys,  
 Nor other means than Nature's force employs.*

DODDINGTON.

WE never see a person in company lost to every sense of modesty, and presuming with undaunted boldness, but we readily impute it to his ignorance. It is wrong to imagine that modesty arises from shame, since shame only can arise from guilt. Modesty is a proper restraint on our conduct, and a faithful guide in our department; yet, notwithstanding its virtual excellency, it is by some despised, by others condemned. As it is opposed to ambition, it is a check to our desires; to the aspiring after honour, riches, and the like; if join'd therewith it will be found a powerful preventive, and rather a hindrance, than an aid. In the estimation of those whose favour is worth our seeking, modesty is no small recommendation. Modesty and merit frequently unite; and though the former may procrastinate, the latter will procure\*. Another benefit arising from this disposition is, a deliverance from the fear or danger of abasement, since modesty must be noticed before it will aspire, and presumption often calls aloud for notice, when

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\* Modesty and self-diffidence are the inseparable companions of true merit.



contempt alone will frown ; so that a modest man is certain of never being abased, if he is not exalted.

Mediocrity, between hope and despair, comes next under consideration. Hope is a prospect of something desired, though not possessed. Despair is a total annihilation of the former, and a principle of internal wretchedness arising from a criminal incredulity. Here then we have in view the happy medium. Contentment must be the natural effect of this consolatory temper. Reason, Epicurus tells us, will effect these things, and it is probable in some respects it may ; but there have been instances, wherein even *that* has failed. A state of mediocrity, between hope and despair is desirable, from the following consideration, namely, that it is a deliverance from the fear of disappointment, or the danger of discontent. It is, in short, an inward solace or comfort that exceeds in intrinsic value all the treasures of the east. But there is a consolation derived from a higher source, and founded on a nobler basis, even divine revelation itself, and the words of eternal truth, which the world can neither give nor take away.

Moderation, in opposition to extremes, now presents itself to view. It may justly be said to be the refinement of wisdom, the quintessence of policy, the ornament of truth, the laurels of unequalled honour, the throne of justice, and the seat of mercy. So unparalleled is the extent of this virtue, that there is scarcely any thing existing to which it may not be recommended : it is an universal medium. A moderate prince shines with undiminished lustre : a moderate statesman guides the helm of government with wisdom and discretion ; a moderate general shews mercy more than vengeance : in our principles,

ples, whether religious or political, moderation is certainly commendable.

Extremes in matters of *religion*, though in this respect *revelation* is the only limit, are enthusiastic and vain, bordering more on fancy than on truth. Moderation in the *political* principles of many, would be a very necessary and useful ingredient : it is for want of this virtue, that so many run such ridiculous lengths into folly and extreme notions ; the old Latin proverb, *In medio tutissimus ibis*, is a just remark on the folly of extremes in any thing ; every sentiment extant, void of moderation, is risking both truth and justice.

A man who is moderate in his desires, is in the way of safety, while a covetous character constantly exposes itself to danger : Moderation in dress is far more ornamental than extremes : the former is consistent with decency, the latter is foppery and effeminacy. Moderation in our pleasures is timing them to advantage, whereas the extreme would issue in our ruin. So comprehensive is this most rational virtue, that it equals the force of reason to advise, or power to execute. Finally, it is a rational, universal and beneficial restraint on the obstreperous steeds of desire and inclination.

Thus Temperance includes in it every thing that can render our lives comfortable and happy : the voice of reason goes a great way, but the voice of revelation goes still farther. Temperance needs *infinite* power to moderate every natural inclination, and infinite protection and guidance is promised to those who seek it alone, from the divine original of power itself. Temperance therefore so extensive in its benefits, so universally beneficent, claims our steadiest regard, and our highest admiration.

## O N F R I E N D S H I P.

*Marcus, the friendships of the world are oft*

*Confed'racies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;*

*Ours has severest virtue for its basis,*

*And such a friendship ends not but with life.*

ADDISON'S CATO.

WHEN fortune smiles, riches increase, and honour bestows its laurels, the world will ever profess Friendship: but where is the man, the *Rara Avis*, who while calamity frowns, affliction threatens, and poverty impends, will aid and assist, comfort and relieve? this is the test, this the criterion of *true* friendship\*. A friend in need is a friend indeed; and such only deserve the name.

Friendship not only implies a principle, but an act; not merely a profession, but performance; the friendship of the world in general, if it deserves the name, is merely professional; and consists in a number of promises or declarations which they never intend to execute, but mean only to delude: how greatly is such a conduct to be abhorred, and yet how common! Here let us take a cursory view of the different degrees of men, who deceive under this character.

The flattering courtier, learned in all the arts of sophistry, readily promises his hungry dependents what he never means to execute. The social man, whose sphere exceeds not mediocrity, strenuously

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\* ——— Friends grow not thick on every bough,  
Nor every friend unrotten at the core. NIGHT THOUGHTS.

professes

professes Friendship to him whose rank is superior, amidst the blaze of wealth and the distinctions of honour; but should the exalted party, by an adverse providence, be hurled from the pinnacle of power to the dregs of submission, furnished with every hope profession can afford, he has recourse to his former friend, who now receives him but with poignancy of disdain.

These are some of the effects of human Friendship, which though they glitter at the view, yet vanish in the proof. How fleeting then are all our enjoyments! how vain are all our comforts! to announce the rarity of Friendship is a thing so common, that every man's experience sufficiently proves it, without the aid of any other means of information. But to assign a reason why it is so seldom to be met with, may prove more to our satisfaction than the bare mention of the evil itself. It may be thought ungenerous to suppose, though observation proves it, that the world is an enemy's country. Notwithstanding the police of civilized nations, the refinement of manners, the improvements in science, added to various elegant attainments, mankind will be still found in general to be governed by the rules of self-interest; and as a further proof of this assertion, although society itself is formed on the broad basis of mutual dependence, yet scarcely any man thinks himself bound to consider the common welfare otherwise than as subordinate to his own; or in other words when he has secured himself, he may, or may not be concern'd for the safety of others.

Can it then be matter of surprise, that even among intelligent creatures, Friendship is so rare, when the very circle of existence itself is surrounded with enemies? But supposing that the epithet *enimical* should be thought too severe in its general



application, to that noble animal called man, suffer me to remit somewhat of its apparent asperity, by deeming the world naturally, socially, and politically selfish; on which principle also it is evident, that *true* Friendship must of necessity be rare. To render this truth still more incontrovertible, we may observe, that a mind destitute of generous sentiments, and void of any noble impression, cannot well be susceptible of a principle so refined as that of Friendship; therefore, in order for its possible existence, there must previously be a capacity or disposition to receive it; powers equal to its exertions, and a practice conformable to its benevolent injunctions\*.

Tho' at the same time I would not be understood to insinuate, that either natural or acquired knowledge were indispensable pre-requisites, since minds in a great degree destitute of either, have been frequently found participants of this invaluable privilege: the argument therefore principally implies, that the sphere of action in which man is placed, is rather calculated to destroy than cultivate Friendship, since the pursuits of life are either sensual or interested, matter of pleasure or profit. The inference we may draw from hence is, that every thing that tends to prove its rarity, displays its intrinsic excellence.

One grand cause of human Friendship's being so precarious is, because man is a mutable creature, subject to various tempers and dispositions, prejudices or antipathies. It is often seen that those from whom we expect most Friendship, evidence the least, which disappointment in us arises from a groundless

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\* Of friendship's fairest fruits, the fruit most fair,  
Is virtue kindling at a rival fire,  
And emulously rapid in her course. NIGHT THOUGHTS.  
appre-

apprehension of their sincerity. As Friendship is a mental conception of regard for a particular object, it is often deceived, which being discovered, the Friendship gradually lessens. In order for the duration or continuance of mutual Friendship, it is necessary there should exist between the parties a similarity of sentiments. This is often the means of creating it, and therefore is essential to its progress and increase.

By observation we find, that persons after a short acquaintance become the mutual participants of this communicative blessing, by reason of a uniformity of sentiment and disposition; hence it is rarely seen, that the simple and wise unite in these bonds. As the grand design of this social privilege is to impart our joys and sorrows to each other\*, unless there is an unity of mind, this freedom cannot take place. Can the modern profligate thus unite with the pious Christian, or *vice versa*? Their dispositions, their joys, and their pleasures, are as opposite as light to darkness†.

Hence it is self-evident, that without a similarity of sentiment there can be no real Friendship. Endued with this noble principle, and possessed of a real friend, we may consider ourselves as highly favoured above many of our fellow mortals‡; but, alas! our joys must have a period, and separation for a time take place. Though similarity of senti-

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\* Where heart meets heart reciprocally soft,  
Each other's pillow to repose divine. Dr. Young.

† The bliss of friendship vice can never know;  
From *Virtue's* font alone that stream must flow.

‡ Poor is the friendless master of a world;  
A world in purchase for a friend is gain.

ment and disposition are means greatly conducive to Friendship \*, yet considered abstractedly, as a generous principle that diffuses itself for the real good of another, it will not exert itself in any thing but what appears subservient to such an end †; and consequently alienated from vice in the practice, though mutually approved in the inclination and desires. This position is intended to demonstrate, that *that* Friendship, if it may be so called, which is not connected with *virtuous* principles, is improperly honoured with so sacred a name; since the real friend, though of the same disposition, cannot encourage another in what he is conscious is an evil, for whom he entertains an undissembled Friendship.

Admitting this to be true, the Friendship, so called, of the *vicious*, is only a league to commit evil, without partaking in any degree of this sublime principle. On the other hand, where true Friendship properly exists, it necessarily produces uniformity of conduct, founded on the purest intentions, and actuated by the most honourable motives.

\* ————— In companions

That do converse and waste the time together,  
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,  
There must be needs a like proportion,  
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit. SHAKESPEARE.

† Friendship, mysterious cement of the soul,  
Swear'ner of life, and folder of society,  
I owe thee much —————  
Oft have I prov'd the labours oft by love,  
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,  
Anxious to please.

BLAIR'S GRAVE,  
M E T E L

## M E T E L L U S ;

## A WORTHY CHARACTER IN HUMBLE LIFE.

*Be not a man of words but deeds ;*

*Example (precepts) far exceeds.*

NEITHER poverty nor infirmity, neither interest nor oppression, have shaken the integrity of Metellus ; his principles are fixed not by party or circumstance, not by hopes or fears, but by the rule of God's commandments ; to these he religiously and readily adheres, but without moroseness or rigidity \*. No mode or fashion that is repugnant to his principles can bias his inclination or misinform his judgment, as he looks upon the laws of his Creator as ever binding and directing him.

Yet is Metellus obedient and respectful to his superiors, affable and courteous to his equals, and tender and charitable to his inferiors. A strict observer of the laws of his country, a zealous advocate for the regal as well as the parliamentary constitution of this kingdom, and a lover of decency and subordination throughout the different classes of mankind. He is also a strict practiser of justice, and maintains that no member of a community can be happy or esteemed, but as he becomes useful to

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\* He is, according to the poet's description of a rational Christian,

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,  
But looks thro' nature, up to nature's God..

POPE.



society; wherefore sickness itself will hardly prevent him from endeavouring faithfully to execute the labours of his profession.

As Providence has called him to exercise his talents in the fields of learning, so is he equal, if not superior to most men in the studies of his profession; which comprehending a variety of languages and sciences, has given Metellus a greater opportunity of shining in many various branches of literature, and of manifesting to the world that his genius is not inferior to his application, nor his application to the most abstruse studies, which he has prosecuted with amazing success.

But neither his great reputation, which, though not loaded with titles or the smiles of the rich, yet is supported by the surer authorities of the learned and the good; nor his conscious abilities, have wrought in his breast any kind of pride or pre-eminence; he is easy of access to all; he is modest in his opinions, and always open to conviction, tho' urged by the meanest or most illiterate.

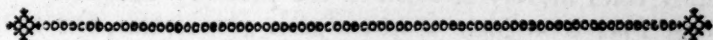
Nor is Metellus less perfect in his domestic character; a tender, affectionate husband, not usurping the different provinces of the woman, and making himself absolute in his family, but yielding to her her share of the government, in which hardly any mismanagement can make him interpose; to his children he is a wise and careful parent, a most judicious and affable tutor, and the most entertaining play-fellow\*; and to his servants a just and considerate master. If any thing like a fault can be laid to his charge, his generosity will in some trifles, now and then get

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\* If a father would be *lov'd*, as well as *obey'd*, by his children, he must occasionally condescend to join in their puerile amusements and diversions.

the better of his frugality \*; and it has been known, though very rarely, that his frugality has conquered his generosity.

This is truly the character of Metellus, a *real* character, not of flattery, but fact; for as Metellus is poor, his historian must be disinterested; and I have the rather described him, to convince mankind how much is attainable by human nature, and how nearly we may advance to a perfect character.



#### A HUMOUROUS DESCRIPTION OF A FINE GENTLEMAN.

*O Tempora! O Mores!*

WHEN we are at a loss to describe any uncommon phenomenon, we commonly attempt to say what it is *not*, and so give an idea of a something to which we can affix no name. The physician is called to a patient in a particular disorder—he knows not what to call it. It is not the gout—it is not the rheumatism—there are no symptoms of a fever—as few of inflammation—*ergo*, it is an *inward complaint*, something *nervous*.

The *naturalist* finds a substance lying on the ground. It is not a stone, nor a stick; it is not an animal, nor an ore; it is not a plant, nor a root—at length, after looking over Linnæus's arrangements, and finding it to be like nothing there, he pronounces it a *lusus naturæ*—To apply this to the *Fine Gentleman* :—

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\* An amiable failing, if such there can be.

A *Fine Gentleman* is not a *learned* gentleman, for looking into books would spoil his eyes, and a knowledge of elegant writing unfit him for polite conversation.

A *Fine Gentleman* is not an *ignorant* gentleman, for he knows the name of every article of fashionable apparel, and can with extraordinary precision mark the distinctions of *Carmelite*, *Emperor's Eye*, *Vestris Blue*, *Feu de l'Opera*, &c. &c. and other niceties, which knowledge requires to be something more than merely learned in the primary colours.

A *Fine Gentleman* is not a *pious* gentleman, for to him nothing can be so insupportable as seriousness. The sight of a parson operates upon him as the smell of rotten cheese upon the nerves of a fine lady.

A *Fine Gentleman* is not a *rational* creature, for he avoids nothing so much as *thinking*.

A *Fine Gentleman* is not an *industrious* man, for his whole life is spent in idleness, and at the end of it, it is impossible for him to recollect one hour in which he was *well* employed.

A *Fine Gentleman* is not an *idle* gentleman, for from morning to night he is in perpetual motion from one place of amusement to the other—from the breakfast to the gaming-table—from the gaming-table to the coffeehouse—from the coffeehouse to the Park—from the Park to dinner and the bottle—from the bottle to tea—from tea to the play—from the play to supper—from supper to the bagnio—from the bagnio to the street—from the street to the round-house—from the round-house to the justice—from the justice home again—*Da Capo*.

The *Fine Gentleman* is not an *ingenious* gentleman, for during a long existence, he is never once able to discover the *real* purpose for which he was sent into

into the world, endued with a head, tongue, eyes, hands, feet, &c. &c.

The *Fine Gentleman* is not an *honourable* gentleman, because he discharges no debts lawfully contracted, and unlawfully contracts debts which he does not mean to pay.

The *Fine Gentleman* is an *honourable* gentleman, for no man can call him rogue without being called to an account for it, although the proof be as clear as the blade of his sword.

Since a *Fine Gentleman* includes so many contradictory characters, to what class of mortals must we consign him? He is, in fact, an animal *sui generis*, of his own engendering; there is nothing like him on earth. Nature has no share whatever in his composition. Men are sometimes born fools, geniuses, dunces, deformed, &c. but no man is by nature a *Fine Gentleman*. It is to the taylor and hair-dresser we are to look for the creation of this strange animal. In ancient times, perhaps, some attempts may have been made to construct a *Fine Gentleman*; but that perfection to which the machine is now brought, is the work of many centuries. Before the flood we are sure there were none; wicked as the world then was, we believe not one *Fine Gentleman* was drowned at the flood; indeed had there been any then on the earth, Noah must certainly have mistaken them for a species of *monkey*, and put a couple of them into the ark. After the flood, even when the Egyptians were a great flourishing people, I do not find any mention of *Fine Gentlemen*; nor when the Romans conquered them, do their historians give any account of *Fine Gentlemen*.

Be the controversy concerning their origin decided in what manner it may, we have the *creatures* now among us, and they appear in the army, the law, and the church; but most of all in the army.



as no abilities are required: less in the church, where something of abilities is looked for, and least of all at the bar, for there nothing but abilities can do. Any man may read prayers, and steal sermons; and any man may go through the exercise of the fustee and spontoon; but it is not every man who can combat the difficulties of a criminal case, or a civil plea.

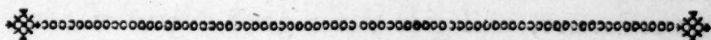
So much for the question, *Where do Fine Gentlemen come from?* Now for the question, *Whither do they go?*

In the first place, I must premise, that I have always believed, do now firmly believe, and will to my last believe, that after death every man goes *somewhere*. Farther I mean not at present to extend this doctrine—and if any imagine that this creature, MAN, “noble in reason, infinite in faculty, express and admirable in form and moving, in action like an angel, in apprehension like a God, the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals:” I say, if any are of opinion that this rational being was created to last only for fifty or sixty years, and then sink into irrecoverable nothing, let such read no farther. Others, who think with me, may proceed.

Now it is my opinion, that nothing can be more difficult than to ascertain the place appointed for *Fine Gentlemen*. It cannot be heaven, for their thoughts never turn that way; and it is so long since I read Quevedo’s Visions of Hell, that I have forgotten whether he observed any *Fine Gentlemen* in it. He informs us indeed, that the devil had his back broken by carrying taylors to hell, which makes me think, that if taylors went there, the children of their manufacture would undoubtedly go with them. Perhaps there may be a sort of *middle state* for *Fine Gentlemen*—but where-ever their state be,

be, I am very suspicious it is not much to their minds.

The late Lord Chesterfield has been the making of many a *Fine Gentleman*. With him, clean teeth, and nails well pared, were greater accomplishments than a pure heart and an enlightened understanding; and he who adopts his lordship's refined sentiments of duplicity and dress, must inevitably turn out an arrant coxcomb, if he escape being a professed profligate\*.



# USEFUL RULES FOR PUBLIC SPEAKERS.

*Form'd to delight, to love, and to persuade,*

*Impassive spirits and angelic natures*

*Might have been charm'd*—————

ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

1. **B**EWARE of affectation, remembering whatever does not appear natural, can never be agreeable, much less persuasive†.

2. Endeavour to keep your mind collected and composed.

3. Guard against that flutter and timidity of spirits which is the common infelicity of young, and

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\* One true Christian, who sincerely loves, serves, and obeys God, and does as he would be done unto among men, is worth all the fine gentlemen in the world; not but a Christian may be a *true* gentleman, tho' not a *fine* one, in the opinion of the present age.

† These rules are equally adapted to the minister, the counsellor, or member of parliament, and worthy their constant attention and remembrance.

especially

especially bashful persons, when they first begin to speak or read in public. This is a great hindrance to their pronounciation as well as their invention; and at once gives both themselves and their hearers an unnecessary pain. It will, by constant opposition, wear off; and the best way to give the mind a proper degree of assurance and self-command, at such a time, is

4. To be entire master of your subject; while a consciousness that you deliver to your audience, nothing but what is well worth their hearing and remembrance, will give you a good degree of courage.

5. Endeavour to be wholly engaged in your subject; and when the mind is intent upon, and warmed with it, it will forget that awful deference it before paid to the audience which was so apt to disconcert it.

6. If the sight of your hearers, or any of them, discompose you, keep your eyes from them.

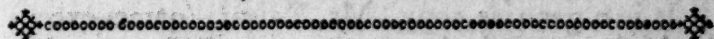
7. Be sure to keep up a life, spirit, and energy in the expression; and let the voice naturally vary according to the variation of the style and subject.

8. Whatever is the subject, it will never be pleasing, if the style be low and flat; nor will the beauty of the style be discovered, if the pronounciation is not agreeable to the subject.

9. *Cicero* observes there must be a *glow* in our style, if we would warm our hearers; and who does not observe how ridiculous it is to pronounce the *ardens verbum* in a cold and lifeless tone? The transition of the voice (as before observed) must always correspond with that of the subject, and the passions it was intended to excite.

10. In order to attain a just and graceful action in speaking, you should accustom yourself to speak  
before

before a looking-glass, that you may see *yourself* the propriety of your actions\*.



# THE UNGUARDED YOUTH IN LONDON;

A LESSON FOR YOUNG MEN.

To the EDITOR of \_\_\_\_\_

S I R,

I MEAN not to enter into the merits, or demerits of the Beggar's Opera, when I refer you and your readers to an anecdote recorded in most of the papers of last September, and occasioned by the then prevailing controversy about the propriety of exhibiting that celebrated drama upon the London Theatres.—In the anecdote in question, we are told, and on the best authority too, that some years ago, a gentleman of fortune took his nephew, a raw youth just arrived from the country, to the play-house. The piece represented happened to be the above opera; and so highly pleased was the old gentleman with it, that in the course of the performance he could not help repeatedly exclaiming, in the hearing of his nephew, "Were I a young fellow, and reduced to my shifts, the character of Macheath should be mine." If the uncle was pleased, the nephew was transported with what he saw and heard; and eagerly imbibing the baneful sentiment so unguardedly dropped by the former, he

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\* Vide Burgh's Art of Speaking.



treasured it up in his heart. What was the result of it?—Alas! the following letter gives but too dreadful an explanation.

It is a genuine copy, Mr. Editor, (names excepted) of the original, now in my possession, as sent to me by the above unhappy lad, while he laboured under every anguish that a heart of sensibility—a heart which (though still inclined to virtue) has yet been hurried into the last extremity, vice and its attendant, guilt, can possibly experience.

That it may convey a striking lesson to the young and inexperienced, who have but lately fixed, or who intend soon to fix their abode in London, is the ardent wish of,

S I R,

Your very humble servant,

H O N O R I O.

*From* ALTAMONT *to* HONORIO.

*Avignon, —*

A H! my ever dear and venerable friend!—*Friend!* alas! I have rendered myself unworthy of that appellation; and even the recollection of the virtues of Honorio enhances the misery of the hapless Altamont.

Would to God, my friend, I had never left the blissful plains of B——, or at least had never visited that mass of foul villany and pollution, the Town.—Hardly had I set foot in London, when Acasto, my worthy and ever to be lamented uncle, conducted me to the play-house\*; and it is from that period that I ought to date my ruin.

The

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\* If parents or guardians of youth think proper to take those under their care to the playhouse, they should be particularly

The *Beggar's Opera* was the piece performed, and to such a pitch was the deluded Acasto captivated with the piece, that he scrupled not openly to defend the most vicious sentiments, and abandoned characters in that baneful drama. He even dared, in the gaiety of his heart, to justify the most atrocious deeds which a desperate highwayman could commit, when impelled to it by necessity.—Alas! could we have thought that he was himself to atone with his life for this doctrine? fraught with destruction, and unguardedly insinuated in the hearing of a youth unacquainted with the world, yet naturally fond of pleasure, and eager for the means of gratifying it?—Ah! no, he could not think that Altamont, the child of his heart, was destined to be his *murderer*!

Enamoured as I was of dissipation, it was not long before I became a slave to the passions of the abandoned Florella; and though I knew her soul to be equally prostituted as her body, yet I thought her smiles cheaply purchased with the last shilling of my little fortune\*.—What was now to be done?—One demand was only a preface to another—the horrors of a gaol haunted me whithersoever I went—Florella was insolently clamorous for a renewal of my former profusion—she upbraided me for my want of spirit—called me niggardly poltroon,—and, in short, plainly insinuated, that if I

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ticularly careful in the choice of what plays they indulge them in the sight of; some comedies, as well as tragedies, may be seen to advantage, while others are to be reprobated as a disgrace to the stage, and the utter ruin of virtue and good morals.

\* Women and wine have been the ruin of thousands, *vide* the history of Cleander in the *Rural Christian*.

could

could not support her by fair means, I must either do it by foul, or never see her more.

Not see Florella more! The thought was death. Nor did I close my eyes, till providing myself with a mask, and the other implements for the road, I sallied forth in quest of a booty.—In crossing the wood in the neighbourhood of M——, whom should I meet but—gracious God! support me while I repeat it!—my honoured uncle, Acasto!—Trembling with confusion, and surrounded with darkness, I knew not who it was, till I had thrown him by his venerable grey hairs to the ground. It was now, I thought, too late to retreat. With mad precipitation I accordingly plunged my dagger into his breast. Unable before to withdraw from conscious guilt and shame, remorse and tenderness now rivetted me to the spot; nor did I stir from the fatal scene of blood, till having thrown aside my mask, with his dying breath, he declared that he knew me, that he forgave me, and that he implored salvation for my guilty soul\*.

Since this fatal adventure I have sojourned in this place, a wretch unworthy to live, yet a villain unfit to die; nor have I heard more of the detestable Florella since, but that she still triumphs in the capital of England, the infamous favourite of the votaries of lewdness, dissipation, and of every infernal vice.

Cease not, oh! Honorio—thou friend of my youth, (while that youth was innocent) to pray for

The undone and miserable

ALTAMONT.

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\* The tragedy of George Barnwell seems very plainly to be founded on this history of Altament.

## FLORIMOND;

## A PENSIVE CHARACTER.

*Beware of melancholy.*

IT is reported of King Agefilaus, that he frequently amused himself with his children, by joining in their puerile sports; nor was he ashamed, when surpris'd riding with them on a stick round his hall. Very different is the man whose days are spent in continual solitude; who is perpetually employed in studious researches, and in indulging the most gloomy and melancholy reflections; he looks down with a supercilious air, even on innocent recreations and enjoyments, and judging of other men's actions from his own pedantic and narrow notions, condemns them as the result of the utmost folly and stupidity. How miserable is the condition of such a mortal? The most superficial examination will convince us of the anguish and uneasiness in which he is continually involved; who by his indiscreet behaviour embitters the very sweets of life, and renders that a curse which by a proper use might be a real blessing\*.

What can be the reason that Florimond always assumes such dissatisfied and sullen looks? Why that contracted brow, and that dejection of countenance? Why that musing attitude, and that seeming perplexity? With slow and silent step he moves along the unfrequented walk, regardless of the en-

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\* A melancholy temper and gloomy disposition are studiously to be avoided, as the fatal springs of suicide in every age.



chanting prospects which surround him. The harmony of the feathered choir, chaunting forth their morning songs in praises to their great Creator, give him no delight.—He rather persuades himself, that their mellifluous sounds are disagreeable and discordant.

The morning sun rising with majestic splendour, tinging the orient sky with a beautiful red, and darting his vivid and chearful rays around; is by the force of an illusive imagination, in the sight of this unhappy mortal veiled in thick clouds; altho' by his refulgent beams all nature is revived, and assumes a look of chearfulness; by whose genial warmth the dewy drops which hang on every shrub are distilled, while the new-born day is ushered in with the most pleasing gaiety, displaying every where the most consummate beauties, and affording such profusion of delights, as captivate the very senses, and inspire within us a grateful idea to the Lord of nature.

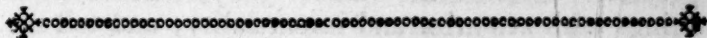
Nevertheless this dissatisfied mortal is not at all affected by them; his mind feels not the least agreeable emotion from these variegated scenes of nature; nor can the reflection of the all-surrounding Deity, whose goodness and tender mercies are over all his works, excite that rapture and veneration within him, which reason and gratitude would fain offer as a tributary acknowledgment: But being clouded with a settled gloom, which no object however beautiful from without, or any pleasing emanation from within, can dissipate, is therefore rendered unable to enliven the faculties, or chear the soul. So that he is insensible to the most exquisite charms, the most refined pleasure human nature is capable of enjoying\*. Else why is this contempt of nature, which

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\* A melancholy man is an enemy to chearfulness, and most likely to die a lunatic: from a *gloomy temper* and *melancholy*

which observed with the eye of religion, cannot fail of elevating the dejected mind? Why does he discover such anxiety to avoid all intercourse with his fellow-creatures? Why does he behold them with such manifest dissatisfaction?

In himself he receives no pleasure, nor can he relish the conversation of others. The ties of friendship in him are not cemented, nor the other endearing affections of human nature. Thus does he disturb his mental tranquillity, banish the pleasing expectation of happiness, and raise such commotions in his breast, as, like the fury of the exasperated sea, driving the unhappy vessel among the rocks, unable to withstand its rapid current, falls a victim to the unrelenting waves; so does he shipwreck his quiet to these displeasing reflections, which are continually blinding him with dark and obscure prospects, and like the suspended clouds prognosticating a heavy shower, continually torture him with the representation of unfortunate days. Thus he terrifies his soul with imaginary ills, by vainly endeavouring to penetrate into futurity, and ruffles his repose with the phantoms of superstitious fancy.



## O N I N F I D E L I T Y.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

*Search the Scriptures.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

**F**ORGIVE me, if I tell you, notwithstanding your unwearied search, you have missed the truth hitherto; and because you have not found it

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*wholy disposition, good Lord deliver us, and let all the people say, Amen.*

in

in those paths in which your past enquiries have been conducted, you are led to think it can never be found at all; however, let me entreat you not to give it up till you have tried one thing more, and I recommend the trial of it to you with greater confidence from my own experience of its utility; for *I* have had my doubts as well as *you*. It is this: —“ *Study the Bible by itself.*” Examine its intrinsic evidences by its own light. Its most important and striking proofs are founded in its own nature.

Attend to some of the capital supports of Christianity. Examine the prophecies that have been fulfilled, or are now visibly fulfilling in the world—the miracles that were repeatedly and openly wrought for the confirmation of our holy religion—its benevolent design—its most holy and divine tendency—the honesty and simplicity—the generosity and disinterestedness of its first publishers—its most remarkable spread by (humanly speaking) the most unlikely means—its miraculous preservation, and glorious triumphs, in the face of the most formidable oppositions, and the united efforts of the greatest powers of the world. I say, examine those things with attention and impartiality, and tell me, whether in your conscience you can think, that our religion was derived from a meaner fountain than the *Truth of God himself?*

From the joint force of those evidences, you will see that Christianity is a religion founded on *facts*—*such facts* as left little room for the play of fancy and hypothesis; but being evident to the *senses* of men of all characters, complexions, opinions, and countries, and undergoing their most rigorous examination, are as worthy of credit, on the footing of impartial history, as the exploits of Leonidas, Alexander,

Alexander, or Cæsar. I say, they are as worthy of credit as *any* facts whatever, transmitted through the channel of authentic history from one age to another.

*That* which so many honest, undefining, disinterested persons, about 1700 years ago defended with such undaunted bravery, and to the interests of which most cheerfully devoted their ease, their wealth, their *all*:—*that* which the cruelest inflictions of the most cruel torments that art could devise, or malice execute\*; which the threats of priests and princes, and all the horrid apparatus of martyrdom could not affright them from publishing, defending, and glorying in†—*that*—but why should I enlarge? These few considerations must convince us, unless most shockingly prejudiced, that Christianity could not be the offspring of imposture, nor the dream of enthusiasm—but a religion founded on the most circumstantial and positive facts, and highly deserving the belief and reverence of every one who would prefer light to darkness, and certainty to suspense.

One of the most important facts in which Christianity is interested, is the resurrection of Christ.

\* Tho' men and devils have no means forgot,  
The sacred scriptures from the earth to blot;  
Vain all their efforts, see it still remain,  
While fraud and force have been employ'd in vain,

† The num'rous troops of pious martyrs prove,  
That *Persecutions* cannot *Christians* move:  
Racks, tortures, gibbets, swords, are try'd in vain,  
They smile while suff'ring, and rejoice in pain.  
With eager joy for *Christ* resign their breath,  
And meet *Salvation* in the arms of *Death*!



It is indeed "the pillar and ground of our faith." The evidences of it were not transient and superficial; but repeated and continued. Our blessed Saviour did not shew himself in a corner to one or two selected persons—but to *all* the disciples—yea, to *five hundred* at once; the greater part of which society was living at the time when St. Paul made his public appeals to them for the truth of Christ's resurrection\*.

Imposture eludes a search. But this grand and substantial proof of the divinity of our holy religion invited the narrowest inspection, as in the case of Thomas†, and stood the trial with growing evidence and honour.

The pretensions of Mahomet were founded on cunning and impudence on his side; and on the people's, the most blind credulity and senseless dread. They were entirely supported by the force of power and the terror of war. The visions and revelations of the arch imposture were in the cave of *Hira*, and all to himself. None were sacred enough to be admitted to the holy recess in his intercourse with celestial beings.

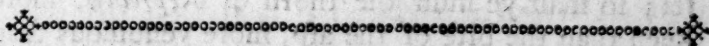
Contrast the character of Jesus with this Arabian impostor. How perfectly different their claims, and how differently supported! The one meek and lowly in heart, with no ambition but to serve God, and do good in the world. The other an assuming and noisy impostor—a bloody ruffian—a mere bully for God. Empire was his end—stratagem and force of arms, the means to effect it. His revelations mere pretensions—all were delivered and received on his bare word. On the contrary, the miracles of Christ were all open and visible—performed in the face of

\* 1 Corinthians xv. 6.

† John xx. 27.

day,

day, before indiscriminate multitudes; and if there had been any fraud in them, it could not possibly have escaped detection.



ADVICE TO THE FAIR SEX.

AN IMITATION.

**G**IVE ear, O ye daughters of *Beauty*, attend to the voice of your sister: for *Experience* hath taught her wisdom, and length of days, virtue and understanding.

My father was the brother of *Tenderness*; my mother was the sister of *Love*.

As the rose-bud opening to the morn, as the dew-drop on the lily, so was the loveliness of my youth.

I awaked at the rising of the dawn, and my salutation was that of joy and gladness. *Pleasure* beckoned me forth, and I sported in the sunshine of *Plenty*.

The hours were swift, and ran smiling away; but the lightness of my heart outlived the going down of the sun.

The day departed with the mildest breeze, and the night but invited me to the bed of repose.

My pillow was the softest down, my slumbers were attended with golden dreams.

Happy are the hours of artless innocence! Happy the days of virgin simplicity, while the bosom is a stranger to deceit, and the heart unconscious of the painful sigh!

The silver tongue of *Flattery* is hollow, and loaded with guile; the manna that drops from her lips is corrosive poison to the heart.

Hear then, O ye daughters of Britain; O fairest of the fair among women! Let my precepts be treasured in your bosoms, and walk in the ways of my counsel; so shalt ye shun the thorn of *Reproach*, more keen than the bite of the asp, more venomous than the sting of the scorpion.

The hand of *Scorn* shall point its finger from thee; the tear of *Distress* shall ne'er bedew thy cheek; thy life shall be replete with good things, and peace and honour shall satisfy thy soul.

As the first of all evils, as the source of calamity, as the beginning of pain, avoid, O daughter of Eve, the bewitching charm of *CURIOSITY*.

Seek not to know what is improper for thee; thirst not after prohibited knowledge; for happier is she who knoweth but a little, than she who is acquainted with too much.

Remember thy mother, the daughter of Heaven, arrayed in the whitest robes of innocence; forget not the fatal consequence of her disobedience.

How much happier in the bowers of paradise, feasting on the delicious grape of *Gladness*, than wandering in the wilderness of *Care*, to chew the bitter weeds of *Repentance* and *Remorse*!

ON THE CHOICE OF AN HUSBAND;

WITH THE CHARACTER OF AMANDA.

BY A L A D Y.

*Look before you leap.*

ON our conduct in the choice of an Husband depends our future happiness or misery, at least in *this* world, if not in the next. Sobriety, prudence,

prudence, and good-nature, a virtuous disposition, a good understanding, and a competent fortune, are qualities never to be dispensed with in this matter: where the gentleman is defective in any of these, I heartily pity the poor lady.

The man of *pleasure* is as much to be avoided as the illiterate clown; how agreeable soever he may appear to us abroad, he never can be long so at home; his happiness is only to be found in variety: the inconstancy of his mind, and the unevenness of his temper, make all his hours uneasy, which are not spent in some one diversion or another; in short, he is ever melancholy when he is not merry\*. The wise man advises us when we marry our daughter, to give her to a man of understanding, and other circumstances equal: there is certainly no comparison between a man of liberal education, and one who has not had that advantage. The same unvaried conversation of the latter, soon becomes insipid to a sensible woman; she is disappointed to find, too late, nothing more agreeable therein, than in the common chit-chat of her own sex; and it is happy if the loss of her esteem is not soon followed by that of her love: but the reflections of the former will ever furnish him with some new and pleasing discourse; his conversation will improve our minds, refine our taste, and better our judgments. The lady who makes choice of a man of this turn, and with the qualities before mentioned, has certainly happiness in her power; and it ought to be her study to secure it by *cheerfulness, neatness, modesty*, and a constant en-

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\* It is a just remark, a rake seldom if ever makes a good husband: no sensible woman can be happy with a man of pleasure and dissipation; neither can a sensible man be happy with a woman of a gay and dissipated turn of mind.



deavour to please. The reason of too many unhappy marriages is, to say the truth, frequently owing to our *own* sex: we take more pains to gain, than to *keep* the heart of the man we admire; whereas the latter requires all the prudence we are mistresses of†: too much familiarity, the least neglect of the rules of decency, either in dress or behaviour, and other such seeming trifles, frequently lose it, past recovery.

I am led into these reflections by the conduct of a young lady, whose welfare I have too much at heart to be unconcerned at the choice which I plainly perceive she is inclined to make, and whose portrait I shall draw under the name of Amanda. Amanda has good sense, a fine person, a great generosity of temper; is affable, sprightly, and remarkably engaging; has a quick sensibility both of favours and affronts, and a heart susceptible of every tender impression: her spirits are rather too great for the delicacy of her constitution, and, more through education than nature, is thought rather too fond of dress and diversions: foibles which a sensible man would easily improve into virtues; into neatness and cheerfulness at home.

Blessed with these accomplishments you will easily conceive that Amanda has many admirers: among the number, two only seem to have any chance; these I will call Clerimont and Philander. Clerimont has a good person, a liberal education, a genteel profession, an unblemished character, and a moderate fortune, which by his prudence and œconomy, is rather improved than lessened, notwithstanding

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† This remark is confirmed by experience; it requires as much care to retain affection, as it did pains at first to gain it.

ing he makes with it a genteel appearance. Philander has good-nature, a genteel person, a good address, and something very open and pleasing in his countenance; can sing, can dance, and, in short, is quite what is called the ladies' man; but he has no taste either for business or letters, and is so far gone in what are styled the more innocent pleasures of the town, that his life is one continued circle of amusements, and these are pursued to the utmost extent of his fortune.

The passion of both lovers seems equally sincere, but is expressed very differently to the lady. Clerimont sees in her, more virtues and fewer faults than in most of her sex; Philander is so enamoured with the charms of her person, that he mistakes for beauties even the imperfections of her mind. The one thinks her an amiable woman, the other an angel; this admires her, that adores her: Clerimont is her lover, Philander is her slave. Amanda is now debating with herself which to make the happy man; but whilst reason points out Clerimont, a kind of compassionate inclination strongly pleads for Philander; and sorry I am to see the slavish adoration of the one find a readier way to her heart, than all the valuable accomplishments of the other.

To talk to her on this subject, was the sole intention of my last visit at her house; but I then found myself in an unfit humour to enter upon a talk of that delicate nature, wherein the least offence often ruins the best advice; though, to do her justice, she is, though warm in her temper, ever open to conviction, receives advice with thankfulness, and reproof without anger. I am resolved, therefore, publicly to give her my sentiments of the matter.

Beauty soon fades in reality, but much sooner in the lover's eye; flames and raptures are soon extinguished by possession; it is well if they survive the

honey-moon. When these are no more, when love is ripened into esteem, Clerimont, by his reading and observations, has a thousand ways to make life agreeable both to himself and her, whose happiness is become essential to his own, which Philander has not; the want of them will make life hang heavy at home, and will force him to seek among expensive pleasures abroad, that happiness which Clerimont can always find within doors. Amanda will be too apt to interpret, what is the mere effect of Philander's taste for gaiety, into a particular slight and indifference towards her; and this notion once harboured in the bosom of a fine woman, is enough to change the warmest affection into coldness and aversion\*.

Besides, Philander's passion is not only too violent to be lasting, but it hardly merits the name of love. Philander may scorn, and Amanda be amazed at the imputation; but, I think, it is not in nature to be really in love with a virtuous woman, and commence an amour with one that is not so at the same time; if it is, Philander must have much stronger motives than Amanda's charms for his future constancy.

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\* Beware ye candidates for matrimony, of suffering indifference to undermine your felicity, or jealousy to corrode your love.

## LEVITY DEFINED.

*Levity is an arrant and injurious Folly.*

ANON.

"IT is agreed that GRAVITY is sometimes a cheat; at least, he has been proved such in many instances. But; my good Sir, what is LEVITY?"

"LEVITY is a fool, an arrant fool! and an injurious one likewise."

Why so? Are you not rather severe? Is LEVITY always folly? and is there no such a thing as harmless LEVITY?

By no means, Madam: LEVITY always does harm to somebody, either to its possessor or its neighbour. I could produce a thousand vouchers. Do you see Madam Clarinda there? She is a married woman. She has a real regard for her husband, to whom she has born several fine children. She is really chaste and affectionate; but nevertheless the rage of following the fashion, and the wish, (while she is beloved by her husband, and can command the esteem of the sensible part of the world) of having fops and fools admire her\*, drive her into numberless inconveniences and improprieties, which cannot but be of disservice to her character, and continually endanger the loss of that connubial happiness which is invaluable; yet Clarinda is not criminal, she is only gay, light, airy. Is this LEVITY harmless?

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\* This is too often the case with young married ladies in genteel life; but, however, they may think no harm of it, it is in every view inexcusable, as it frequently lays the foundation for jealousy and indifference—the certain parents of matrimonial discord and infelicity.

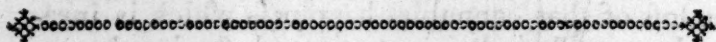


Not altogether so, Sir, I must confess; but then this is a description of Levity in a *married* lady.

Even so, Madam. Now will you be pleased to have the portrait of it in a *single* one?

CLEORA is a young woman of fortune, and possessed of a good share of personal and acquired accomplishments. She has had some matrimonial offers which might have been worthy of her attention, but that she was too far engaged in the pursuits of vanity to pay any serious attention to them. She has, in particular, lately discarded an honourable lover while she encourages a swarm of fools, and some of a worse denomination, who flatter her in her vanities, either in order to advance some private views of their own, or to have the pleasure of laughing at her. The faithful lover whom I spoke of has left England, and is driven to foreign climates by her behaviour to one who deserved far better at her hands. In the meantime Cleora's independence of the world has sufficiently put it into her power before she has attained the age of twenty-three, with all her accomplishments, to render herself ridiculous. Yet Cleora is only guilty of LEVITY.—Is this *harmless*, Madam? Is it not a folly, and an injurious one too?

☞ Beware of Levity.



### A LAUGHABLE MISTAKE.

*Risum teneatis amici?*

A Young Parisian going a few years since to Amsterdam, was struck with the beauty of a country house, which stood by the side of the canal down which he was sailing; for in Holland there  
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is little else but water carriage. The Parisian addressed himself to a Dutchman, who sat beside him in the boat, and said, "May I take the liberty, Sir, to ask whose house that is?" The Dutchman replied in his own language, *Ik kan niet verstaan, Mynheer*, which signifies *I don't understand you, Sir*; but the young Frenchman, never imagining he was not understood, took this answer of the Dutchman to be the name of the proprietor.—"Ahah! (said he) it belongs to Mr. Kaniferstan, does it? Upon my word Mr. Kaniferstan ought to think himself very agreeably off in such a house; the situation is charming, and the gardens delightful. I remember nothing more delicious; it is really *superb*; one of my friends has just such another on the banks of the Seine, though I absolutely think I should give this the preference," with much more of the same kind, to which the Hollander answered not a word.

Being come to Amsterdam, he saw a very beautiful woman walking arm in arm with a gentleman upon the quay, and asked a passenger, "Pray, Sir, who is that elegant lady?" The reply was, *Ik kan niet verstaan*.—"Ho! (said he) is she the wife of Mr. Kaniferstan, whose chateau I have seen upon the borders of the canal? Upon my word Mr. Kaniferstan is a very happy man: who would not envy him so fine a house and so charming a wife?"

Proceeding on a little farther, his attention was suddenly attracted by the beating of drums, and sounding of trumpets, before the door of a man who had gained the highest prize in the Dutch lottery for that year. The Parisian's curiosity was again awakened; he desired to know the name of the happy mortal, and again was answered *Ik kan niet verstaan*.—"Upon my word (said he) this is too much! What! Mr. Kaniferstan, who owns that delightful house, and is married to that beautiful lady,

must he get the highest prize in the lottery too? It is really astonishing; and we must allow that some men have very singular good fortune in this world."

At last he met a funeral procession, and asked a bystander who it was they were carrying to their last home with all that solemnity: *Ik kan niet verstaan*, once more was the reply; upon which starting three paces back, the wondering Parisian exclaimed—"Mon Dieu! Mr. Kaniferstan! Poor Mr. Kaniferstan! to die so suddenly, after having obtained so magnificent a chateau, so charming a wife, and the highest prize in the lottery! What a pity! I am certain he must be very loath to die; but indeed I thought his happiness was too great to last long."—So passed he on to his inn, moralizing and making reflections upon the mutability of all human affairs, and the untimely death of poor Mr. *Kaniferstan*.

## THE FOUNTAIN OF THE STREAMS.

### A DESCRIPTIVE ALLEGORY.

**I**N the middle of one of the Western Isles of Scotland stands a lofty mountain, the brow of which the inhabitants of one side behold illumined by the first dawn of ruddy morn; and those on the other, see it gilded by the last lingering beams of departing day. On the summit of this mountain, a crystal spring issues from the cleft of a rock, at the foot of which it is received in a large irregular basin, the rude but magnificent workmanship of nature. From this basin different rivulets have their rise; one of the most remarkable flows down the eastern, another down the western side of the mountain, watering each their respective vallies in their course to the ocean.

ocean. At the foot of that side of the mountain that faces the rising sun, a Culdee \* had fixed his residence, in a gloomy cave formed in the bosom of a rock. He was a missionary from the church of Rome, which was then in its infancy; and he had been very successful in making converts on that side of the island. At the entrance of his cave a reservoir, hewn out of stone, contained part of the waters of the brook; where, by his pious orisons and proper ceremonies, they were converted into *holy water*; and had, as usual, many miraculous powers attributed to them.

The inhabitants on the other side of the island still adhered to the ancient mythological mysteries, which the Roman invaders of Britain had found means to propagate amongst them. And let it not startle the inhabitant of a more luxurious climate, when it is told, that even in this region the goddess of love had a temple erected to her. Though it rose not with the elegance of attic architecture, nor contained altars smoking with frankincense; yet her walls were hung with the votive chaplet, and her shrines ornamented with festoons of roses, and with all the earliest produce of the spring. She was addressed as the goddess of general animation, and diffuser of the universal vivifying principle.

The western stream was here diverted from its channel, and led into different apartments round the portico of the temple, where were made conveniencies for bathing; part of their religious rites, as well as simple luxury. The different uses that the waters were put to, gave rise to a kind of pole-

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\* So the first propagators of Christianity were called in these countries.



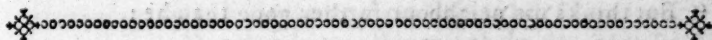
mical contention between the two parties, concerning their essence and respective qualities and excellencies. On the one side, from the Culdee's cell, all the thunders of the Vatican were mimicked, in denouncing anathemas against those that polluted themselves by washing in the baths of the temple; which were pronounced to be fraught with destruction, and productive of the most dreadful judgments. The votaries of the smiling goddess, in their turn, derided the superstitious folly of those, who imagined their crimes were washed away by a sprinkling from the sanctified well.

A third stream, full and copious as the former, silent and unobserved, stole from the same fountain, till it flowed in a silver rill down the side of the mountain; and, meandering to the shore, untinctured by superstitious rites, and unpolluted by the mysteries of sensuality, gave life and gladness to the vallies through which it run. The breezes that flew over its surface, were doubly fragrant and refreshing; the flowers that nodded over its brink, were observed to wear a livelier bloom: the swains loved to pipe on its banks, and the nymphs to hear love tales whispered in the groves that it surrounded.

#### CHILDREN OF SENSIBILITY,

To you this tale is dedicated!—Had the warm tide of affection, which bears you with such a fervor of devotion to the tabernacle, received a different direction,—votaries of pleasure—you would have sacrificed with equal ardor at the shrine of the Cyprian deity. Had the same generous current been led by the hand of reason and judgment to whatever is truly useful and elegant,—it would have been the source of every social bliss and mental refinement. It is the same warmth of imagination, sensibility of heart, and luxuriancy of fancy, by different

ferent modes of education, or some other accidental circumstances directed to different objects, that give to the same mind such different characters. Thus the fountain of the streams may be the same; but 'tis the different channels through which they flow, that give names and complexions to the rivers.



ON THE PREDOMINANT FOLLIES AND VICES  
OF THE TIMES.

- "Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;  
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise:  
Present to grasp, and future still to find,  
The whole employ of body and of mind.  
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike:  
On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike:  
Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,  
As strong or weak the organs of the frame;  
And hence one MASTER PASSION in the breast,  
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest."

POPE.

WHEN we seriously reflect on the many ridiculous things which engross the major part of our attention, we cannot help condemning the folly of our conduct, and are amazed to find we have so triflingly employed our precious time: we then resolve to be more cautious in future, determined to act with more circumspection. But such is our weakness, such our irresolution, that the moment our passions crave a second time to be gratified, Reason and Virtue immediately submit; and, at the expence of both, we are again immersed into all our former follies.

ALL

All mankind are subject to passions in some degree or other, and passions too of the most pernicious tendency; but a partiality to ourselves obliges us to overlook and disown them, at the same time that they are conspicuous to every one else.

“ No creature owns ’em in the first degree,

“ But thinks his neighbour further gone than he :

“ Ev’n those who dwell beneath their very zone,

“ Or never feel the rage, or never own :

“ What happier natures shrink at with affright,

“ The hard inhabitant contends is *right*.”

The love of *pleasure*, which seems implanted in every breast, prompts us to the commission of vices which we should otherwise avoid; and we pursue her so ardently, and in so many different ways, that the gratifying one appetite only makes us ready for another; we list ourselves under the banners of the *wily wanton*, become her most abject slaves, and are the principal actors in our own undoing.

#### DESIRE AND PLENTY.

The father and mother of Pleasure, seem to be the fountain from whence all other passions have their original: the first fills us with longings after what we don’t immediately possess: the latter furnishes the power to satisfy those longings. In this manner we first break the boundaries of Virtue, and enter the gardens of Vice. Our desires become as unbounded as our imaginations; our pleasures as various as our wishes; and we continue firm to both, till every jot of our constitutions is consumed, or till Pleasure has lost its relish.—Then, indeed, we forsake it; but only then, because it has not its former charms; or that we are so emaciated with diseases, or overwhelmed with miseries, that we are obliged

obliged to do it. There is no greater incentive to Vice than

CREDULITY.

This enchantress is continually pestering us with uneasinesses at our present situations, and holding forth to the imagination the joys and comforts which await us in future. The heart easily overcome by any thing gaudy or splendid, readily gives way; and Reason lyes asleep, while we suffer ourselves thus to be deluded. Our first setting out is, or at least we think so, just suitable to our inclinations; and we pursue the false goddess *Pleasure* with inexpressible voluptuousness and delight, till we find our pursuit vain and idle; which is not very frequently the case, till we are introduced to

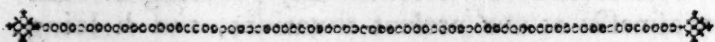
DECEIT;

who, tho' she is very busy, watching all opportunities to impose herself on us, yet she is often found off her guard, and in those moments we discover enough to make us detest her. Her countenance is open, generous, and engaging—her deportment easy, affable, and agreeable; and all her actions, at first sight, appear highly meritorious and commendable. She fashions herself to the various tempers and dispositions of those she has to deal with—her tongue utters nothing but what is in appearance good, amiable, virtuous; and she engages our love and regard so securely, that even when we are perfectly acquainted with her real character, we with uneasiness and reluctance break off the connection.

To *Deceit* I attribute the utter ruin of *Credulity*, whose unsuspecting heart easily gave way to the smooth enchantress, and entangled herself too much in her net, to get out again with ease; and to her I must allow the *honour* (if any) of being a principal accessary, in almost every misfortune which human nature is incident to; *Credulity* would never have been.



been the author of female ruin, had not *Deceit* compleated what *Credulity* began.—Hear this, ye females of all ages, and beware.



### ADMIRATION VAIN.

#### AN IMITATION OF HERVEY'S MEDITATIONS.

BY A LADY.

**T**HE shortening days—the fullen clouds, grown dark and ponderous with the gathering rain—the frigid air—that strikes unwelcome on the tender frame (but shews what *Albion's* sons could once endure) proclaim the approach of winter. See! how the trees (as though they felt a shock like human dissolution) now drop their leafy honours; some you may observe, like feeble old age, hang tottering in the air, till a gentle breeze breaks the tender fibre that supports them, and throws them relentless on the ground; they fall unlamented, when they can no longer delight our eyes; and are no sooner dissolved than forgotten: one summer's beauty is all they can pretend to, whilst the lofty fir, tho' greatly eclipsed by these gay strangers in the bloom of their youth, yet far exceeds them in the duration of her charms; her beauties are always the same, and perish only with her existence.

A lively emblem this, of the instability and worthlessness of all mortal charms; how mutable is the happiness of those thoughtless women, who place all their felicity in admiration! Admiration from whom? not from the wise and prudent, that were well worth their aim; but from persons light and trifling as themselves; for such alone pay court to polished

polished dust\*. Perhaps, they pass the bloom of their youth without one serious thought; and what a fund of impertinence do they then treasure up for the remainder of their days! which, when all these gay fantastic visions fade, "when ev'ry outward charm is fled," grows quite insupportable. How can they bear the shock of approaching age, which (like autumn by the trees) disrobes them of every attractive grace?

The perfections we are by the flattering world allowed, whilst we have beauty, too often (at least the praise of them) vanish with it, and leave nothing but malice and envy to fill up the great void of uncultivated sense; they drop like the withered leaves, neglected if not despised; and, like the path of a swift arrow through the invisible air, leave no traces of virtue and goodness, whereby they may be remembered. How much happier they! who, in the midst of their puerile and innocent amusements, experience the effect of a true parental care; who are taught "to remember their Creator in the days" of their youth, while the evil days come not, and "the years draw nigh, wherein they shall (truly) say—I have no pleasure in them;" and are easily informed (before the trifling joys of this vain world have made too deep an impression on their tender minds) "that all is vanity!"

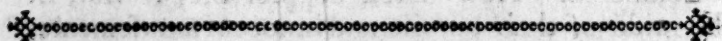
Religion, wisdom, and virtue, are the only permanent enjoyments in *this* world, and will be our only consolation when we are on the brink of another; beauty is no further of advantage to us, than it is an embellishment to sense, and makes virtue

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\* The beaux of the present age think adulation pleasing to *all* the female sex without distinction, and therefore use it indiscriminately to all they address.

appear (if possible) more amiable; but when it is a mask to vice, or folly; when it persuades the owner to neglect the attainment of all other accomplishments, the  *blessing then* degenerates into a curse, and we quickly despise the idle flatterer; in short, “ the praise that is worth seeking after, is attained “ by solid sense and dignity of mind;” and a truly sensible woman will be always ambitious—not merely of gaining admiration, but deserving it\*.

I must own myself obliged to Mr. *Hervey's* elegant Meditations for this humble imitation of him. I cannot, for my own part, conceive any thing (in this world) to be more thoroughly conducive to happiness than such a genius, where every object round him raises his admiration, and excites his gratitude to that beneficent Supreme, whose blessings *he* only truly enjoys, who *properly* esteems them.



#### THE TAYLOR'S DREAM.

*Old men shall dream dreams, and young men see visions.* Joel ii. 28.

A Taylor some time ago, who was dangerously ill, had a remarkable dream.—He thought he saw, fluttering in the air, a piece of cloth, of a prodigious length, composed of all the cabbage which he had made, ever since he had been in business. The angel of death held this piece of patchwork in one of his hands, and with the other gave the Taylor several severe strokes with a piece of iron. The Taylor awakening in a fright, made a

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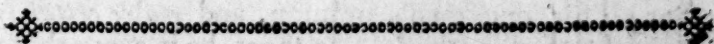
\* This remark will equally hold good respecting (and is equally applicable to) the sensible and discerning part of both sexes.

solemn vow, that if he recovered, he would *cabbage* no more. He soon recovered. As he was diffident of himself, he ordered one of his apprentices to put him in mind of his *dream*, whenever he cut out a suit of cloaths.

The Taylor was for some time obedient to the intimations given him by his apprentice. But a nobleman having sent for him to make him a coat out of a very rich stuff, his virtue could not resist the temptation. His apprentice put him in mind of his *dream* to no purpose: "I am quite tired with your talk about the *dream*, says the Taylor; there was nothing like this in the whole piece of patchwork, which I saw in my dream; and I observed likewise, that there was a piece deficient; that which I am now going to take, will just make it complete."

M O R A L.

Beware of *Covetousness*.—Honesty's the best policy.



B E A U T R I F L E.

A CHARACTER TAKEN FROM LIFE.

**B**EAU *Trifle*, a thoughtless, gay young man, of an agreeable figure, with a fortune sufficiently independent to enable him (unhappily I may say) to be guilty of almost every dissipation practised by those in a much higher sphere; whose example therefore, in my opinion, is equal (in proportion to the evil tendency of it) to the vice itself; and until virtue becomes fashionable, will, I fear, bear greatest sway amongst our modern set of fine gentlemen; who, I am confident, pursue follies and debau-



debaucheries of every sort, more from fashion and example, than from any real inclination on the one hand, or pleasure they can afford them on the other; and, the fear of not appearing *Bon-Ton* amongst them, carries more honour and distress with it, than the fear of offending their Maker, with whom they are made so little acquainted in their infancy, that they have no remembrance of him (or remember him to no purpose) ere they arrive at the age of one-and-twenty.

But at present I shall confine myself to the character of *Beau Trifle*, who is so unsettled and undetermined in all he says and does, that he is every thing to every body; will be heard making strong professions of love to a modest lady in a side-box at the play-house, and, in half an hour afterwards seen arm-in-arm with a courtesan going into the *Shakespeare* or *Bedford-Arms* \*; is either with or against the ministry, just as you would please to have him, without being possessed of a single reason why or wherefore; but in company, has ever his complaisant *yes* for one man's opinion, and *you're certainly right, Sir*, for another's. In short, he is every thing by turns, but nothing long; he may be heard giving his coachman orders to drive to *Almack's*, the *Pantheon*, and the *Coterie*, all in a breath; and I am certain would be unhappy to find himself fix'd for an hour together, to either one man, woman, horse, place, or opinion.

He will buy and sell the same commodity, and make a party to Paris, whilst drinking a glass of wine; and in describing his feats and adventures at his last fox-chace, will suddenly break off with producing a letter of appointment from some great

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\* Noted bagnios in Covent-garden.

man,



every moment of rest from labour, is to them a moment of enjoyment. Not so the great; surrounded from earliest youth by pleasures which court their acceptance; their taste palled by habit, and the too great facility of satisfying every wish\*; lassitude and disgust creep on their languid hours; and wanting the doubtful gale of hope to keep the mind in gentle agitation, it sinks into a dead calm, more destructive to every enjoyment than the rudest storm of adversity. The haughty dutchess, oppressed with tasteless pomp, and sinking under the weight of her own importance, is much less to be envied than the ruddy milk-maid of yonder village, who is in her eyes, the object only of pity and contempt.

Those often are the most wretched to whom Heaven has granted the amplest external means of happiness. Miserable slaves to pride! the most corroding of all human passions, strangers to social pleasure, incapable of love or friendship, living to others, not to themselves; ever in pursuit of the shadow of happiness, while the substance glides past them unobserved, they drag on an insipid, joyless being; unloved and unconnected; scorning the tender ties which give life to all its sweetness, they sink unnoticed, and unlamented to the grave. They enjoy not the conversation of a friend, that conversation which "brightens the eyes;" their pride, an invasion on the natural rights of mankind, meets with perpetual mortification; and their rage for dissipation, like the burning thirst of a fever, is at once boundless and unquenchable\*. Hapless mortals!

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\* It is often observed, what is obtained with great difficulty is generally the highest prized.

† The lusts of the flesh, the lusts of the eye, and the pride of life, are insatiable, and never to be gratified; for the more you indulge them, the more you may; till ruin and destruction terminate your pursuits.

## FORTUNE-TELLERS ONLY CHEATS:

## AN ESSAY.

*" Augurs and soothsayers, astrologers,  
 Diviners, and interpreters of dreams,  
 I ne'er consult, and heartily despise :  
 Vain their pretence to more than human skill :  
 For Gain, imaginary schemes they draw ;  
 Wand'ers themselves, they guide another's steps ;  
 And for poor sixpence promise countless wealth :  
 Let them, if they expect to be believ'd,  
 Deduct the sixpence, and bestow the rest."*

ENNIUS.

" **T**HOSE who have maintained that men would be more miserable than beasts, were their hopes confined to this life only, among other considerations take notice, that the latter are only afflicted with anguish of the *present* evil ; whereas the former are very often pained by the reflection of what is past, and the fear of what is to come. This fear of any future difficulties or misfortunes is so natural to the human mind, that were a man's sorrows and disquietudes summed up at the end of his life, it would generally be found, that he had suffered more from the *apprehension* of such evils, as never happened to him, than those evils, had they really befallen him, could have occasioned him to feel. To this we may add, that among those evils which befall us, there are many that have been more painful to us in the prospect, than by their actual pressure.

" This natural impatience to look into futurity, and to know what accidents may happen to us here-

I

after,



after, has given birth to many ridiculous arts and strange inventions\*. Some found the prescience on the lines of a man's hand, others on the features of his face; some on the signatures which nature has impressed on his body, and others on his own hand-writing:—some read men's fortune in the stars, as others have searched after them in the entrails of beasts, or the flight of birds. Men of the best sense have been touched more or less with these groundless horrors and presages of futurity, upon surveying the most indifferent works of nature. Can any thing be more surprizing than to consider *Cicero*, who made the greatest figure at the bar, and in the senate of the *Roman Commonwealth*, and, at the same time, outshined all the philosophers of antiquity in his library and in his retirements, as busying himself in the college of augurs, and observing with a religious attention, after what manner the chickens pecked the several grains of corn which were thrown to them!

Notwithstanding these follies are pretty well worn out of the minds of the wise and learned in the present age, multitudes of weak and ignorant persons are still slaves to them. There are numberless arts

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\* Be not concern'd,  
Whate'er thy lot below,  
By magic arts  
The length of life to know.

Far wiser he,  
Whose will resign'd to fate,  
Commits to Heaven  
The period of its date.

Who fix'd the shore,  
A girdle to the sea,  
Has bounded time  
To all mankind and thee.

of prediction among the vulgar, which are too trifling to enumerate; and infinite observations of days, voices, numbers, figures, which are regarded by them as portents and prodigies. In short, every thing prophesies to the superstitious man; who thinks there is scarce a straw or a rusty piece of iron that lyes in the way by accident.

The desire of knowing future events is one of the strongest inclinations in the mind of man. But if we consider that we are free agents, we shall discover the absurdity of such enquiries. One of our actions which we might have performed or neglected, is the cause of another that succeeds it, and so the whole chain of life is linked together. Pain, poverty, or infamy, are the natural product of vicious and imprudent acts; as on the contrary, blessings are of good ones.

A great enhancement of pleasure arises from its being unexpected; and pain is generally doubled by being foreseen. Upon all these, and several other accounts, we ought to rest satisfied in this portion bestowed on us; to adore the hand that hath fitted every thing to our nature, and hath not more displayed his goodness in our knowledge than in our ignorance.

It is not unworthy observation, that superstitious enquiries into future events prevail more or less, in proportion to the improvement of liberal arts and useful knowledge in the several parts of the world. Accordingly we find that magical incantations remain in *Lapland*; in the more remote parts of *Scotland*, they have their second-sight, and several of their own countrymen have seen (they tell us) abundance of fairies, &c. In *Asia* this credulity is strong; and the greatest part of refined learning there consists in the knowledge of amulets, talismans, occult numbers, and the like."

## F L O R I N D A :

## A PORTRAIT DRAWN FROM LIFE.

FLORINDA is no beauty ; nay, in the vulgar eye, she is just the reverse ; but she has every mental grace in perfection, and beauties of the mind seldom fail to diffuse beauties—indefinable beauties over the person. Florinda has none of those charms that constitute *personal* excellence—her cheek is pallid—her eye not brilliant ; but when the latter beams benevolence, or sparkles with mirth—when the former is suffused with the captivating blush of modesty, or vermillioned with the glow of the tender passion, there are none more pleasing.

Nothing is more natural than for distress to command attention and excite the tributary tear. In general, this attention has few attractions—there is little in the tear to admire. But when Florinda listens to the tale of the mourner, her passions rise and fall in such perfect unison with those of the narrator, that were you to trust the evidence of *sight* alone, it would be difficult for you to determine, whose grief was the greater of the two.—When her eye glistens with pity, and her cheek burns with indignation, she has a manner so irresistibly attractive, so peculiarly her own, that admiration follows it as naturally as effect does its cause.

Her face is a never-failing index to her heart ; and whenever she means to indulge, is sure to afford previous intimation\*. The smile of complacency quivers

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\* The face, if not an *exact* model, is at least a rough draught of the soul, from which the features receive their impres-

quivers on her lip, and a certain pleasing archness is seen in her eyes that eludes description. She often lets fly the pointed arrows of her harmless wit; and even where they are directed, they commonly extort applause. The lines,

“ Curs’d be the verse, how well-foe’er it flow,  
“ Which tends to make one worthy man my foe,”

she often repeats delighted; and rather than give even the shadow of offence to any well-meaning person, would forego (hard task for a female!) every opportunity of being admired.

Her ear is ever open to the prayer of the unfortunate, and ever closed to the suggestions of calumny; her feet are ever winged to visit the afflicted; her tongue is ever prompt to administer the vivifying balm of consolation; and her hand “ open as day, to distribute charity to the poor and “ needy.” Such is *Florinda*! There are many who possess more of *the outward and visible sign* of personal beauty, but in *true inward and spiritual Grace* she has few rivals; her failings are concealed, as they are the errors of humanity in general, while her virtues are made known to excite universal imitation.

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impressions. There is such an honest simplicity, and genuine goodness in some people’s countenances, that you cannot behold them without a secret pleasure; while in others, there is such a gloomy and forbidding gravity, that like a dark day, they convey an air of melancholy to all about them; and you will generally find, upon acquaintance, that the face is more or less a true representation of a person’s disposition.



## ON RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY.

*Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,  
But looks thro' nature, up to nature's God.*

POPE.

**M**<sup>R</sup> religion!—that is the cry. And pray, Sir, *what* is your religion?—"Why, my father's religion and my grandfather's too."—So it is in the family, I find, Sir?—"Yes, Sir, and there it shall continue as long as I can keep it\*." I hate idle and impertinent questions that turn on your *Whats* and your *Wherefores*. It is enough for me that I have found it as it is. I would not set up for more knowledge than my betters." Now is there one in ten thousand, take the world in the gross, that can argue more to the purpose? This is a plain beaten track. It is (as Caustic would sometimes observe somewhat archly) the *King's* highway to heaven: and if, dear Christian reader, thou hast no extraordinary prepossession for singularity—which by the way is a sad misfortune, especially when it comes across the brain of a person who cannot afford to pay for any out-of-the-way whim—if, I say, thou art not desirous to lose thyself in a thicket, if I may so express myself, it will be more commodious for thee to keep on in the old path, without deviating either to the right hand or the left.

Amidst a multitude of other conveniences, which a man will find the benefit of in cold seasons and hard times, when every thing is taxed so high, and

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\* Not one in an hundred of professing Christians in the present day, whether churchmen or dissenters, can give a better reason for their religion than the above.

a pound of conscience will not purchase a pennyworth of bread, he will here, to keep him in countenance, and to keep up his spirits too, find abundance of what is called *good company*: and if he should chance to lose his eyes, he will find it no impediment in the world, to his walking in this broad way, with safety and facility equal to any one. Nay indeed, the loss may be of very considerable advantage to him, as in that case he will meet with no alluring objects to tempt him out of the road.

Now seriously, ye redoubted champions of what *you yourselves* call RATIONAL FAITH, when men are taught to receive their religion as they do their estates, that is, as a *birthright*, is it to be wondered at, that they should be willing to keep it as long as they can?—especially too, when interest is in the tenure; and the ties of friends, connections, and dependencies, unite with the prepossessions of a man's own conscience. No matter whether it be well or ill informed. You are not appointed arbitrator here. It is the man's *conscience*; and that is enough. Now till you can give him what you call *reason* to counterbalance what you call prejudice, all your *appeals*, your *addresses*, your replies and rejoinders will have but little effect, unless upon yourself; for, as the poet observes,

*Zeal when baffled turns to SPLEEN.*

“Zeal, undoubtedly, is a very excellent principle when knowledge is its foundation, and charity its support. Without the former, it will be wild and irregular; without the latter, dangerous and pernicious. The *innocence of the dove* lyes at the very root of all true religion, and should be invariably regarded in every attempt to promote and extend

its influence\*. But the *wisdom of the serpent* ought not to be disregarded in prosecuting the noble design, lest we irritate the disorder we mean to cure, and defeat our intentions by our imprudence.

“ A person of a precipitate turn of mind, when his heart, inflamed by principles which he conceives of everlasting consequence, hath got the better of his head, will endeavour to propagate them by the most inconsiderate measures, regardless of times, persons, places, and circumstances—the complexions of which must necessarily be consulted and attended to, if we would see the good effect of our endeavours. To be ashamed of religion, is absolutely only another form of expression for having no heart for it. To be afraid to defend it, when occasion requires and opportunity suits, is a piece of cowardice beneath a man. But we must not defend it by weapons that will turn upon itself, and instead of conquering its opponents, administer to its own ill success.

It is not every one that talks loudest about doctrines and principles of faith—it is not every one who is ambitious of exalting his character by the cant of a party, who if a heretic, thinks orthodoxy nonsense; or if orthodox, deems heresy to be worse than immorality—it is not every one who on the most trifling incidents runs on in a strain of spiritualization, giving a sanctimonious turn to every word that is dropped, and every object that is seen, in all sorts of company—trust me, gentlemen, it is not every one who is so violently bent on being thought somewhat wonderful in his way, that feels the impressions of *real* religion, and is most governed by its mild and steady influence through the trying vicissitudes of life.

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\* Matthew x. 16.

The man who drops a tear in private over the follies and vices of his fellow-creatures; who, retired from the eye of the world, pours his ardent wishes into the bosom of his God, and there meekly records the pity of his heart; the man, who really desirous to have the true ends of his admonitions and remonstrances answered, consults the best time and place for administering them; the fittest and most engaging means—who discovers affection in his reproofs, and candour in his advices; such a one, whose uniform example gives force and credit to his lessons, is an ornament to any character, and was lent by Heaven as a blessing to mankind."

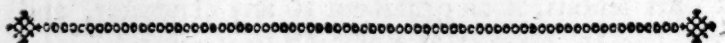
A religious bigot, under the influence of rash and unguarded zeal, looking upon prudence as a more passable word for indifference, will break through every restraint as a shackle inconsistent with his duty, either as a zealot for one creed, or against all\*. He will hack the darling notions of those who differ from him, with unsparing rigour and unblushing insolence. And why is he so precipitate? Why doth he not begin with more mildness, and proceed gradually to the correction of their errors and the improvement of their understandings? "No—he will reply—by no means: for this is only temporizing, tapering, trimming; it is to be afraid of the faces of men, who must be told what is truth and what is error in the bluntest, plainest, and most resolute language." But what doth he get by his bold and forward attack on what he is pleased to call *prejudices*? Why—only to be laughed at and despised by the more modest and discerning part of mankind for his petulance and vanity.

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\* An ignorant zealous bigot is a dangerous character, and much more likely to do harm than good to *any* cause.



As to the gross herd of the people, their prejudices perhaps are only rivetted the firmer by his indirect methods of opposing them; or should he happen to cure them of some *old* ones, neither they nor their neighbours will gain much by his skill, since the expulsion of one foul spirit may only clear the way for the admission of a fouler, who, to give the finishing hand to the work, may probably “take with him seven other devils more wicked than himself; and so the last state of such men will be worse than the first!”



#### ON THE EFFECTS OF MUSIC.

*Music has charms to soothe the savage breast,  
To soften rocks, and bend the knotty oak.*

CONGREVE.

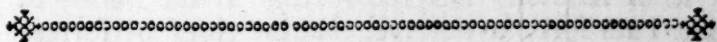
THE force of harmony, or melody alone, is wonderful on the imagination. A full chord struck, or a beautiful succession of single sounds produced, is no less ravishing to the ear than just symmetry or exquisite colours to the eye.

The capacity of receiving pleasure from musical sounds is, in fact, a peculiar and internal sense; but of a much more refined nature than the external senses; for in the pleasures arising from our internal sense of harmony, there is no prior uneasiness necessary, in order to our tasting them in their full perfection; neither is the enjoyment of them attended either with languor or disgust. It is their peculiar and essential property, to divest the soul of every unquiet passion, to pour into the mind a silent and serene joy, beyond the power of words to express, and to fix the heart in a rational, benevolent, and happy tranquility.

But

But though this be the natural effect of melody or harmony on the imagination, when simply considered; yet when to these is added the force of musical expression, the effect is greatly increased; for then they assume the power of exciting all the most agreeable passions of the soul. The force of sound in alarming the passions is prodigious. Thus, the noise of thunder, the shouts of war, the uproar of an enraged ocean, strike us with terror. So again, there are certain sounds natural to joy, others to grief or despondency, others to tenderness and love; and by hearing these, we naturally sympathize with those who either enjoy or suffer.

Thus music, either by imitating the various sounds in due subordination to the laws of air and harmony, or by any other method of association, bringing the objects of our passions before us (especially when these objects are determined, and made as it were visibly and intimately present to the imagination by the help of words) does naturally raise variety of passions in the human breast, similar to the sounds which are expressed; and thus, by the musician's art, we are often carried into the fury of a battle, or a tempest; we are by turns elated with joy, or sunk in pleasing sorrow; roused to courage, or quelled by grateful terrors; melted into pity, tenderness and love, or transported to the regions of bliss, in an extacy of seraphic praise.



#### RULES FOR CHURCH MUSIC.

*Sing ye praises with understanding.*

OUR church music is capable of great improvements. We seem at present, almost to have forgot that devotion is the original and proper end

end of it. Hence that ill-timed levity of air in our modern anthems, that foolish pride of execution in our voluntaries, which disgusts every serious hearer, and dissipates instead of heightening true devotion.

If our organist is a lover of good poetry, without which we may dispute his love of music; or indeed, if he has any well-directed passions at all, he cannot but feel some elevation of mind, when he hears the psalm preceding his voluntary, pronounced in an awful, pathetic strain: it is then he must join his part, and with some solemn air, relieve, with religious cheerfulness, the calm and well-disposed heart\*. Yet, if he feels not this divine energy in his own breast, it will prove but a fruitless attempt to raise it in that of others. Nor can he hope to throw out those happy, instantaneous thoughts, which sometimes far exceed the best concerted compositions; and which the enraptured performer would often gladly secure to his future use and pleasure, did they not as fleetly escape as they arise. He should also be extremely cautious of imitating common songs, or airs, in the subjects of this latter kind of performance; otherwise he will but too much expose religion to contempt and ridicule.

However trifling it may appear to consider this species of music, I cannot but own, that I have been uncommonly affected, with hearing some thousands of voices hymning the praises of the Deity in a style of harmony adapted to that awful occasion. But I am sorry to observe, that the chief performer in this kind of noble chorus, is too often so fond of his own conceits, that with his absurd graces, and tedious and ill-connected interludes, he misleads or

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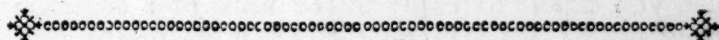
\* What ravishes the soul, what charms the ear,  
Is music, tho' a various dress it wear.

COWLEY.

CON-

confounds his congregation, instead of being the rational guide and director of the whole.

It may be thought, perhaps, by thus depriving our organist of this public opportunity of shewing his dexterity, both in his voluntary and psalm tune, that all performers, indiscriminately, might be capable of doing the duty here required; but it will be found no such easy matter, to strike out the true sublimity of style which is proper to be heard, when the mind is in a devout frame \*; or when we would be particularly solemn, to avoid the heavy and spiritless manner, which, instead of calmly relieving, and lifting up the heart, tends rather to sink it into a state of depravation.



# CLITANDER, OR THE REFORMED LIBERTINE:

## A TRUE STORY.

*Oh! let the saints be witness of this truth,  
That now, tho' late, I look with horror back,  
That I detest my wretched self, and curse  
My past polluted life.*

JANE SHORE:

**C**CLITANDER was introduced into Celia's bed-chamber, where she sat in a very pensive posture; when upon her maid's information that he had something of consequence to communicate,

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\* Music, the mighty artist, man can rule,  
As long as it has numbers, he a soul,  
And much as man can these mean arts controul.

}  
COWLEY.  
the



she got up, moved forward to meet him, and in a stern, or rather serious manner, demanded his business; he answered briskly, (assuming an air of gaiety) *pleasure*, madam; at the same time taking hold of her hand:—she drew back upon this, some few steps, and snatch'd it away; telling him, he was certainly mistaken in the person he intended to honour with his company; and that if pleasure was his business, her looks at first sight might have easily convinced him of it.

He made no immediate answer to this, while she proceeded thus: “If one may judge by appearances, Sir, you are a gentleman; and as such, may make pretensions to sense, honour, and education. Then tell me, Sir, what pleasure did you ever taste, or can you expect to enjoy in the arms of a common prostitute\*? for I suppose, sir, you are pretty well assured, I am so unhappy as to be one. What happiness can you expect in the society of such abandon'd wretches? While even we smile on you, we *bate* you and all your sex, for the sake of him who first deceived and ruined us. Our fondness is all hypocrisy, and the miserable pleasure you fancy you enjoy, is an additional weight to the wickedness of a wretch, who is too much loaded with crimes already.”

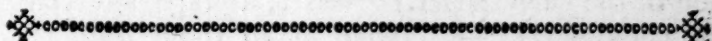
Clitander, struck with such unexpected language and behaviour from one whom he had been directed to by a friend, as a *woman of pleasure*, ingenuously confess'd he was secretly pleas'd to find her so sensibly touched with the condition of her life; and readily acknowledged that seeing a person in her

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\* What a pity it is that this question is not oftener put to the votaries of dissipation, and more seriously consider'd by them.

situation,

situation, so deeply afflicted with her guilt and shame, gave him a greater satisfaction, than he had ever found in their society in their looser hours: from this time Clitander determined to leave off his dissipated pursuits, and in a few months afterwards married an amiable young lady, and made her a good husband\*.



P R I D E   A B A S E D.

A SMART REPARTEE.

*Pride and poverty often meet in one.*

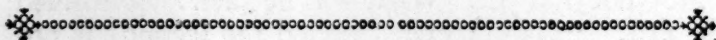
TWO men disputing lately upon their genealogy, each of them pretended to be better than the other. "You cannot (says one) compare yourself to me, who am of a thousand times better family than you."—"You! (said the other) Had your father, like mine, the first post of the city?"—"Yes, (replied the first) was he governor then?"—"No," answered he. "Was he judge?"—"No; not that yet." What was he then?" continued the first. "Gate-keeper (replied the second) is not that the first post of the city?"—"Yes, (said the other) but mine preceded the first men of the province; he went before the dukes and peers, and before the marshals of France."—"In virtue of what office?"—"In virtue of his post," replied the other.—"What was, then, that post?" said he.—"He was a postillion" (said the other).

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\* May every unmarried rake, convinc'd of his own folly, and the propriety of Clitander's conduct, go and do likewise.

If my father had taken care, we should have been rich, but he was a fool."—"I grant that to be true (said the other) and I see clearly that his office is hereditary." "My father prevented that, (added the son of the postillion) for before he was postillion, he was a man of letters."

"What call you a man of letters?" (replied the son of the gate-keeper.) "Was he a judge, advocate, or counsellor?"—"None of all those (said the postillion) he was runner to the post-office. Call you not that a man of letters?"—"True (said the gate-keeper) but that does not prove the antiquity of your family; whereas I can trace mine farther back than five hundred years."—"And mine (replied the other) more than eight hundred."—"That's nothing (answered the gate-keeper) I can prove my family to have existed before the deluge."—"And I mine from Adam," \* said the postillion. "And mine before Adam," said the gate-keeper.—"You are in the right (replied the other) the proof is very easy; for before Adam there were no animals but *brutes*, and it is very certain that you are descended from them."



#### THE SECRET OF BEING ALWAYS EASY.

**A**N Italian Bishop struggled through great difficulties without repining, and met with much opposition in the discharge of his episcopal func-

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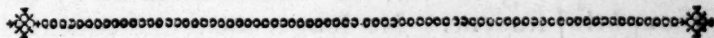
\* This reminds me of an epitaph said to be written by Matthew Prior for his own monument:—

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,  
Here lye the bones of Matthew Prior;  
The son of Adam and of Eve,  
Let Bourbon or Nassau go higher.

tion,

tion, without ever betraying the least impatience. An intimate friend of his, who highly admired those virtues which he thought it impossible to imitate, one day asked the prelate if he could communicate the *secret* of being *always easy*?—"Yes," replied the old man, "I can teach you *my* secret, and with great facility: it consists in nothing more than in making a right use of my eyes."

His friend begged him to explain himself. "Most willingly," returned the Bishop:—"In whatever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and I remember that my principal business here, is to get there: I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall occupy in it when I come to be interred: I then look abroad into the world, and observe what multitudes there are, who are in many respects more unhappy than myself \*. Thus I learn where *true happiness* is placed, where all our cares must end, and how very little reason I have to repine, or to complain."



# ON THE WINTER.

*See Winter comes, to rule the varied year,  
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;  
Vapours, and clouds, and storms. Be these my theme.*

THOMPSON.

HOW the days are shortened!—the sun no more in refulgent majesty and with potent rays traverses the meridian, "warming earth's inmost womb;"

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\* None are so miserable as they might be:—this thought may tend to alleviate our afflictions, and reminds me of the  
reply



womb;" but just peeps upon us with a faint and oblique gleam, then hides his face, and leaves us to the dark and uncomfortable gloom of tedious nights. Hark! the bleak winds begin to whistle through the woods; black clouds darken all the sky, and fill the air with hazy fogs, which hover round the hills, and relax the springs of life. Debilitated with cold, and pinched with hunger, the poor birds assemble in flocks, and seek for the most sequestered parts of the forest, or else urged by necessity, croud to the neighbourhood of man, in order to procure their scanty subsistence.

Eolus now governs the atmosphere—what dreadful roarings issue from the chambers of the north, and hurl the air into the utmost confusion!—Aquarius opens the sluices of the firmament, and covers the face of the earth with his humid stores. Cold and comfortless is the scene!—see how the ground is strown with the leafy honours of the grove.—Yonder rural walks, which a little while ago were impervious to the rays of the sun, and cast a sweet and refreshing shade, are sought no more by the thoughtful student. No longer are they frequented by the contemplative, or, those who walk for health and pleasure.

Where are the sprightly scenes by Spring supply'd,  
The May-flower'd hedges scenting ev'ry breeze;  
The white flocks scatt'ring o'er the mountain's side,  
The woodlark, warbling on the blooming trees?

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reply of a sailor in an engagement, who having one of his legs shot off, in the midst of his excruciating pain, thanked God, that he had one left still.

Where

## REFLECTIONS.

187

Where is gay Summer's sportive insect train,  
 That in green fields on painted pinions play'd;  
 The herd at morn wide pasturing o'er the plain,  
 Or throng'd at noon-tide in the willow shade?  
 Where is brown Autumn's ev'ning mild and still,  
 What time the ripen'd corn fresh fragrance yields;  
 What time the village peoples all the hill,  
 And loud shouts echo o'er the harvest-fields?  
 To former scenes our fancy thus returns,  
 To former scenes that little pleas'd when here;  
 Our Winter chills us, and our Summer burns,  
 Yet we dislike the changes of the year.

SCOTT.

While the young and fashionable make *Winter* a pleasurable season, the vicissitude by which it is produced should put them in mind, that youth itself will have an end; and that when they are declined into the vale of years, they will be so far from having a stronger relish for pleasure, that all their enjoyments will grow tasteless and insipid\*. But no reflection, suggested by the variation of the seasons, and the mutability of nature, appears more useful, or more proper to be inculcated, than that Man is a progressive being, and that his existence is to be continued through an infinite variety of scenes and changes, every one of which, if he is truly virtuous, will add to his perfection, and increase his felicity.

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\* Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter, or the four seasons of the year, have been frequently described by various authors as lively emblems of Infancy, Youth, Manhood, and Old Age.

There

There is who deems all climes, all seasons fair,

There is who knows no restless passion's strife;

Contentment smiling at each idle care,

Contentment—thankful for the gift of life:

She finds in winter many a scene to please;

The morning landscape, fring'd with frost-work gay—

The sun at noon seen thro' the leafless trees—

The clear, calm ether, at the close of day.

She bids for all our grateful praise arise

To Him, whose mandate spake the world to form;

Gave Spring's gay bloom, and Summer's chearful skies,

And Autumn's corn-clad fields, and Winter's sounding  
storm.

SCOTT.

But see the evergreens still retain their verdure,  
and bid defiance to the howling blasts and piercing  
frosts of winter. The bay tree, the ivy, the yew,  
the holly, fir and pine, are still cloathed in green;  
still they preserve their foliage, though the skies  
frown, and the storms roar.

The sun no longer gilds the fair landscape of  
nature with fluid gold, but is mantled in thick  
clouds, and scarcely dispenses day through the dark  
and turbid air. No buzzing insects expand their  
silken wings, and exult in his enlivening ray. No  
aerial choristers congratulate his approach, or an-  
nounce the arrival of day's great sovereign.

No more they twitter o'er the bending spray,

But hush'd and chill'd, mope out the gloomy day;

Or in some clustering hedge supinely sit,

And all their gay and sprightly notes forget.

The woodcocks now from northern regions fly,

To seek for nurture in a milder sky.

The

The summer birds intelligent of times,  
Have left our isle, and fled to warmer climes.

What sharp and cutting gales now blow from the northern regions!—Ice is on their wings, and millions of frozen particles are driven through the air. Squadrons of black and scowling clouds sail along over our heads; see, they thicken into an impenetrable gloom, and obscure the face of the sky; they hasten the approach of night, and not one faint gleam of the setting sun is able to find its way thro' the deep arrangement of shades.—Surely a storm is approaching!—the black curtain of gloomy night is already spread over the bleak earth before the shepherd is retired from the field, or the peasant has reached his rural abode.

Hah! what a change has taken place!—the preceding evening I left nature plain and unadorned—now what an universal whiteness fills the scene. The fleecy shower covers the face of nature. The trees bend beneath their load, the hedges are scarcely distinguishable. The sun that set in gloom, amidst the darkness of a lowring sky, rises with a peculiar refulgence; the glittering waste which glows beneath his golden throne, seems to add splendour to his beams, and heighten the illuminations of the opening morn. The silver rivers interspersed here and there, as they glide along the landscape of nature, chequer the prospect, and appear with a beautiful contrast amid the snowy carpet.

The scarlet berries of the hawthorn, the holly and the mountain ash, half concealed in snow, look like rubies set in polished silver. The milk white mantle which invests the fields, dazzles the eye, and seems to fatigue the organs of sight; but it has something in its appearance which serves to recreate and exhilarate the mind—enlightened with the  
beams



beams of Phœbus, its surface exhibits millions and millions of glittering pearls, which twinkle like the starry lamps of heaven in a serene and cloudless night, and has a most pleasing effect.—The roads are now no longer to be seen; but the whole country looks like a wild and trackless plain.

The hills and dales, the groves and shady woods,  
The flow'ry plains and silver streaming floods,  
By snow disguis'd in bright confusion lie,  
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

The piercing severity of the season now drives us to the welcome fire. Inestimable blessing!—most useful commodity! designed by Providence to warm our benumbed limbs—to comfort and cherish us during the bleak and rigid season of winter—The city begins to be crowded with inhabitants, and the winter entertainments again commence. The rural pleasures of the country are deserted for the noisy scenes of the town:—thus the sons of pleasure and festivity are continually seeking for new and satisfactory enjoyments, but in vain; as the year revolves, their scenes of diversion and amusements revolve also.

Happy they! who regardless of the fashionable pleasures of the age, devote their time to religion and their God!—happy they! who sensible of the short duration of earthly bliss—sensible of its vanity and unsatisfactory nature, look forward, and prepare for that happy region, where joys truly permanent are to be found, and springs of bliss, bliss inconceivable, for ever, *ever* flow.

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ON THE STUDY OF HISTORY, AND  
THE BENEFITS ATTENDING IT.

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*Reading informs the judgment.*

IT is an incontestible truth, that little knowledge or advantage is to be derived from history, when studied in the manner in which it now generally is by young people : without a clew to guide them, they wander incautiously through the paths of science, till they find themselves bewildered in the maze of error and uncertainty. On the other hand, when the literary traveller is taught to proceed with precaution, to examine nicely the various tracks he pursues, and to contemplate properly the objects that surround him, it is a chance, if he does not at last reach the pleasing summit of just credit and applause.

Young people generally burthen their memories with a great number of dates, names, and events ; and provided they can but repeat what they have heard or read, they are generally esteemed for their knowledge. A young man who finds himself applauded on such occasions, is not a little proud of his abilities. As it cannot be expected, that young people should judge of things, like those whom age and experience have taught wisdom, it is not at all surprising if they should conceive a great opinion of themselves, when they see that nothing more is expected from them, and that those, on whom they depend, praise them on every occasion, for the facility with which they speak, and the readiness with which they repeat those things they have been obliged to remember.

The

The true purpose of history, however, consists not in the remembrance of a number of events and actions, without making proper reflections thereon. This kind of knowledge, which has memory only for its support, merits not the least spark of applause; for knowledge consists in tracing actions to their source. To read history properly, is to enquire into the characters of those we there meet with, and to judge of them wisely and cautiously: to study history is to study the designs, the prejudices, and the passions of mankind; to discover all the secret springs of their actions, their arts and fallacies, and all the illusions they put in practice to deceive and ensnare the ungarded heart.

Young people should be early, and as it were insensibly, taught to reflect naturally, and without art, upon every thing which they meet with remarkable in the histories they read. Thus they will become men, not parrots; by which last name we may justly call those, who read only for subjects to exercise their memories.

It is an idle argument, that young people are incapable of reflection: they cannot be too soon treated like men; for they are capable of reasoning almost as soon as they are capable of speaking. This opinion of the incapacity of young people for reasoning, is a kind of excuse formed rather for ignorant tutors than their pupils; because these teachers know not how to set about the arduous task of teaching their scholars to reason upon such things, as they are interested in saying it is impossible: they know not how to teach them to search into themselves, and discover the treasures of light and wisdom, which nature has there concealed: they turn this wonderful art into mockery and ridicule, though Plato has convinced us it may be easily reduced to practice.

It

It too frequently happens, that, however the tutor may be equal to the trust reposed in him, the false glory of parents totally perverts all hopes of success; for reflection enriches not the memory, though it forms the judgment; it tends rather to make them think wisely than to speak much; but parents always desirous of being themselves judges of the progress of their children, and many of them being incapable of distinguishing the good qualities of judgment, are perfectly well satisfied with the bare repetition of historical facts.

The principal desire of such parents is, that their children should, in the early part of their youth, be furnished with materials for conversation, and be able to repeat those things, of which the generality of the world may be ignorant, and which are agreeable in themselves, as most historical passages are: whereas the principal end of studying history is to accustom young people to speak little, and reflect much; but never to repeat a fragment of history, merely to shew that they have read it: they should be taught to consider such passages as authorities on which they are to found their reason, or as subjects to exercise it.

This kind of study, I mean that of reflection, consists in natural and familiar considerations, such as every person, when he hears them, fancies himself to have made long before, though perhaps they had never once entered his thoughts: thus they excite not any admiration; and it is therefore no wonder, that the generality of parents, who do not always think properly, should be so anxious to see their children become the objects of applause to those who are as ignorant as themselves. Such parents should be reminded, that this kind of applause is mean and contemptible, and that nothing is more  
K dangerous



dangerous than to accustom young people to the love of such false glory.

It has been observed by many judicious and experienced writers, and among them in particular the inimitable Mr. Locke, that the most sensible men have not always the best memories; and this probably arises from their accustoming themselves to reflect properly on what they read; by which means they increase their wisdom and knowledge, rather than improve their memories: they think it of little moment to remember long accounts of sieges and battles, and all those horrible tales, with which weak minds are so much delighted: They meditate on what they read, and thereby discover their own imperfections, become acquainted with the nature of the human soul, and the manner of its acting\*.

The esteem and veneration in which succeeding ages have held the fabulous writings of the ancients, have arisen only from the love of virtue, the probity of manners, and the integrity of heart, with which they inspired their readers. The reputation of this species of writing, perhaps first gave rise to novels and romances, in which, though they neither make stones speak, or statues walk, they frequently represent characters as widely different from nature as light is from darkness.

The study of history requires some thought and attention, whereas the perusal of modern novels and romances claims not the least of either; the end of the one is to improve the understanding, and correct the various passions of the human soul; that of the other, only to amuse; and happy would it be, if

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\* Reading and Reflection are the basis of true wisdom.

*Thoughts in Younger Life.*  
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it centered only in amusement.—The more extravagant, absurd, and ridiculous a novel is, the greater is the probability of its success.—As *love* is the foundation, so is it the superstructure of most novels. But what is that species of love which is there generally taught?—Not that tender sympathy of two mutual hearts, whose love is founded on reason, prudence, and virtue; but a blind, violent, and impetuous passion, which hurries its unhappy victim into endless woes; teaches children disobedience to their parents, inspires them with self-sufficiency, and encourages them to commence knight-errants, at an age in which the rod ought to be applied to bring them to their senses\*.

It is not however at all wonderful, that the youth of either sex, who have not been taught better, should prefer a ridiculous romance to the most important piece of history, since the former tends to encourage them in their extravagant follies, and the latter to correct them.—Were this class of readers to stumble on the history of the Gracchi, or on the lives of some other remarkable Romans, they would throw them aside, as dull, heavy, and insignificant subjects, and would not give themselves a moment's leisure to reflect on the many useful lessons they might there find; while the more enlightened youth will peruse with advantage the direful effects of unbounded ambition, avarice, and revenge; he will therein be taught how vain is the parade of human grandeur, when founded on the basis of tyranny, injustice, and oppression: and if he is not too young to make moral reflections, he will perhaps conclude, that the longest life of real affluence, and of peace and

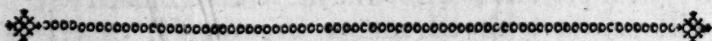
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\* We may learn hence the impropriety of *modern novel* reading; especially as to the younger part of both sexes.

happiness *only* in appearance, is not worth purchasing at the price of infamy.

From reflecting properly on the most singular and instructive parts of history, true morality will be derived, and the heart improved; but when young people read such passages, only to retain and to repeat them, nothing more will be learned from them, than a vain conceit of their own exalted abilities. Reason tells the laborious peasant, whom fortune has never permitted to tread the flowery paths of science, how little literary merit he has to boast of: much more unfortunate is the youth, who, having had the advantages of books and tutors, while he flatters himself with his accomplishments, is so ignorant, as not to know even his own ignorance.

To conclude: the perusal of history not only affords agreeable entertainment, but when accompanied with reflection, it also improves the understanding, beyond any other mode in which instruction can possibly be conveyed. In the labours of the faithful historian the intricate mazes of the human heart are exposed to our observation, and we are taught to trace the various actions of mankind to their original sources in the soul.



#### ON AVARICE AND PRODIGALITY.

*Spare to spend, and spend to spare.*

**O**F all the vanities which are daily acted under the sun, none appear more unaccountable to a cursory observer, than the prodigality with which riches are squandered in youth, and the avidity with

with which they are sought after in old age\*. Every man who comes into the world may assure himself that he is one day to leave it; and the experience of every hour, as well as the history of former generations, may convince him, that a century will in-

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\* *An extraordinary Instance of Avarice, providentially punished.*

Monf. Foscue, one of the farmers-general of the province of Languedoc in France, who had amassed considerable wealth by grinding the faces of the poor within his province, by which he rendered himself universally hated, was one day ordered by the government to raise a considerable sum: upon which as an excuse for not complying with the demand, he pleaded extreme poverty; but, fearing lest some of the inhabitants of Languedoc should give information to the contrary, and his house should be searched, he resolved on hiding his treasure in such a manner, as to escape the most strict examination.

He dug a kind of a cave in his wine-cellar, which he made so large and deep that he used to go down to it with a ladder; at the entrance was a door with a spring lock on it, which on shutting would fasten of itself. Very lately Monsieur Foscue was missing; diligent search was made after him in every place; the ponds were drawn, and every method, which human imagination could suggest, was taken for finding him, but all in vain.

In a short time after, his house was sold; and the purchaser beginning either to rebuild it, or make some alterations in it, the workmen discovered a door in the cellar, with a key in the lock, which he ordered to be opened, and on going down they found Monsieur Foscue lying dead on the ground, with a candlestick near him, but no candle in it, which he had eat; and on searching farther, they found the vast wealth that he had amassed. It is supposed, that, when Monsieur Foscue went into his cave, the door by some accident shut after him, and, being out of the call of any person, he perished for want of food. He had gnawed the flesh off both his arms, as is supposed for subsistence. Thus did this miser die in the midst of his treasure, to the scandal of himself, and to the prejudice of the state



clude the term of his temporary existence. It should then seem reasonable that the less of that term we had to run through, the more careful should we be of the means of supporting life; and that every year which rolled over our heads, as it took from the sum of the days we had to spend, so should it proportionably lessen our anxiety for the goods of fortune: but when, on the contrary, we see those who have the greatest number of years in prospect, the least careful of the means of passing them with satisfaction, and that as the back bends with infirmities, and the head whitens with age, the desire of riches gathers strength and vigour\*, how can we help pronouncing man to be a mystery to himself, and the most inconsistent of all God's creatures upon earth?

Yet with all this appearance of absurdity, men do not even in these instances act without the concurrence of reason: for that eagerness after wealth, which is remarked to be the universal concomitant of old age, is not generated by a desire of enjoying it, but has its source in the pride of living independent of our fellow-creatures, and is nourished by the dread of the calamities attendant upon poverty: neither is the youth's disregard of money to be attributed to ignorance of its value, or inattention to the uses he may have for it in future, but it is founded on the confidence he places in his bodily strength, and a presumptuous dependence that his abilities will always be sufficient to procure him sustenance.

The man who feels no infirmity, may have no apprehensions of a sick-bed, and may flatter himself that he has still time enough to provide for the

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\* Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines. Dr. YOUNG.  
imbecility

imbecility of old age; but he who feels the decays of nature, and is conscious of his incapacity to provide necessaries for himself, and whose experience has taught him the selfishness of professions of friendship, and shewn compassion to be a precarious dependence, must grasp the bag with ardour, and count over its shining contents with delight, when he reflects, that they alone can in the estimation of the *world*, supply the place of labour, they alone can find rest for the limbs which totter under their burden, and procure cordials for the heart that is bursting with anguish and distress\*.

Generosity is, therefore, as suitable to the beginning of life, as frugality is to the latter end of it; and dispositions, which are alike conformable to our different circumstances, are certainly alike commendable. The misfortune, however, is, that generosity, when indiscreetly indulged in youth, frequently leads to extravagance and criminal dissipation; and frugality, when it is made the business of advanced life, often grows into niggardliness and avarice.

But although each of these vices are equally odious, yet the treatment which each meets with in the world is very different: avarice in an old man is only termed excess of prudence; while prodigality in a youth is styled the offspring of folly. This happens because it is the aged who give laws to the world; and every man is fond to excuse the vices to which he finds himself addicted, and to stigmatize those to which he finds no incitement. And

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\* Wealth may be reckoned with propriety, an accessory good respecting the *present* world, but not a *necessary* blessing; for

Man wants but *little*, nor that little *long*. DR. YOUNG.

hence it is, that we often see a parent disinherīt a worthy son, whose only crime is negligence of his *pecuniary* affairs; whilst he cherishes a wretch who deviates from every path of honour and virtue, because he is careful of his money.

Yet whatever may be said in extenuation of the vice of avarice in the aged, nothing surely can be urged against the heaviest censure on the youth who suffers the love of money to be his ruling passion: for he who, in the bloom and vigour of life, can place his confidence in wealth, must be unconscious of any good quality, by which he might hope to recommend himself to the favour of those who have the power to serve him; nor is the prodigal, who, although he dissipates his fortune, and reduces himself from affluence to labour and want, scatters plenty on the industrious, and supplies the cravings of the needy, to be held *equally* criminal with the man, who, to secure to himself the good things of this life, independent of the good-will of his fellow-creatures, locks up the means of subsistence from thousands, and “turns the hungry empty away.”

The present custom of estimating the value of every man by the size of his fortune, is, indeed, a strong temptation to the young as well as to the aged, to consider riches as their chiefest good, and poverty as the most shocking of all vices. But the *Christian*, who has another method of valuing things, and whose prospect into futurity extends beyond the limits of *this* life, will consider wealth only as an adventitious good, and that pious and virtuous dispositions are much more to be prized than largeness of possessions\*.

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\* The charms of virtue will for ever bloom,  
In the bright regions of the world to come.

The inequalities of the moral, as well as those of the natural world, he knows to have their uses, and to be ordained for purposes equally wise. If some are raised to eminency, it is not to indulge them in the pleasure of overlooking others, but that they may become fountains of benevolence; that the blessings which they enjoy may be diffused in streams of bounty and munificence, amongst those who daily pay back a portion of the gift, in grateful acknowledgments to the source of all goodness.

Every situation of life has its attendant obligations, and as we are told that the reward of fidelity will not be proportioned to the post occupied, but to the vigilance of the centinel, it is of small importance whether our lot places us in the front or in the rear. In every station we may rely on *his* protection, who *numbereth the hairs of our heads*, and whose *tender mercies are over all his works*: he it is that commands us to cast all our cares upon him, and he will supply all our necessities: he it is that assures us, *That when the poor and needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them; I the God of Israel will not forsake them*\*.

Labour he has indeed entailed upon all the posterity of Adam as the temporal punishment of his transgression; and it would be acting in contravention of his own decree, should he procure sustenance for us otherwise than he feeds the ravens: he provides for them in the mortality of other animals, and for us by a providential distribution of rain and sunshine. They must use vigilance and industry to seek their prey, and man must till the earth, and sow the seed before he can expect the harvest.

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\* Isaiah xli. 17.



The children, whom we have been the instruments of bringing into being, it is certainly our duty to provide for in their infancy, and to endeavour to place them in suitable stations in advanced life. But as they are equally with ourselves comprehended in Adam's transgression, it is no part of our duty to spend our whole lives in labour and anxiety, without allowing ourselves any respite for doing good, or considering our ways, merely to exempt them from partaking in the denunciation against Adam's posterity, or to deliver them from any necessity of being active or industrious.

Indeed, if we confide in the promises of him who made both us and them, we shall take a much surer method of providing for them, by giving them a virtuous and *religious* education, and setting before them an example of a good life, than by heaping up riches for them by oppression, and increasing their inheritance with the spoils of the poor. *I have been young, (says David,) and now am old, yet never saw I the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread\*.*

The sovereign Disposer of all things, it cannot be supposed will withhold those blessings from his servants, which he bestows on the unjust; nor can we, without banishing his providence from the superintendency of wordly affairs, imagine but that "all things will work together for good to them who love him †." The whole scheme of our religion is indeed so contrary to avarice, or an anxious desire of wealth, that we have assurances from the divine Author of it himself, that it is hardly possible for a *rich* man to enter into his kingdom ‡, and that no

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\* Psalms xxxvii. 25.

† Romans viii. 28.

‡ Matthew xix. 23, 24.

man who is the slave of this world can be his servant. A man may call himself a Christian if he will; but if he scrapes together wealth with the avidity of a miser, and hoards it up with the anxiety of an avaricious man, he surely gives his conduct in evidence against the truth of his profession, and manifests to the world, that he places more dependence on riches for supplying his necessities, than on the gracious assurances of the Captain of our salvation.

If we trace the consequences of this detestable vice, we shall quickly perceive, that there is not one, among those which we are required to abstain from as the beginnings of sin, that is more horribly attended, and none from the indulgence of which, it was greater mercy to warn us.—The love of money has stopped the ears of the merciful against the cries of the wretched—the pitying eye it has turned away from beholding scenes of misery and distress—the tongue it has prompted to utter falsehood—the hands it has taught to steal—and the heart it has hardened to deliberate upon murder!—What more can be added?—And yet there is another crime behind—and let the Christian who has cherished this adder in his bosom, tremble when he recollects it!—It was for the lucre of thirty pieces of silver that Iscariot betrayed his Lord and Saviour, and made the name of Judas, to all generations as hateful even as that of the devil himself,

ON BOARDING-SCHOOLS FOR *YOUNG LADIES*.

A N E S S A Y

ADDRESSED TO PARENTS IN GENERAL.

EVERY village in the neighbourhood of this great city has one or two little schools, where young ladies are boarded and educated. The expence being small, hither the blacksmith, the alehouse-keeper, the shoemaker, the barber, the butcher, the baker, &c. &c. &c. sends his daughter, who, from the moment she enters, becomes a *young lady*. The parent's intention is honest: his time is too much taken up, as well as his wife's, by the necessary duties of his profession, to have any to bestow on the education of their children; they are therefore obliged to send them from home.

This being the case, there ought certainly to be proper schools for their reception: but surely the plan of these schools should differ as much from that of the great schools, intended for the daughters of the nobility and gentry, as the station in life of the scholars at the one, differs from those of the other. This is, however, so far from being the case, that the article of expence excepted, the plan is the same; and the daughter of the lowest shopkeeper, at one of these schools, is as much *Miss*, and a *young lady*, as the daughter of the first Viscount in England at one of the other. The mistress of the school is called *Governess*, for the word *Mistress* has a vulgar sound with it; and *Miss*, whose *Mamma* sells oysters, tells *Miss*, whose father deals in small-coal, that her *Governess* shall know it, if she spits  
in

in her face, or does any thing else unbecoming a *young lady*.

Were a foreigner, acquainted with our language, to overhear a conversation of this kind, (and some such conversation is to be heard every day in some alley or other in this town) how would he be astonished at the opulence of a country, where the meanest tradesmen keep governesses for their daughters! *French* and *dancing* is likewise taught at these schools, neither of which can be of any use to *ladies* of this sort. The parents may imagine the *first* may procure them a place, but in this they may be greatly mistaken, as there is hardly a single instance of a girl's having learned that language to any degree of perfection at one of these schools. I shall only mention that it cannot possibly be of use to them, and that it would be of much more consequence they should be well instructed how to *wash the floor*, than how to *dance* upon it.

I am very certain there are several fathers of this rank, who have had cause to wish their daughters had lost the use of their limbs, rather than have been taught this pernicious use of them by the dancing-master\*; the consequence of which has often been that of inducing them to quit their parent's sober dwelling at midnight, for the licentious liberties of a ball of apprentices, where the *young lady*, (no *governess* present) may be exposed to great dangers, at

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\* Would you a daughter should in taste excell,  
First teach her how to dance, and then to spell;  
Let her be learn'd and virtuous by degrees,  
And always use her *feet* before her *knees*;  
Pay less her *head* to tutor, than her *heels*,  
The posture's more polite to step than kneel;  
'Twill shew the girl a nymph of taste indeed,  
To learn her gamut, tho' she quits her creed.



a place where the scheme for the ruin of many an innocent girl has been formed and executed. The *needle-work* taught at these schools, is of a kind much more likely to strengthen the natural propensity in all young minds to *show* and *dress*, than to answer any housewifely purpose. One of these young *ladies*, with the assistance of an ounce of coarse thread, and a yard of catgut, dresses herself up in what has the appearance of Brussels lace, or Point.

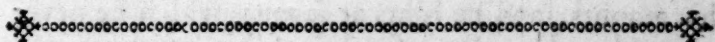
How disappointed will the honest shopkeeper be, if, at an age when he thinks proper to take his daughter from school, he should expect any assistance from her? Can he suppose a young *lady* will weigh his soap for him? or perform any other office, the gentility of her education has exalted her so far above? Though ignorant of every thing else, she will be so perfect in the lessons of pride and vanity, that she will despise him and his *nasty shop*, and quit both to go off with the first man who promises her a silk gown and a blond cap! In short, the plan of these schools appears much better calculated to qualify the scholars to become, in a few years, proper inhabitants of the *Magdalen House*, than to make them industrious frugal wives to honest tradesmen, or sober faithful servants\*: and I cannot suppose the ambition of any father of this rank, amongst us, rises higher than to see his children in one or other of these stations.

That he may not be disappointed in so laudable a view, I would propose schools for the education of such girls, by discreet women: those who have been housekeepers in large families would be the

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\* Parents in general will do well seriously to attend to the above remarks.

properest persons for this purpose : that the young people should be taught submission and humility to their superiors, decency and modesty in their own dress and behaviour : that they should be well instructed in all kinds of plain work, reading, writing, and accounts, pastry, pickling, and preserving, and other branches of cookery, and be taught to wash lace and other linen. Thus instructed they may be of great use to their parents and husbands, they may have a right to expect the kindest treatment from their mistresses, and may be sure to be respected as useful members of society ; whereas *modern young ladies* are the most useless of all God's creatures.



## ALCANDER, OR THE MODERN FOP.

A PORTRAIT TAKEN FROM LIFE.

**A**LCANDER is familiar with his superiors ; important with his equals ; and impertinent to those whom fortune has placed beneath him. You bow to him, but he affects not to see you : you speak to him, but he hears you not ; you address your discourse to another, and he interrupts you \*. He abounds with indecent levity and mirth, in the society of respectable people, and when the conversation is serious. A lady happens to look at him, and he immediately conceives that she has a

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\* How many such impertinent and self-conceited coxcombs do we see daily, who are a disgrace even to their own species?—Such mere apologies for men are only deserving of pity and contempt.

passion

passion for him\*. Another appears thoughtful, and he fancies that *he* is the subject of her contemplation.

He has no idea of discretion. He gives advice both to men of letters and to artists. To men of virtue and gravity, he displays his trinkets and baubles. He would have harangued on battles to Marlborough, on books to Mead, and on butterflies to Sloane. If he is at the theatre he speaks so loud, that he attracts the attention of the whole circle around him; this he does because it is thought *devilish* clever by his companions.

He delights in mystery; and in public, you may daily see him receiving billets which he had previously written to *himself*. He talks incessantly of his amours, and he hints at favours which he never enjoyed. He often speaks of his revenues and his equipages; and with two thousand a-year he exclaims, that he cannot live—it is much too little for a man of taste and fashion.

When he has actual engagements, he is too busy to keep them; when he has none, he affects to have many. He never goes where he is expected; and he arrives at an unseasonable hour in places where his presence is disagreeable. He has relations, but they are poor, and he does not know, or will not own them; he boasts, however, of the friendship of a certain great man whom he has never seen. You would think that it is his constant study to impose on himself, for he is, in every thing, just the reverse of what he ought to be.

N. B. There is too much reason to fear the above character is applicable to *thousands* in the present day.

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\* He is one of those ignorant puppies in human shape, who take a pleasure in staring every modest woman they meet, out of countenance.

## REFLECTIONS.

204

### ON AMBITION.

*Ambition is the dropsy of the soul,*

*Whose thirst we must not yield to, but controul.* SEDLEY.

AMBITION, or a desire of rising above others, is natural to all who would be esteemed superior to those around them; and therefore in proportion to that desire is the ambition of him that has it. When this longing after pre-eminence actuates men employed in conducting affairs of state, or commanding armies, it may properly be distinguished to be of the *tragical* kind; but when the objects of ambition and pride are only the common views of *private* life, they become farcical, and instead of raising anxiety, are truly diverting. If it should be the ambition of a young gentleman or young lady to commence a finished *petit maitre*, or *modern belle*, dress, finery, balls, operas, with a long *et cætera*, are their only studies, while *good sense* and *understanding* are totally neglected and undervalued: hence there is scarce a *beau* but is a *blockhead*, or a *belle* who has *common sense*.

Men who live abstracted from what is called the *gaiety of life*, may smile at the ridiculous ambition of those characters; they deserve contempt: yet is the *beau* a stranger creature to the judicious part of mankind, than a man merely addicted to *speculation*. Both are equally ignorant of the *just* rules of life, and the ambition of him who would be a wise man by *speculation*, is equally ridiculous to him who would affect to know the world by making a foolish figure in it\*.

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\* It was good advice, some few years ago given by an old man on his death-bed to his son :--Whatever (says he) others are



I imagine the most extravagant fancies and actions, if traced to their source, would be found to take their rise from some extravagant *ambition* \*. Is there any other cause why Mr. *Boozy*, the deputy of a certain ward in this metropolis, will drink bumpers to certain political healths, till he can neither stand, go, nor speak? No; he is resolved to excel another deputy of an adjacent ward, in testimony of his principles, by his greater number of half-pint tumblers. His adversary has a soul which equally thirsts after *praise* and *red port*; thus, through the patriotic and courtly ambition of those two worthy gentlemen, they are in a fair way of killing one another.

I was once an eye-witness to an odd kind of *ambition*: two young gentlemen of Oxford were both enamoured with the reigning toast of that place: on some dispute, in regard to their affections, the one put a large spoonful of foot into his glass, then filled a bumper, toasted his mistress's health, and drank it off with an air which betrayed a consciousness of his victory; the other, with a philosophical calmness, smiled at such a vain experiment, and stepped to his closet for a phial of ink, filled a brimmer with it, and tossed it off with *Io Triumphe* and Miss M \* \* \*. Whose *ambition* rose to the greatest height, was not determined by the company, and like two great generals, after a drawn battle, they both claimed the victory.—I must add, that Miss M. on this occasion, looked on them both as equally fools, and would have neither of them.

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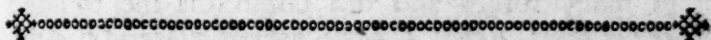
are ambitious of, or pursuing after, let it be *your* daily ambition and pursuit to be *wise*, and your wisdom to be *good*.

\* The best ambition is that which leads us to excel in *virtue*.

But

## REFLECTIONS. 211

But of all kinds of pride, the greatest is that which affects to consist in humility; and as the greatest art is to conceal art, so in some the greatest pride is the contempt of pride\*. I have often observed more haughtiness and insolent carriage in a plain quaker coat and slouched beaver, than in an embroidered suit, and a hat with a cockade in it.



### THE MAN OF HUMILITY.

#### AN AMIABLE CHARACTER.

*He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.* Luke xiv. 11.

**E**UDOXIUS is a gentleman of exalted virtue and unstained reputation; every one that knows him speaks well of him; he is so much honoured, and so well beloved in his station, that he must flee his country if he would avoid praises. So sensible is he of the secret pride that has tainted human nature, that he holds himself in perpetual danger, and maintains a constant watch. He behaves now with the same modesty as when he was unknown and obscure. He receives the commendations of the world with such an humble mien, and with such an indifference of spirit that is truly admirable and divine. It is a lovely pattern, but the imitation is not easy.

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\* ———Pride hath no other glass  
To shew itself, but pride; for supple knees  
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

SHAKESPEARE.

I took

I took the freedom one day to ask him how he acquired this wondrous humility, or whether he was born with no pride about him?—"Ah, no, (said he, with a secret sigh) I feel the working poison, but I keep my antidote at hand: when my friends tell me of my good qualities and talents, I have learnt from St. Paul to say, *What have I that I have not received?* While my own consciousness of many follies and sins constrains me to add, *What have I that I have not misimproved?* And then Reason and Religion join together to suppress my vanity, and teach me the proper language of a creature and a sinner: What then have I to glory in?"

ON PENURIOUSNESS.

*Poor and content is rich, and rich enough.* SHAKESP.

THERE is a character which is to be found in real life, but which I do not remember to have seen upon the stage, or in any dramatic piece; yet it would be a choice morsel for any good comic writer. It is a character compounded of two qualities, each of which may be the foundation of ridicule. I mean a man who is at once narrow and vain. The struggle between these two opposite passions, exemplified in a variety of incidents, would be exceedingly diverting in the theatre. To observe *Ostentation* drawing him forth, and *Penuriousness* pulling him back. To see a splendid table set out with studied arrangement, and the master of the house in a tremor, lest a china plate, or a drinking glass should be broke. To hear him pressing his guests to partake heartily of what is before them,

them, while he is anxious to cover the retreat of some untouched principal dish, which may be served up again; or his making some fantastical pretence to have the rarest and most valuable fruits in his desert carried away, as he has already had the glory of their being seen by the company, who, he flatters himself, will talk of them all over the town.

I have heard it remarked, that a man is often as narrow as he is prodigal, for want of counting. And hence comes the proverb, "Penny wise, and pound foolish." Were the prodigal seriously to sit down, and make a calculation in how short a time his course of expence will run out his fortune, and leave him exposed to indigence, he would be more moderate. And were some penurious men to compute the sum total that it is possible for them to save in trifles, and at the same time to consider the meanness of character which such saving infallibly establishes, they would avoid it with disdain. There have been instances of paltry narrowness, which are almost incredible. Perhaps, every man is penurious in something. Men abundantly liberal in general, have been niggards in cheese, candles, or paper, or some such things, which they have been used in early life to save. A nobleman who had acquired a large fortune, and lived magnificently, would not trust the key of the corn for the horses to any of his servants, but kept it himself.

Avarice or covetousness should be distinguished from saving or penuriousness; and penuriousness is of two kinds, which I would call the malignant and the mild. The malignant is, when a man saves by other people; for instance, by ordering a piece of work to be done, or something to be furnished for him, and not paying what is fair and reasonable. The mild is, when a man chuses to do without things which he no doubt might command,  
did



did he not rather chuse to save what they would cost.

It is the malignant species which chiefly occasions loss of reputation; for they who are positively hurt by a man's narrowness, will naturally rail against him. The mild species, being only negative, will not produce much reproach, unless it be excessive indeed.

The character of a penurious man should not, by any means, be so much the object of reproach in an advanced state of society as at an early period. In old times penurious men had hoards secreted, and consequently altogether useless to others. Their money was literally, *abditæ terris*, hid in the earth. Whereas now, when commerce is so universal, and money, by means of interest and certain modes of security, is willingly sent into the community, "*splendeat usu*, it shines in use," as much as if its owner spent it himself; and thus society is equally benefited by the wealth of the saving man, as by that of the prodigal.

I am most willing to allow that we ought not to set our hearts too much on any thing in this world. But I confess I do not see a sufficient argument why it should be worse to be fond of money, than of other things. It is our duty to do good to others. But we are as much hindered from that, by dissipating our money in expensive pleasures, or laying it out in elegant amusements, or even in the cultivation of taste and learning, as by saving it. It is the same thing to those who are disappointed of our charity, whether our money is intercepted by the opinions of extravagance, or the negociators of loans; whether it is transferred into pictures or books, or downright vulgar bonds. Indeed, in the latter cases they may have more hope of obtaining  
some

some share of it, as the operation is more simple, and the transition shorter.

I repeat it, that I do not mean to defend absolute devotion to wealth; but I do maintain, that a money-saver (for I would avoid the odious term, miser) is not worse than other worldly-minded men, under which description I include the ambitious, the vain, the gay, the man of pleasure of every sort. He is free from many vices which accompany prodigality, considering merely temporal pleasure, or satisfaction confined to *this* life. A man may freely chuse for himself; and if he thinks it more agreeable to save his money than to have what it can purchase, he certainly has a right to save it.

It was sensibly and liberally said, by an old money-saving father, when twitted with the prospect that his son would dissipate all his wealth, "If he has as much pleasure in spending it as I had in saving it, I shall be very glad." Thus the wealth of the money-saver has the advantage that it serves at least *two* generations, supposing his immediate successor to be a spendthrift; whereas the wealth of one of a different character is gone at once. The pleasure of saving too is the most certain of any. A man may be dubious of his fame; he may be jealous of the woman he loves. But if he has common prudence, he may be absolutely certain of his wealth. His pleasure also is always augmenting. "*Crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.*" His love for his money grows stronger in proportion as his money increases," and to the last hour of his life, his attachment is permanent. I was struck one day with a fally of a learned and ingenious friend of mine upon this subject. The love of money, said he, is kindly given us in old age, to soothe and amuse us when other passions fail.

Some



nished with a sufficient collection from *real* history, have sometimes delivered their lessons in familiar fables. But let it be observed, that these fables were simple; and if you only changed a few fictitious names, the story was attended by the highest probability; so that the moral could not escape the notice of the reader, unless through his own fault. But among our *modern* novelists, the *marvellous* seems to be one chief recommendation; and in the eager pursuit of this, they lose even the most distant view of the probable. How then can it be, that any one should profit by reading an account of the good or bad success of any action, when he is conscious that such action never could be performed? It is indeed impossible that a man should apply to his own case, what never could be the case of any man living\*.

There is yet one thing more to be observed: this class of writers frequently hold up to the view, and represent as virtues, such actions as ought to be stigmatized and condemned as vices†; at least they treat them with such tenderness as to render them palatable rather than disgusting. In this case the moral, if we give ourselves the trouble to search for it, will be found to be no other than a moral evil.

Let it be granted, that some novels are calculated at once to please and to instruct, and that by reading them, some persons may be apprized of the unhappy issue of a wicked course of life, or of the contrary effect of good actions; yet as the thread of

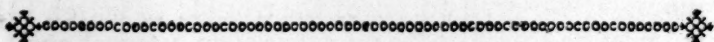
\* A very just remark, and may serve as a useful hint to those writers in particular, who are fond of dealing in the *marvellous*.

† Many modern novels may justly be accounted *literary* poison, as they tend principally to debauch the morals, and vitiate the conduct of the rising generation.



the story is generally interwoven with such extraordinary incidents as may divert the mind, and take it off from every *serious* reflection, it must also be granted on the other hand, that many may be betrayed and ruined by them. The danger is indeed far greater than the most sanguine expectations can possibly be, unless the moral be enforced with strong and pressing remarks, even such as must frequently defeat the intention to please, and render it ungrateful to a delicate reader.

It may be further observed, that our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, frequently delivered his lessons to the Jews in parables; but we can by no means infer from hence, that he condescended to the humour of that age, or even intended to indulge them in that wilful blindness which had prevailed over that stiff-necked race. That his intention was the reverse of this, may be gathered from Math. xiii. 13, 14, 15. From hence it is clear, that he acted thus in conformity to his own just indignation, not out of condescension to that rebellious people.



#### GENIUS AND TASTE CONTRASTED.

*They may be united, and yet widely different.*

**V**ARIOUS are the definitions which have been given of Genius. It is a word still used in the greatest latitude. Thus we commonly say, a person possesses a mathematical or a poetical genius, or a genius for music, sculpture, or painting; or, from some happy and successful efforts in any of the arts or sciences, the voice of the public or posterity may honour him with the appellation of a great or transcendant genius.

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The vulgar, whose ideas are always without accuracy or order, generally substitute one quality of mind for another. For this reason, Genius and Taste are often mistaken for synonymous terms, and confounded, though it is hardly possible for any two things to be more distinct. Indeed, their difference is so great and various, as to merit a short illustration. This is the more worthy of attention, as it may furnish us with some pertinent satisfactory conceptions of the subject.

By taste, we receive pleasure from artificial or natural beauty, and judge of correctness and elegance in particular compositions. We are enabled by Genius to perform in such a manner as to make others perceive the pleasures of Taste. The one communicates such qualities to an object as are discernible at least in an exquisite degree, by those only who possess the other. If a tragedy makes me shed no tears, the writer has missed his aim. If a poem or picture raises no emotion in my mind, I conclude the artist destitute of Genius, or, he may conclude me destitute of Taste.

Though a very palpable connection subsists between Taste and Genius, the one may often prevail in a very extraordinary degree where there is but little of the other. The first implies delicacy, the second strength of imagination. The one may prevail in a rude, the other never but in a polished, and both are essential to a *finished* character. Homer, Shakespeare, and Milton, are all distinguished by a genius eminently original and extensive: yet which of these great masters is not chargeable with blunders, which an accurate and refined taste must have prevented?

It will be generally found that a good taste is much more universal than a fine genius. Many who are capable of imitating or equalling, can yet relish the beauties or excellence of the most finished

performances. One is the eye of a refined, the other the executive faculty of a masterly understanding.

Some portion or share of taste, however, seems indispensable to the rudest exertions of genius. Order and design are more or less inseparable from all the efforts of a rational agent. There are rules to which the boldest minds are in no case, on no occasion, superior. It is not this which gives Genius the power to please, but this certainly prevents it from disgusting others.

But the chief characteristic of Genius is invention. It creates and multiplies, while Taste only arranges and digests. It is Genius who projects the plan and produces materials; it is Taste from whom they derive the symmetry and adhesion, which forms and enjoins them into one building. This noble and prolific talent gives the former a decided superiority over the latter. True Genius, like the Nile or the Ganges, fertilizes the most barren soil over which it flows. It acts in the artificial, as the sun does in the natural world. A certain degree of light and heat are felt where-ever it shines. It possesses the power of charming the fancy, and captivating the heart\*. From it the tritest subjects derive lustre and novelty, and without its assistance, the newest and most exalted lose their original qualities, and become base and vulgar.

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\* Hence we may learn that a fine genius is preferable to a good taste, tho' each of them are desirable acquisitions, and truly merit the pursuit of all.

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DESULTORY OBSERVATIONS ON MEN AND  
MANNERS:

CONFIRMED BY EXPERIENCE.

*Experience is a good and successful teacher.*

A MAN who does not solidly establish, and really deserve, a character of truth, probity, good manners, and good morals, at his first setting out in the world, may impose, and shine like a meteor for a short time, but will very soon vanish, and be extinguished with deserved contempt. People easily pardon in young men the common irregularities of the senses, but they do not forgive the least vice of the heart.

Envy is one of the meanest and most tormenting of all passions, as there is hardly a person existing that has not given uneasiness to an envious breast; for the envious man cannot be happy, while he beholds others so\*.

Humanity is the particular characteristic of great minds; little vicious minds abound with anger and revenge, and are incapable of feeling the exalted pleasure of forgiving their enemies.

The ignorant and the weak only are idle: those who have acquired a good stock of knowledge, always desire to increase it. Knowledge is like power in this respect, that those who have the most, are most desirous of having more. Idleness is only

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\* Pride and envy turned angels into devils.

*See Milton's Paradise Lost, Book I.*



the refuge of weak minds, and the holiday of fools.

Above all things, guard against frivolousness. The frivolous mind is always busied, but to little purpose; it takes little objects for great ones, and throws away upon trifles that time and attention which only important things deserve. Knick-knacks, butterflies, shells, insects, &c. are the objects of their most serious researches. They contemplate the *dress*, not the characters of the company they keep. They attend more to the decorations of a play, than to the moral of it; such an employment of time is an absolute loss of it.

Not to perform our promise is a folly, a dishonour, and a crime. It is a folly, because no one will rely on us afterwards; and it is a dishonour and a crime, because truth is the first duty of religion and morality\*: and whoever is not possessed of truth, cannot be supposed to have any good quality, and must be held in detestation by all good men.

If a fool knows a secret, he tells it because he is a fool: if a knave knows one, he tells it where-ever it is his *interest* to tell it. But women and young men are generally very apt to tell what secrets they know, from the vanity of having been trusted. Trust none of these, if you can possibly help it.

In your friendships, and in your enmities, let your confidence and your hostilities have certain bounds: make not the former dangerous, nor the latter irreconcilable; for ever remember strange vicissitudes attend all human affairs.

Patience is a most necessary qualification for business: many a man would rather you heard his story, than granted his request. One must seem to hear

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\* Omnia vincit veritas.

the unreasonable demands of the petulant, unmoved, and the tedious details of the dull, untired. That is the least price that a man must pay for a high station in the world.

Philosophers give us fine precepts; they exhort us to patience, and a kind of insensibility, by saying, that true wisdom is a shield that will ward off the blows of adversity, and defend us from all seducing pleasures. But when they are required to give us examples of these men, who are thus armed at all points, scarce one in a thousand can be found who answers to their description.

Cicero and Seneca both wrote with great energy on that fortitude of soul which wisdom inspires, yet neither of them died singing, like the swan. Both sought after *riches* and *honours*, they turned their backs only when the world frowned upon them, and were ready to join again in the dance, as soon as fortune played a tune in their favour.

A certain philosopher being asked which he would chuse, wisdom or riches, said he would prefer the former, if he did not see so many learned men bowing and waiting in the anti-chambers of fools.

Let us examine ecclesiastical records, and see how it fares with *religious* wisdom. He who is truly pious will examine things to the bottom; like the miner who blows up rocks and mountains, and digs into the bowels of the earth, at the hazard of his life, to find the veins of a precious metal, so will the pious sage labour in quest of sacred truths.

The Duc de Sully observes very justly, in his memoirs, that nothing contributed more to his rise, than that prudent œconomy which he had observed from his youth, and by which he had always a sum of money before hand, in case of emergencies.

A fool squanders away, without credit or advantage to himself, more than a man of sense spends

with both. The latter employs his money as he does his time, and never spends a shilling of the one, nor a minute of the other, but in something that is either useful or rationally pleasing to himself or others. The former buys whatever he does *not* want, and does not pay for what he does want. He cannot withstand the charms of a toy-shop: snuff-boxes, watches, heads of canes, &c. are his destruction. His servants and tradesmen conspire with his own indolence to cheat him; and, in a very little time, he is astonished in the midst of all his ridiculous superfluities, to find himself in want of all the real comforts and necessaries of life.

Without *care* and *method*, the largest fortune will not, and *with* them, almost the smallest will, supply all necessary expences. As far as you can possibly, pay ready money for every thing you buy, and avoid bills. Pay that money too yourself, and not through the hands of any servant; who always either stipulates poundage, or requires a present for his good word, as they call it. Where you must have bills (as for meat and drink, cloaths, &c.) pay them regularly every month, and with your own hand. Never, from a mistaken œconomy, buy a thing you do not want, because it is *cheap*; or, from a silly pride, because it is *dear*.

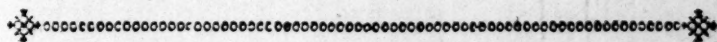
Keep an account of all that you receive, and of all that you pay; for no man, who properly attends to what he receives, and what he pays, ever runs out.

The reputation of generosity is to be purchased pretty cheap; it does not depend so much upon a man's general expence, as it does upon his giving handsomely where it is proper to give at all. A man, for instance, who should give a servant four shillings, would pass for covetous, while he who gave him a crown would be reckoned generous; so  
that

that the difference of those two opposite characters, turns upon one shilling. A man's character, in that particular, depends a great deal upon the report of his own servants: a mere trifle above common wages, makes their report favourable.

What can *he* want who is already content? who lives within the limits of his circumstances, and who has said to his desires, "Thus far shall you go, and no farther?" If a man preserves such a placid state of mind, he acts agreeably to his rational nature; if he does not, it were better, as Lord Bacon says, that he had a long tail and went upon four feet.

It is an observation, sanctified by the experience of all ages, that no persons have such a just sense of the *real* value of terrestrial enjoyments, as persons in a *dying* situation. The passions, which once displayed their illusive pictures, leave nothing in that awful moment but the retrospect of life as it really passed. A Persian monarch, says the wise Sadi, was upon his death-bed, after what his subjects thought a *glorious* reign. His vizir entered his apartment, and informed him that his army had just taken a hundred cities. "Go," answered the Sultan, "tell the tidings to my successor; and inform him, that one *good* action would be far more consolatory to a dying king, than the capture of ten thousand cities."



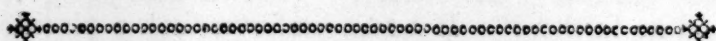
THE HAPPY MAN,  
A FRAGMENT.

I FOUND out this cottage, and took up my abode in it. I am here out of the way of all society, yet avoid the great evil of retreat—*having nothing to do*. I am constantly, not capriciously employed;



ployed; and the exercise which benefits my health, imperceptibly raises my spirits in despite of adversity. I am removed from all temptation. I have no object for ambition; for repining I have no time. I have found out the true secret of happiness—*labour with independence.*

A COTTAGER.



### DESCANT ON SENSIBILITY\*.

#### AN IMITATION.

*Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep.*

**S**ENSIBILITY, thou source of human woes, thou aggrandizer of evils, had I not been possessed of thee, how calmly might my days have passed! yet would I not part with thee for worlds. We will abide together, both pleased and pained with each other. Thou shalt ever have a place in my heart, be the sovereign of my affections, and the friend of my virtue. Where thou pointest the way I'll chearfully follow. Lead me to the abodes of misery, to the scenes of distress, nay, to the field of battle, that cold bed of honour. My tears shall bathe the hero's wound; my advice revive the desponding widow, while my arms secure and protect the timid orphan; I may find the house of mourning to be the porch of wisdom, and the throbs of agony may prove the most convincing monitors. Weeds

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\* Dear Sensibility! source inexhausted of all that is precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows: thou chainest the martyr down upon his bed of straw! and 'tis thou who lifts him up to heaven!—Eternal fountain of our feelings, 'tis here I trace thee!

STERNE.  
shall

shall yield me instruction, and the discernment of misfortune shall caution me against the paths which inevitably terminate therein.

Does the fond father, whose years have tinselled his locks with silver, mourn the loss of a promising son? I will tenderly administer comfort, by informing him that the youth whom he deplures is far happier than his lamentations, in one sense, seem to wish him. Early snatched from care, perhaps from dependence, his desires are satisfied, and his rest undisturbed. In the bosom of peace each murmur is forgotten. The sable and deep waters of death, while they serenely flow into the vales of paradise, on the one hand, by rolling their boisterous waves against the opposite shore of time, prove an insuperable obstacle to the entrance of pain. Hoary sage, be sparing of thy tears, thy son is happy! what wouldst thou more? In yon narrow cell, no cursed ambition, with flame insatiate, shall damp the generous purpose of the soul; no mean avarice or selfish passion embase the heart or sour the temper; no material loss sustained shall hurt a child; no injury received shall grieve a relative, or steep a loving spouse's couch in briny woe; no dissimulation tinge his own tongue, or guilty passion wound his breast. Is this his real state? Then tell me, if not from the mercy-seat, whence issued the high decree? As a man sustain the shock; as a Christian bear it with submission.

But, ah; why weeps the tender mother? Are her hopes blasted, and her fond desires laid in the silent tomb? How blooming and how gay! how faded and how dull!

She sighing says—painful recollection! Was this the once admired Lavinia, who, soon as she attracted the eye, subdued the heart? Insatiate archer, could neither youth nor beauty save! Approach Lavinia's

bier, ye dissipated youths, who spend many hours at the toilet in adorning your persons or painting your faces, and view where beauty lies ; blend the colour of mortality with your rouge, and incrust its precepts on your hearts. Lavinia, lately the pride and delight of her friends, now the object of their deepest sorrow ! Ah ! turn aside, ye mourners ! behold the maid ! she is not dead, but sleepeth ! a little while and she shall arise more lovely than the morning, more graceful than the queens of the earth. Arrayed in spotless innocence, she shall come forth and chide your murmurings for her glorious change. Ere misfortune had forced the sigh, or deceit stained the mind, she was conducted by angels to the abodes of joy, and seated by the prince of love in the bowers of paradise.

Humanity must feel, but reason checks the overflowings of grief ; religion marks the bound ; sensibility lends the tear ; misfortunes lead to wisdom ; but how painful is the road ! at every step a thorn pierces, or an adder stings. Be advised, ye young ; be instructed, ye gay, ye fair ! Take not of forbidden fruit, lest a serpent lurk in the grass, and you feel too late the venom of its sting.

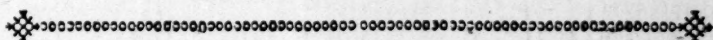
Abandoned to shades and solitude, condemned to pass her days in obscurity, and her nights in solitude, Calista had never been, but for a fatal mistake. Vice assumed the mask of esteem, and easily imposed on the too credulous fair. Triumph not in her weakness, ye sons of reason ! It is your duty to pity and commiserate, but not *upbraid* her \*.

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\* Upbraiding is no ways likely to reclaim a vicious person ; we ought to pity those of our unhappy fellow-creatures who have strayed from the paths of virtue, while we take heed lest we ourselves fall. 1 Corinthians x. 12.

Let me ever share the woes I cannot relieve, and bestow the pity I would wish in like circumstances to share. Never may my breast be callous, or my lips forget the law of mutual sympathy and kindness. Swift be my feet when the cry of calamity pierces my ear, and powerful be my efforts in easing the complaints of virtue. Even when it might be just to be severe, may I remember that sarcasm is a bitter potion, and to be administered only by those who have no foibles of their own.

Insensibility, thou idol of fools, I detest thy very name! thou bane of bliss, from incapacity of enjoyment, be thou never mine, but at the period of my existence upon earth; then spread thy influence over every sense, and screen me from myself in the dreary mantle of forgetfulness.



#### THE ADVANTAGES OF POLITENESS.

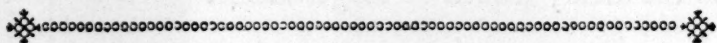
*Handsome is that handsome does.*

THE acquisition of politeness may be multiplied into many advantages in life; independent of an elegant amusement, and food for the mind, it cleanses it from all turbulent humours and passions, and makes room for whatever is agreeable, captivating, and attracting; it is capable of continual refinements, which may be all turned to your own advantage; it gives you consequence with, and commands respect from *others*; it never descends to engage in insignificant disputes and quarrels, but extinguishes malice, rancour, and revenge, as being utterly inconsistent with its rules; and there is so great a pleasure accruing to ourselves, in the capacity to please others, that it is infatuation not  
to



to make it our particular study ; it is worth all our pains to acquire, from the circumstance of its being a passport or recommendation to all manner of good company, and what may be in the power of every one to attain, if they are not prevented by absolute ignorance, pride, or ill-nature ; and wherever we find it, it makes us pleased with society, and lessens that contempt for mankind we are frequently too apt to cherish.

So that a man with a moderate education, good-nature, and a common understanding, if he applies them properly, unmixed with vanity and affectation, has it in his power at all times to be, in the full sense of the word, a man of *humanity*, of *good-breeding*, and the *complete gentleman*.



#### V I R T U E   D E F I N E D \*.

**W**HAT is virtue ? Doing good to one's neighbour. Can I call any thing virtue but that which produces good ? I am indigent, you are liberal. I am in danger, you relieve me. I am deceived, you tell me the truth. The world neglects me, you administer comfort. I am ignorant, you instruct me. I shall therefore make no scruple to call you virtuous. But what then becomes of the cardinal and theological virtues ? Some of them may, without any inconvenience, remain in the schools that invented them. Of what

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\* Heav'n doth with us as we with torches do,  
Not light them for *themselves* ; for if our virtues  
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike  
As if we had them not.

SHAKESPEARE.  
advantage,

advantage, for instance, is it to me, that you are temperate? *Temperance* is good for your health; you observe it, and are very well; I congratulate you on the occasion. You have also, it may be, *Faith* and *Hope*; I felicitate you still more, as these will be approved of by your Creator. Your theological virtues are heavenly gifts and graces. Your cardinal virtues are excellent qualities, serving to direct your private conduct. But none of these are virtues respecting your neighbour. The prudent do good to themselves; the truly virtuous, to the rest of mankind.

Are we to admit then only of such virtues as are useful to our neighbours?—How can we admit of any other? We live in society, and nothing can be held truly good with us but that which is useful to society. An hermit, or recluse, may be sober and pious; he may cloath himself in hair-cloth; he may be even a saint, but I shall never call him virtuous, till he shall have done some act of virtue beneficial to mankind. So long as he remains in solitude, he is to us nothing.

If St. Bruno reconciled families at variance, or succoured indigence, he was virtuous. If he fasted and prayed in solitude, he was a saint. Moral virtue is a commerce of good actions among mankind. Had this saint been in the world, he would doubtless have done much good; but as he withdrew himself from it, the world may justly refuse him the title of virtuous. He was good to himself, but not to society.

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 THE VANITY OF HUMAN EXPECTATIONS.
 

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*Blessed is the man who expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed.*

THE tediousness of the present time is often irksome to the wise man as well as to the fool, though not in so great a degree; which has often been considered as a proof of the soul's immortality: for we are continually pushing forward to some distant point of time, which, when arrived at, falls short of the expectations we had raised upon it: we still persist in flattering ourselves, and fix our happiness on some *future* period, which in its course brings disappointment too\*; and yet we still go on, wishing the present hour were past, and hoping peace or joy from some more distant æra, till the grave opening, interrupts our airy schemes, and puts a final period to all our hopes and wishes.

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† Did you never, from a distance, behold a fine prospect, beautifully diversified with lawns, woods, and rivers, and feel an ardent desire to be at the delightful spot?—you go to it, and find that it owed all its beauty only to the distance you beheld it from.

Thus we pursue some imaginary point of happiness; to that all our desires, all our wishes tend; we paint to ourselves a thousand delightful ideas upon the gaining it; at length, it may be, we arrive at the delusive scene, and we find the pleasure was only in the pursuit.—So much for all human felicity.

## O N S L E E P.

*The death of each day's life* \* ——— SHAKESPEARE.

EVERY indulgence we take, beyond what nature requires, is rather a fatigue than a refreshment. This is equally true in meat, and drink, and sleep. I do not think that a man is even passively *good* all the while he is asleep; it would be a great favour to allow him to be only *negatively* bad.

“ Man goeth forth to his work and to his labour till the evening, but then his strength fails; his spirits flag; and he stands in need, not only of some respite from toil, but of some kindly and sovereign refreshments; what an admirable provision for this purpose is *sleep*! Sleep introduces a most welcome vacation both for the soul and body; the exercises of the brain, and the labours of the hand are at once discontinued; sleep animates the thinking faculties with fresh alacrity, and rekindles their ardour for the studies of the dawn; without these enlivening recruits, how soon would the most robust constitution be wasted into a walking skeleton, and the most learned sage degenerate into a hoary ideot†!”

The mind of man was framed for a series of rational thoughts, and his life designed for a course of moral actions; if then, without necessity, he ceases to think, or act, to the best of his powers, he mars

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\* Welcome sweet sleep, death's image, to thine arms I fly,  
Pleas'd without life to live, glad without death to die.  
Each night we die, each morn are born anew.

Dr. YOUNG.

† Hervey on Night.



the end of his creation. Nay, I think we can hardly refrain from charging positive guilt upon a person who sleeps more than *nature* or *labour* requires\*.

### ON THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

*We take no note of time, but from its loss;  
To give it then a tongue is wise in man.*

#### NIGHT THOUGHTS.

**A**NOTHER year is ended, and I have got one year less to live, one year more to account for at the bar of the Almighty, and am one year nearer to an eternal world: What do these thoughts suggest to me? surely nothing less, nothing more seasonably, and nothing of greater importance, than the necessity, the *absolute* necessity, of *numbering my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom*; of earnestly seeking to *know the things which belong to my peace, before they are for ever hidden from my eyes*†.

How few among the sons and daughters of mortality are mindful of their latter end! how few even of those who make a profession of religion, are truly concerned to improve their time in preparing for their great change! Well might the prophet say, *Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?*—Men live

\* Nature requires *five* hours; labour *seven*; laziness, *nine*; and wickedness, *eleven*.

† Well may the prophet, reflecting on the shortness of life and certainty of death, with the sons and daughters of mortality, to be wise and *consider their latter end*.—Deuteronomy xxxii. 29.

as if they never were to die, and too many die utterly regardless of the life which is to come; such is man's infatuation and stupidity, that he will not see, though it is daily before his eyes, that he is on the brink of eternity, and liable to drop into it every moment.

Many are called off the stage of life suddenly and unexpectedly every revolving year; some in the bloom of youth, others just as they arrive to mature age. Melancholy accidents frequently terminate the lives of some, while dread diseases daily hasten the deaths of others. Alas! how many have fallen the past year! how many began the year with as sanguine expectations of ending it as myself, but ere the half of it was past were summoned into another world! And, wherefore am *I* still spared? Whence is it *I* am still a probationer upon earth? Why am *I* permitted to see the close of another year, while many *younger* than myself are numbered with the silent dead, and gone the way of all flesh? Surely these questions demand our most serious regard, and should be the matter of our constant meditation.

Dr. Young, in his Night Thoughts, very justly observes, time *wasted* is existence—*used* is life; and then, as if considering the importance and necessity of improving it aright, adds,

Buy no moment but in purchase of its worth;  
And what its worth? ask *death-beds*, they can tell.

Yes, fellow-mortal, whoever thou art, whether young or old, rich or poor, be assured time is precious, and soon will be no more: death is at hand, and eternity awaits thee: an awful eternity of bliss or woe will ere long open on the whole human race,  
which

which \* shall be the everlasting portion of thee, of me, of all; then let it be our constant study and pursuit, according to the poet's admonition,

To make each year a critic on the past,  
And live each day as though it was our last \*.

G.W.

\* Since we are soon to launch into this endless and inconceivable state, let us give all diligence to secure our entrance into bliss: *now* let us give all diligence, because there is no alteration in the scenes of futurity, the wheel never turns: all is steadfast and immovable beyond the grave: whether we are then seated on the throne, or stretched on the rack, a seal will be set to our condition by the hand of everlasting mercy or inflexible justice.

HERVEY'S MEDITATIONS.

† Be satisfy'd and pleas'd with what thou art,  
Act cheerfully and well th' allotted part;  
Improve the *present* hour, be thankful for the past,  
And neither *fear* nor *wish* th' approaches of the last.

COWLEY.

SELECT

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SELECT MAXIMS AND PROVERBIAL SAYINGS,

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS :

WORTHY THE REMEMBRANCE AND REGARD  
OF ALL.

PERSONS in general too often remember what they should forget, *Injuries*, &c. and forget what they should remember, GOD, their Immortal Souls, Death, and a Future State.

If a sinner's thoughts are not changed in this world, by grace, they will be in another by experience; therefore let sinners daily pray for more grace, and less of the world in their thoughts.

Get this principle wrought in your heart, that there is nothing got by sin, but misery; nothing lost by holiness, but hell.

Piety is the best profession; honesty the best policy; vice its own punishment; and virtue its own reward.

They that deserve nothing, should be content with any thing: Sinner, what deservest thou?

Idleness is the mind's poison, the devil's working-time, and the Christian's snare.

The truly good man, sensible of his duty to GOD, his own soul, and his fellow-creatures, will never say upon reflection, "he has nothing to do."

It matters not what a man loses, if he saves his soul; but if he loses his soul, it matters not what he saves.

It is better to have a good conscience, and be poor, than a bad one, and be rich; for a guilty conscience, who can bear?

We



We must attend to the warnings of conscience in time, or we shall feel the wounds of it eternally.

An hypocrite is a dangerous person to be in company with, because, he neither is what he seems, nor seems what he is.

If a man lives and dies a mere professor of religion, it had been better for him, if he had made no profession. Religion consists not in profession, but *practice*.

The profession of godliness may be without the practice of it, but the practice cannot be without the profession; so in the same view morality may be without true Christianity, but true Christianity cannot be without morality.

The gate which leads to eternal life, is a strait gate, therefore we should fear; but blessed be GOD, it is an open gate, therefore we may hope.

If you forget God in your youth, he may forget you when you are old, or remember only to punish you for your forgetfulness.

The reason why so many fall into hell, is because so few *think* on it.

The real Christian has Christ in his heart, Heaven in his eye, and the world under his feet; GOD's Spirit is his guide, GOD's fear is his guard, GOD's people are his companions, GOD's promises are his cordials, and GOD's presence his eternal glory.

Take the candle of GOD's word, and search the corners of your heart; if your heart is not right with GOD, your soul must be in great danger.

He that wants to know whether he is going to heaven, should daily examine what road he is travelling in.

He that wishes to know whether he is a child of GOD, should enquire whether he loves and obeys his *heavenly* Father with all that he *has* and *is*.

As

As this world is but an inn, or a temporary lodging for the Christian in his way to glory, he should be contented and thankful, if he meets with decent (much more elegant) accommodations and refreshment, where there are continually so many travellers putting up.

That man shews himself to be a Christian, who chuses rather to suffer than sin.

If sin and folly are the modes of the times, we must be sure to be unfashionable, and in that respect appear *Nonconformists*.

Riches are dust, honours are shadows, pleasure a bubble, and man a lump of vanity; but who believes all this? Alas! too few.

To have a portion in this world is a mercy, but to have this world for a portion is a misery: reader, what and where is thy portion?

A Christian while he lives surrounded with spiritual enemies, should take care never to stir abroad, without his guard.

If you wish to talk wisely and speak judiciously, first dip your tongue in your mind, and then you'll mind what you speak.

As among wise men, he is often the wisest who thinks he knows the least\*, so among fools he is commonly the greatest, who thinks he knows most.

To render good for evil is God-like, to render evil for good is devil-like, to render evil for evil is beast-like: which, reader, do you do?

To profess to be a Christian in words, and prove yourself a heathen by deeds, is to be an arrant liar, a talking hypocrite, and more fool than knave.

The profession of religion is evidenced by many,

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\* Diffidence is the companion of merit

but the real *possession* of it experienced by very few :  
well may the caution be given to all; *Beware of*  
*counterfeits.*

He who thinks least about a future life, has most  
reason to fear his approaching death :

Howe'er the young and gay may vainly boast,  
They fear death *least*, who *think* upon it *most*.

The man of pleasure and the free-thinker who  
deny the being of a GOD, and live as they list,  
under the notion that all things came into being by  
*Chance*, will do well to consider, if the world was  
made by *Chance*, whether there might not be also  
a *hell* made by *Chance*, and they should fall into it  
by *Chance*, and so by *Chance* be miserable to all  
eternity; what a damnable *Chance* this will be!

Man, thoughtless man, whose moments quickly fly,  
Wakes but to sleep again, and lives to die;  
And when this present fleeting life is o'er,  
Man dies to live, and lives, to die *no more*:

SOLITARY WALKS.

SELECT

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 SELECT FABLES, &c.
 

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 JUDGE NOT FROM APPEARANCES.
 

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A BOY delighted with the variegated colours of a butterfly, pursued it with great eagerness from flower to flower, but frequently when it seemed nearest being caught, unexpectedly, and to the boy's great disappointment, escaped from him, till at last observing it half buried in the cup of a tulip, he rushed forwards, and snatching it with violence, crushed it to pieces; the dying insect, seeing the poor boy very much chagrined, addressed him in the following words:

"Behold now, thoughtless youth, the end of thy unprofitable solicitude, and learn for the benefit of thy future life, that all *worldly* pleasure, however it may appear in the most inviting dress, is but a painted butterfly, which may amuse you in the pursuit, but if embraced with too much ardour, will perish in the grasp."

Take heed of strong attachments to the things of time and sense; for, like a snowball, the faster you endeavour to hold them, the faster they melt away.

M

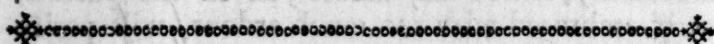
TRUTH



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TRUTH MAY BE BLAMED, BUT CANNOT BE  
SHAMED.

**A** Lion, as the fable says, one day sent for a wolf, and asked him whether he had not a stinking breath? Yes, says the wolf; for which the lion tore him in pieces: he then sent for a dog, and asked him the same question; the dog replies No, it was very sweet; for which he tore *him* also in pieces: after which he sent for a fox, and asked him the same question; the fox replies, Please your honour, I have a sad cold in my head, and I cannot smell; by which he saved himself from being torn in pieces: the wolf was destroyed for telling a lie, the dog for telling the truth, while the fox was spared through his cunning: hence readers, learn to be as wise as serpents, and harmless as doves\*; you *may* be persecuted for telling the truth, but you must inevitably be destroyed if you delight in telling lies†; therefore be upright and sincere in all you say and do, let what will be the consequence.



MAKE A VIRTUE OF NECESSITY.

**A** Fox closely pursued by a pack of hounds, took shelter under a bramble bush; for a while he lay very snug, but found if he attempted to stir, he was wounded by the thorns and prickles; however he did not complain, reflecting that good and evil are mixed, and often flow from the same

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\* Matthew x. 16.

† Revelations xxi. 8.

fountain :

fountain: these briars, indeed, said he, may tear my skin, but they preserve my life from danger; for the sake then of the *good*, let me bear the evil with patience and without murmuring.

Good when he gives, supremely good,  
Nor less when he denies;  
E'en *crosses*, from his sovereign hand,  
Are blessings in disguise.

MERIT PREFERABLE TO BEAUTY.

A Diamond observing a loadstone at his side in the same cabinet, began to question the latter how he came there, as he appeared no better than a common pebble, without any lustre to recommend him; and concluded with desiring him to keep his distance, and pay a proper respect to his superiors.

I find, said the loadstone, you are like too many in the world, you judge by *outward* appearances, and it is your interest that others should judge by the same rule: I must own I have nothing to boast of in that respect; but I may venture to say, that I make ample amends for my outward defects by my inward qualities; the great improvement of navigation is owing to me, Great Britain is indebted to me for her wealth, splendour and power.

I am willing to allow you, your due praise; you are doubtless a pretty glittering bauble, but I must be convinced that you are of some *real* use and benefit, before I can acknowledge that you have any true merit, or treat you with that respect you demand.

Beauties in vain their sparkling eyes may roll,  
*Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.*

POPE.

A person one day conversing with Diogenes about what course he should take to be revenged of an enemy; he answered, "*By becoming a good man.*"

Philip of Macedon being told that some people spoke ill of him; "*It shall be my care, said the Prince, by my life and actions, to prove them liars.*"  
 —A noble resolution indeed.

Cardinal Wolsey, one of the greatest ministers of state that ever was known, expressed himself in the following manner, after his fall from the favour of King Henry the Eighth: "*Had I been as diligent to serve my GOD, as I have been to please my King, he would not have forsaken me in my old age.*"

The returning seasons of the year, convey the most important truths, and intimate mortality to man: hear what *Shakespeare* says,

————— Behold, fond man!  
 See here thy pictur'd life; pass some few years,  
 Thy flowering *Spring*, thy *Summer's* ardent strength,  
 Thy sober *Autumn* fading into age,  
 And pale concluding *Winter* comes at last,  
 And shuts the scene: Ah! whither now are fled,  
 Those dreams of *Greatness*? those unsolid hopes  
 Of *Happiness*? those longings after *Fame*?  
 Those restless *Cares*? those busy bustling *Days*?  
 Those gay-spent festive *Nights*? those veering thoughts,

Lost

Loft between good and ill, that shared thy life?  
All now are gone ! RELIGION sole survives,  
Immortal, never-failing friend of man,  
His guide to happiness on high.

SO LON'S DIVISION OF THE AGES OF LIFE.

The *seven* first years of life, (man's break of day)  
Gleams of short sense, a dawn of thought display.  
When *fourteen* springs have bloom'd his downy cheek,  
His soft and blushtful meanings learn to speak.  
From *twenty-one* proud manhood takes its date,  
Yet is not strength compleat till *twenty-eight* :  
Thence, to his *five* and *thirtieth* year, life's gay fire  
Sparkles, burns loud, and flames in fierce desire.  
At *forty-two* his eyes grave wisdom wear,  
And the dark future dims him o'er with care.  
On to the *nine* and *fortieth*, toils increase,  
And busy hopes and fears disturb his peace.  
At *fifty-six* cool reason reigns entire,  
Then life burns steady, and with temperate fire :  
But *sixty-three* unbends the body's strength,  
Ere the unwearied mind has run her length ;  
And when from *seventy*, age surveys her last,  
Tir'd she stops short, and wishes all were past \*.

---

\* At *thirty* man suspects himself a fool,  
Knows it at *forty*, and reforms his plan ;  
At *fifty* chides his infamous delay ;  
Pushes his prudent purpose to *resolve*,  
Resolves, and re-resolves, then dies the same.

Dr. YOUNG.

M 3

A young



A young person on his death-bed being asked whether he had any comfort in the near views of launching out of time into eternity, replied, "Yes, he had;" and on being asked what gave him comfort, immediately repeated, with great pleasure, the following beautiful lines from Sir Richard Blackmore's poem on the Creation :

Thy force alone, Religion ! death disarms,  
Breaks all her darts, and every viper charms ;  
Softened by thee the grizzly form appears,  
No more the horrid object of our fears,  
We undismay'd the awful power obey,  
Which guides us thro' the safe but gloomy way  
That leads to life, and to that blest'd abode  
Where saints enjoy, what here they own'd—a GOD.

POETICAL

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POETICAL ESSAYS;Moral, Elegiac, and Descriptive.

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## TRUE RELIGION.

## A SIMILE.

BY THE LATE R. DODSLEY.

I'M often drawn to make a stop,  
And gaze upon a picture shop;  
There have I seen (as who that tarries  
Has not the same?) a head that varies;  
And as in diff'rent views expos'd,  
A diff'rent figure is disclos'd.  
This way a fool's head is express'd,  
Whose very count'nance is a jest;  
Such as were formerly at court,  
Kept to make wiser people sport.  
Turn it another way, you'll have  
A face ridiculously grave,  
Something betwixt the fool and knave.  
Again, but alter the position,  
You're frightened with an apparition:  
A hideous threatening Gorgon head  
Appears, enough to scare the dead.  
But place it in its proper light,  
A lovely face accosts the sight;  
Our eyes are charm'd with every feature,  
We own the whole a beauteous creature.

Thus true Religion fares. For when  
 By silly, or designing men,  
 In false or foolish lights 'tis plac'd,  
 'Tis made a bugbear, or a jest.  
 Here by a set of men 'tis thought  
 A scheme, by politicians wrought,  
 To strengthen and enforce the law,  
 And keep the vulgar more in awe:  
 And these, to shew sublimer parts,  
 Cast all religion from their hearts;  
 Brand all its vot'ries as the tools  
 Of priests, and politician's fools.

Some view it in another light,  
 Less wicked, but as foolish quite:  
 And these are such as blindly place it  
 In superstitions that disgrace it;  
 And think the essence of it lies  
 In ceremonious fooleries:  
 In points of faith and speculation,  
 Which tend to nothing but vexation.  
 With these it is a heinous crime  
 To cough or spit in sermon-time:  
 'Tis worse to whistle on a *Sunday*,  
 Than cheat their neighbours on a *Monday*\*:  
 To dine without first saying grace, is  
 Enough to lose in heaven their places:  
 But goodness, honesty and virtue,  
 Are what they've not the least regard to.

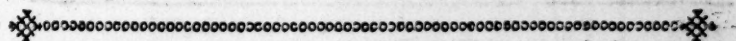
Others there are, and not a few,  
 Who place it in the bugbear view!

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\* Too many, respecting both religion and morality,  
 may very justly be said to strain at a *gnat*, and swallow a  
*camel*.

Think it consists in strange severities :  
 In fastings, weepings, and austerities.  
 False notions their weak minds possess,  
 Of faith, and grace, and holiness :  
 And as the Lord's of purer eyes  
 Than to behold iniquities,  
 They think, unless they're pure and spotless,  
 All their endeavours will be bootless ;  
 And dreadful furies *in æternum*,  
 In unconsuming fires will burn 'em.

But, O how happy are the few,  
 Who place it in its *proper* view \* !  
 To these it shines divinely bright,  
 No clouds obscure its native light ;  
 Truth stamps conviction on the mind,  
 All doubts and fears are left behind,  
 And peace and joy at once an entrance find.



PAIN THE OFFSPRING OF INTEMPERANCE.

A N O D E.

I.

TO scourge the riot and intemperate lust,  
 Or check the self-sufficient pride of man,  
 Offended Heaven sent forth in vengeance just,  
 The dire inexorable fury, PAIN ;  
 Beneath whose griping hand, when she assails,  
 The firmest spirits sink, the strongest reasoning fails.

---

\* True religion includes both faith and practice ; our duty to *God*, and our *fellow-creatures*, as expressed in Titus ii. 12.



## II.

Near to the confines of th' infernal den,  
 Deep in a hollow cave's profound recess,  
 Her courts she holds; and to the sons of men  
 Sends out the ministers of dire distress:  
 Repentance, shame, despair, each acts her part;  
 Whets the vindictive steel, and aggravates the  
 smart\*.

## III.

He whose luxurious palate daily rang'd  
 Earth, air, and ocean, to supply his board;  
 And to high-relish'd poisons madly chang'd  
 The wholesome gifts of nature's bounteous lord;  
 Shall find sick nauseous surfeit taint his blood;  
 And his abus'd pall'd stomach loath the daintiest  
 food.

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\* We see—and finners oft confess  
 With their departing breath,  
 “The *paths of virtue* lead to peace,  
 The *ways of sin*—to death.”

## ON THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

## A SOLILOQUY.

*The sun that late in triumph rode the skies,  
Now, faintly from the windows of the south,  
Sheds a pale glance on our dejected world,  
And leaves behind the uncomfortable gloom  
Of tedious nights.——*

HERVEY'S MED.

*While the winds  
Blow moist and keen, shatt'ring the graceful locks  
Of yon fair spreading trees——*

MILTON.

**O**H! ye delightful, ye transporting scenes;  
Ye balmy flow'rs, and bliss-conveying  
greens;

Ye sunny hills, ye wide extended plains,  
O'er whom (unenvy'd prince) the shepherd reigns;  
Ye echoing woods, ye cultivated fields,  
Where bounteous nature tenfold treasure yields;  
Ye smiling meadows, ye enchanting bow'rs,  
Whose varied charms engag'd my peaceful hours,  
With what regret I see your smiles decay,  
As Winter spreads the night, and steals the day:  
How oft to you my early visits led,  
When glitt'ring dews your verdant surface spread;  
How oft have I your sweet recesses trod,  
And heard your gentle whispers speak—your God!  
How oft, serenely blest, your charms could trace,  
And read his Name in every blade of grass;  
How oft transported view each object round,  
Whilst music fill'd the air, and flow'rs the ground;

M 6

But

But now, how swift your boasted glory flies!  
 Your honours fade, your transient beauty dies;  
 In vain we seek and wish your longer stay,  
 Or mourn the absence of yon lamp of day;  
 Your season's past—ye rural joys adieu,  
 Since *Phæbus* leaves ye, I must leave ye too.

I now no more must seek the cooling shade,  
 Or ask its shelter in the sultry glade;  
 A wanning gleam darts thro' the joyless grove,  
 And chilling exhalations damp our love;  
 Whilst rustling winds supply the gentle breeze,  
 And nature sickens with a dire disease.  
 The woody choir unwilling stretch their throats,  
 To change the bridal strains to fun'ral notes;  
 To warmer suns some fleeting, wing their way,  
 As loth to see their late-lov'd homes decay;  
 Averse to see them rifled of their sweets,  
 Whilst barb'rous frosts invade their gay retreats,  
 Whose drooping leaves hang shiv'ring in suspense,  
 And wait the furlly blast to drive them hence.

Say now, my Muse! where wilt thou speed thy  
 flight,  
 To shun the darksome day and tedious night?  
 Say, to what distant shore shall I retire,  
 Where rural joys may still my breast inspire?  
 Or shall I with my native climate mourn,  
 And wait for *Phæbus*' late long-wish'd return?  
 Or rather banish ev'ry fruitless grief,  
 And take each off'ring bait to my relief;  
 Lay open all the avenues of sense,  
 And drink the happiness that streams from thence;  
 Suppress the rising sorrows of my soul,  
 In ev'ning banquets o'er the sparkling bowl?  
 No, no; such low-born trifles I disdain,  
 Such drops of pleasure, and such draughts of pain.  
 Ye

Ye despicable, thorny sweets, adieu,  
Reason! Religion! still I'll follow you:  
Still o'er my circling days may you preside,  
Conduct my feet, and ev'ry action guide,  
Subject my passions to your just controul,  
And regulate each motion of my soul.  
As you direct, a guiltless hour I'll spend  
In blissful converse, with a social friend;  
Nor want the joys the goblet can impart,  
To nourish nature, and to chear the heart:  
As you approve, be innocently gay,  
As mirth some harmless moments shall betray;  
Or with some unreserv'd ingenious fair,  
Obliviate ev'ry peace-destroying care,  
Forget each crossing fate, heal ev'ry strife,  
And crown with bliss the various scenes of life.  
As you command, the busy world I'll lose,  
To reap the joys the slaves to sense refuse:  
Hail, blest'd retirement! happy solitude!  
Where discords cease, nor vain amours intrude:

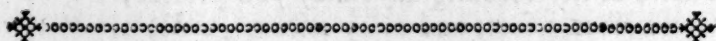
In thee, when no dark views our peace destroy,  
We *present, past*, and *future* good enjoy;  
Review departed seasons of the year,  
Drive sad away, bring lively prospects near;  
Foretaste the pleasures of th' approaching spring,  
See new-blown flow'rs, and hear the turtle sing:  
In thee, on wings of thought, what heights we rise!  
Mark out the spheres, and travel thro' the skies;  
'Till in the eager fallies of the mind,  
We seem to leave mortality behind.

Oh! Thou, whose wisdom rules the vast pre-  
found,  
Directs the heav'ns, and whirls the seasons round;  
Look down propitious on my silent hours,  
Exalt my soul, and act'ate all her pow'rs;

Grant.



Grant me a mind contented, calm and free,  
And *Winter* brings no gloomy hours to me.



## EVENING REFLECTIONS.

## AN IMITATION.

THE moon has gain'd the zenith of her pow'r,  
Attendant planets wing their solemn round;  
While awful silence speaks the midnight hour,  
And guilty bosoms teem with thoughts profound.

Yon lofty spires reflect a pallid beam,  
A glimm'ring blaze illumines their dusky heads;  
The thick'ning mist mounts slowly from the stream,  
The herds contented press their mossy beds.

No pleasing sounds attract the list'ning ear,  
E'en on the tongue the voice of Slander dies;  
While far remov'd from envy, strife and fear,  
In yonder cot the peasant slumb'ring lyes.

Now Contemplation's happy sons explore  
The works of nature, stretch'd from pole to  
pole;

Mount on the wings of thought, and boldly soar  
Where other suns and worlds unnumber'd roll.

Immense the scene, beyond conception grand!  
Stupendous emblems of the deity!  
What adoration can requite the hand,  
Th' Almighty maker of those worlds and me!

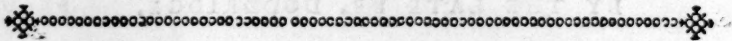
Teeming



*To a Friend who used to converse too familiarly  
with handsome Women.*

BY THE SAME.

**B**E cautious, Friend, how you frequent the  
fair;  
Fine women just like cordial waters are :  
A little taste revives and does us good ;  
But copious draughts will fire the coldest blood.



A N E L E G Y,

*On viewing the Ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, at York.*

I.

**T**HE sun was posting to the glowing west,  
Each bird began to perch upon the spray ;  
Each window seem'd with golden spangles drest,  
And falling dews proclaim'd departing day.

II.

Slowly round Ebor's ancient walls I trace,  
(Musing on things long past, in days of old)  
Fam'd heroes who have run bright glory's race,  
Worthies, who are in history enroll'd.

III.

Here palaces and castles of renown,  
Here pyramids, and spires that fought the sky ;  
Now by the iron hand of Time o'erthrown,  
In tumbling ruins only strike the eye.

IV. Such

# REFLECTIONS.

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## IV.

Such is the whole extent of human arts,  
 Tho' big with splendour, and with genius bright;  
 Nature and Time alike perform their parts,  
 And every stately prospect sets in night.

## V.

How awful does St. Mary strike the view,  
 Her ruin'd cloisters now with ivy drest;  
 Her fretted isles, no holy martyrs shew,  
 Her storied windows no where found exprest.

## VI.

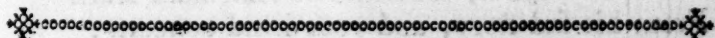
No longer chants her once melodious choir,  
 With songs of glory to the god of day;  
 No pealing organ does the breast inspire,  
 The real devotion of the heart to pay.

## VII.

But whooting owls and bats, the place surround,  
 While toads and reptiles fill each hollow cave;  
 Where skulls and bones promiscuously are found,  
 Possessing what was once some hero's grave.

## VIII.

Old Ouze, the cheerless prospect now surveys,  
 Of what was once his pride, but now his shame;  
 And as he constantly in murmurs strays,  
 Sighs at the loss of his departed name!



*The following Lines were written by the late unfortunate Dr. DODD the Day before his Execution.*

TO MY FRIENDS, ESPECIALLY OF THE  
 CHARITABLE SOCIETY.

AH, my loved friends!—why all this toil for  
 one  
 To life so lost, so totally undone!

Whose



Whose meat and drink are only bitter tears ;  
 Nights pass'd in sorrow, mornings wak'd to cares !  
 Where deep offence fits heavy on his soul,  
 And thought self-torturing, in deep tumults roll.

Could you by all your labours so humane,  
 From this dread prison his deliverance gain ;  
 Could you by kind exertions of your love,  
 To generous pardon, royal mercy prove ;  
 Where should he fly—where hide his wretched  
                   head,  
 With shame so cover'd—so to honour dead ?

Spare then the task ; and as he longs to die,  
 Set free the captive—let his spirit fly,  
 Enlarg'd and happy to its native sky ;  
 Not doubting *mercy* from his Lord to find,  
 Who bled upon the cross for all mankind.  
 But if it must not be, if Heaven's high will,  
 Ordains him yet a duty to fulfil ;  
 O may each breath—while God that breath shall  
                   spare,

Be your's in gratitude ! be Heaven's in pray'r ;  
 Deep as his sin, and low as his offence ;  
 High be his rise, thro' humblest *penitence*.  
 In life and death, mankind at least shall learn  
 From his sad story, and your kind concern ;  
 That works of mercy and a zeal to prove,  
 By sympathetic aid, the heart of love,  
 E'en here *below* a sure reward obtain,  
 Nor e'er fall pity's kindly drops in vain.

I live a proof ! and dying round my urn,  
 Affliction's family will croud and mourn ;  
 " *Here was our friend,*" if weeping o'er my grave  
 They cry—'tis all the Epitaph I crave.

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PHILANOR; OR, THE FEMALE PENITENT.

A LESSON FOR YOUNG WOMEN.

*An Epistle from an unfortunate Daughter in ———  
to her Family in the Country.*

WITH thickest glooms o'erpread be that dire  
hour,  
When honour yielded to the traitor's pow'r;  
When rash, I scorn'd the angel voice of Truth,  
In all the mad simplicity of youth;  
When from a father's arms forlorn I stray'd,  
And left a mother's tenderness unpaid:  
While nature, duty, precept, all combin'd,  
To fix obedience on the plastic mind.

Now gone for ever are my days of joy;  
Philanor flatter'd only to destroy:  
Alike to blast my body and my mind,  
He robb'd me first, then left me to mankind;  
Soon from his Janus face the mask he tore,  
The charm was broke, and magic was no more;  
The dreadful cheat a while to *hide* he strove,  
By poor pretences of a partial love;  
A while *disguis'd* the feelings of his heart,  
And ap'd, full well, the real admirer's part;  
Till tir'd at last with labouring to conceal,  
And feigning transports which he did not feel;  
Such coldness mark'd his manners and his mien,  
My guilt—my ruin—was too plainly seen.

In vain I now assum'd a chaster part,  
In vain I struggl'd with a broken heart;

In vain I try'd to purify my stain,  
 Correct my life, and rise (reform'd) again :  
 Pleas'd at the hope, from savage man I flew,  
 And sought protection from each friend I knew ;  
 Each friend, at my approach, shrunk back with  
 dread,

And bade me hide my pestilential head :  
 Ev'n for the meanest servitude I sought,  
 But nice suspicion at my figure caught ;  
 My dress too flaunting, or my air too free,  
 And deep reserve betok'ning mystery ;  
 Some frailty rais'd a doubt where'er I came,  
 And every question flush'd my cheeks with shame ;  
 Conscious of guilt, overshadow'd by pretence,  
 'Twas hard to act the *farce* of innocence.  
 Oft as I begg'd the servant's lowest place,  
 The *treach'rous* colour shifted in my face ;  
 The fatal secret glow'd in ev'ry look,

.....

Next came the views of home into my mind,  
 With each dear comfort I had left behind ;  
 Pardon, and Pleasure, started to my thought,  
 While Hope inspir'd forgiveness of my fault :  
 But soon, too soon, the sweet ideas fled,  
 And left me—begging at each door for bread.  
 Far other woes and insults were in store,  
 My fame was lost, and I could rise no more ;  
 Driv'n to the dreadful precipice of sin,  
 My brain swam round the gulph, and hurl'd me in.

And now no pen could picture my distress,  
 'Twas more, much more, than *simple* wretchedness ;  
 Famine and guilt, and conscience, tore my heart,  
 And urg'd me to pursue the wanton's part.  
 Take then the truth, and learn at once my shame,  
 Such my hard fate—I welcom'd *all* that came.

But,

But, oh! no transport mingled in my stains,  
 No guilty pleasure ever sooth'd my pains;  
 No vicious hope, indelicately gay,  
 Nor warmer passions lull'd my cares away;  
 The flatt'ring compliment fatigu'd my ear,  
 While half afraid, I half conceal'd a tear;  
 Whole nights I pass'd, insensible of bliss,  
 Lost to the loth'd embrace, and odious kiss:  
 Nor wine, nor mirth, the aching heart could fire,  
 Nor could the sprightly music aught inspire;  
 Alive to each reflection that oppress'd,  
 The more I gain'd, the more I was distress'd:  
 Ev'n in the moment of unblest'd desire,  
 Oft would the wretch complain I wanted fire;  
 Cold as a statue, in his arms I lay,  
 Wept through the night, and blush'd along the  
 day.—

My own companions no sweet comfort brought,  
 A shameful set, incapable of thought;  
 Their lustful passions ne'er could touch my heart,  
 For all was looseness, infamy, and art;  
 No modest maxims suited to improve,  
 No soft sensations of a chaster love;  
 No gen'rous prospects of a soul refin'd,  
 No worthy lessons of a noble mind,  
 E'er touch'd their bosoms, harden'd to their state:  
 Charm'd with their arts, and glorying in their fate;  
 Some stroke of frolic was their constant theme,  
 The dreadful oath, and blasphemy extreme;  
 Th' affected laugh, the rude retorted lie,  
 Th' indecent question, and the bold reply;  
 Even in their dress, their business I could trace,  
 And broad was stamp'd the *Harlot* in each face;  
 O'er every part the shameful trade we spy,  
 The step audacious, and the rolling eye;

The



'The smile insid'ous, and the look obscene,  
'The air enticing, and the mincing mien.

With these, alas! a sacrifice I liv'd!  
With these the wages of disgrace receiv'd;  
But Heav'n, at length, its vengeance to complete,  
Drove me—distemper'd—to the public street.  
For on a time, when lightning fir'd the air,  
And laid the sable breast of midnight bare;  
When rain and wind assail'd th' unshelter'd head,  
That fought in vain—the comfort of a bed;  
Distress'd—diseas'd—I crawl'd to every door,  
And begg'd, with tears, a shelter for the poor!  
My knees at length, unable to sustain  
The force of hunger, and the weight of rain;  
Fainting I fell, then stagg'ring rose again,  
And wept, and sigh'd, and hop'd, and rav'd in vain.

Then (not till then) o'erwhelm'd by sore distress,  
To my own hand I look'd for full redress;  
All things were apt—no flatt'rer to beguile,  
'Twas night—'twas dark—occasion seem'd to smile:  
But *Conscience* struck at what I thought to do,  
Disarm'd my purpose—my resolves o'erthrew;  
Fear shook my hand, I flung the weapon by,  
Unfit to *live*,—I was not fit to *die*!—

Ah! wretched woman, she who strays for bread,  
And sells the sacred pleasures of the bed;  
Condemn'd each call of passion to obey,  
And in despite of nature to be gay;  
To force a simper, with a throbbing heart,  
And call to aid the feeble helps of art;  
Oblig'd to suffer each impure caress,  
The slave of passion, and the drudge of dress;  
Compell'd to suit her temper to each taste,  
Scorn'd, if too wanton, hated if too chaste.

THE

## THE DYING PROSTITUTE.

## AN ELEGY.

## I.

PITY the miseries of a wretched maid,  
 Who sacrific'd to man her health and fame;  
 Whose love and truth, and trust, were all repaid  
 By want and woe, disease, and endless shame,

## II.

Curse not the poor lost wretch, who ev'ry ill  
 That proud insulting man can heap, sustains;  
 Sure she enough is curs'd o'er whom his will,  
 Enflam'd by brutal passion, boundless reigns.

## III.

Spurn not my fainting body from your door,  
 Here let me rest my weary, weeping head;  
 No greater mercy would my wants implore,  
 My sorrows soon shall lay me with the dead.

## IV.

Who now beholds, but loaths my faded face?  
 So wan and fallow—chang'd with sin and care;  
 Or who can any former beauty trace,  
 In eyes so sunk with famine and despair!

## V.

That I was virtuous once, and beauteous too,  
 And free from envious tongues my spotless fame,  
 These but torment, these but my tears renew,  
 These aggravate my present guilt and shame.

## VI.

Houfeless and hungry, forc'd by pining want,  
 I've wept and wander'd many a midnight hour;  
 Implor'd a pittance lust would seldom grant,  
 Or sought a shelter from the driving show'r,

VII. And

## VII.

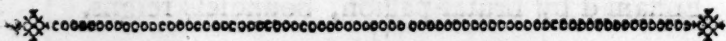
And as I shiver'd thro' the wint'ry storm,  
 Unknowing what to seek, or where to stray!  
 To gain relief entic'd each hideous form,  
 Each hideous form contemptuous turn'd away.

## VIII.

Where are my virgin honours, virgin charms!  
 Oh! whither fled the pride I once maintain'd?  
 Where are the youths that woo'd me to their arms?  
 Or where the triumphs virgin beauty gain'd?

## IX.

Declare, betrayer! cruel monster! where?  
 Proclaim thy glories gain'd by my defeat!  
 Say, art thou happier 'cause that I'm less fair?  
 Or bloom thy laurels on my winding sheet?



*VERSES for my TOMB-STONE, if I ever  
 shall have one.*

BY A PROSTITUTE AND A PENITENT.

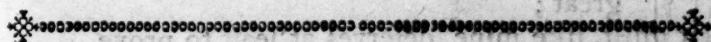
**T**HE wretched victim of a quick decay,  
 Reliev'd from life, on humble bed of clay,  
 (The last and only refuge of my woes)  
 A lost love-ruin'd female I repose.

From the sad hour I listen'd to his charms,  
 And fell, half forc'd, in the deceiver's arms;  
 To that, whose awful veil hides every fault,  
 Shelt'ring my sufferings in this welcome vault;  
 When pamper'd, starv'd, abandon'd, or in drink,  
 My thoughts were rack'd in striving not to think;  
 Nor could rejected *Conscience* claim the pow'r  
 T' impose the respite of one serious hour;  
 I durst

I durst not look to what I was before,  
My soul shrunk back, and wish'd to be no more.

Of eye undaunted, and of touch impure,  
Old ere of age, worn out tho' scarce mature;  
Daily debas'd, to stifle my disgust  
Of forc'd enjoyment, in affected lust;  
Cover'd with guilt, infection, debt, and want,  
My home a brothel, and the street my haunt;  
Full seven long years of infamy I've pin'd,  
And fondl'd, loath'd, and prey'd upon mankind,  
Till, the full course of sin and vice gone through,  
My shatter'd fabric fail'd at *twenty-two*;  
Then Death, with every horror in his train,  
Here clos'd the scene of riot, guilt, and pain.

Ye fair associates of my opening bloom!  
Oh! come and weep, and profit at my tomb!—  
Let my short youth—my blighted beauty, prove  
The fatal poison of unlawful love.  
Oh! think how quick my life's career I ran,  
The dupe of Passion, Vanity, and Man;  
Then shun the path where gay delusions shine—  
Be yours the lesson—sad experience mine!



### AN ADDRESS TO ELIZA.

BY A PENITENT MAGDALEN.

**L**AVINIA's momentary joys are o'er,  
Her former transports must be known no  
more;  
The dream of happiness is quickly fled,  
And woes unnumber'd, hover o'er my head.

N .

When



When morn appears, I wake to black despair,  
 To pining grief, and never-ending care;  
 Within my breast the various passions roll,  
 And still distracted thoughts oppress my soul;  
 To peace a stranger, and a distant guest,  
 Nor must again with tranquil hours be blest.  
 Thy friends condemn'd in sorrow to deplore,  
 A recent loss, nor know contentment more.  
 Attend, Eliza, to my mournful tale,  
 And let compassion in thy breast prevail:  
 May friendship plead my cause, nor plead in vain,  
 'Tis friendship only can assuage my pain;  
 And while with tears I weep my past offence,  
 Regret the loss of native innocence:  
 Pity thy friend—and may'st thou never prove,  
 That anguish waits upon a guilty love.

Till first I met Philander's lawless flame,  
 My breast was pure, and spotless was my name;  
 'Twas he that first seduc'd my soul to sin,  
 And plac'd eternal infamy within:  
 Persuasion rested on his flatt'ring tongue,  
 And from his words the dear delusion sprung\*.  
 Oh! my Eliza, hadst thou known my fate,  
 Thou'd think that Heav'n had punish'd me too  
                   great;  
 But guilt, like mine, deserves at least to prove,  
 The stings of conscience, when it dares to love;  
 For I no more a woman's glory boast,  
 Since split upon that rock where all is lost!

---

\* Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye trust,  
 Did you but think how seldom fools are just;  
 So many of your sex would not in vain,  
 Of broken vows and faithless men complain.

Rowe.

Weep

Weep for my sorrow, whilst a bleeding heart,  
Tells thee, Philander, acts the tyrant's part :  
For, ah ! soon as the dawn appear'd, he rose,  
And left a scene of complicated woes :  
Ruin'd, abandon'd, by the swain I lov'd,  
While I each bitter change of fortune prov'd.  
When time no longer could conceal my shame,  
Nor screen from public infamy my name ;  
I from the world, and all its censure fled,  
And this Asylum \* found, to hide my guilty head.

Here sighs and penitential tears alone,  
Can gain accession to the sacred throne :  
Yet these are unavailing, whilst my flame,  
With all its fatal ardour, burns the same.  
'Tis here unhappy women look for peace,  
Their love expires, and guilty passions cease.  
Oh ! Love, thou source of all Lavinia's grief !  
In Death's cold arms she'll only find relief :  
If Heav'n, in mercy, listens to my pray'rs,  
The silent grave will terminate my cares.  
Come then, Eliza, catch my parting sigh,  
And tell the faithless youth for whom I die,  
That 'twas for him I drop'd the tender tear,  
The last confession of a love sincere :  
His pity then, must for the wretch he made,  
Be with Lavinia to the tomb convey'd.

---

\* The Magdalen-House.

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AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

THE trembling dew's hang gathering round the  
thorn,

And deeper shades grow fast upon the sight,  
Mild evening comes, but comes with step forlorn,  
And big with images of past delight.

For, oh! the hallow'd earth unsettled yet,  
Tho' many an eye sheds there a soft'ning show'r,  
Lyes loose o'er him who lov'd with me to quit  
The crowds of life, to share this pensive hour.

Where'er I turn, each well-known spot can show,  
Some trace of pleasures to return no more;  
O'er each accustom'd path my tears shall flow,  
To wash some print where he has trod before.

Turn, gentle passenger, his tomb to view,  
For, oh! near yonder tow'ring spire it lies,  
Like which, if Virtue had her honour due,  
In reverend grandeur it should pierce the skies.

Yet vain the pomp that wins the vulgar eye,  
In costly tombs forgotten tenants rest,  
While some in humbler graves as peaceful lye,  
And leave a monument in every breast.

Vain is the sculptor's art, or trophy'd tomb,  
Virtue alone the grave's cold chill can bear,  
Virtue alone can shine thro' all its gloom;  
The world's proud sickly blossoms wither there.

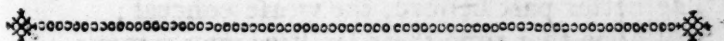
With

With slow and silent step draw gently near—  
 If worldly views engage thy busy heart,  
 Take from the dead one lesson for thy tear,  
 And weighing well the mournful truth, depart.

Ah, think then, child of earth! ere hence you go,  
 What future life may have in store for thee.  
 Dar'st thou not meet death's near and certain blow?  
 Sleep not the dead from pain and sickness free?

Feel they the poor man's shame, the proud man's  
 scoff?  
 And who art thou that these shall never know?  
 Of all her sons has nature cut thee off  
 From thine inheritance, thy share of woe?

No! thou'rt a man; confess it with a sigh!  
 Learn then to prize th' obliterating grave.  
 Go, and give thanks that thou wast form'd to die,  
 Then tell the proudest tyrant, he's a slave.



TRUE CHARITY;

*Being a Paraphrase on Part of the 13th Chapter of  
 the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians.*

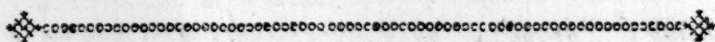
'TIS thine the raging passions to controul,  
 To calm, to strengthen, and confirm the  
 soul;  
 Teach slighted worth with patience to sustain  
 The powerful man's neglect, the fool's disdain,  
 The ungrateful friend's revolt, or keener pang  
 (Keen as the bearded steel, or serpent's fang!)  
 That waits too oft, alas! the perjur'd vow,  
 And lost affection's cold and scornful brow:



The silent eloquence of kindness meek  
Beams from thine eyes, and mantles in thy cheek ;  
From envy free, and pride's o'erbearing sway,  
Thou tak'st thy mild and inoffensive way :

Grace in thy gestures and thy looks is seen,  
Gentle thy words, and courteous is thy mien ;  
Thou scorn'st to cast the proud indignant frown  
On other's merits, or to boast thine own ;  
O'er hunger, hatred, or revenge to brood,  
Record the evil, and forget the good :

Or aught that can thy neighbour's peace destroy  
Make the base subject of thy barbarous joy ;  
If just the censure that affects his fame,  
'Tis thine to *pity*, not increase his shame ;  
If false the charge, thy soul can know no rest,  
Till truth appear, and heal his wounded breast.  
Forbearing all, and trusting still to find  
Some virtues 'mid the failings of mankind ;  
Thou o'er their faults can draw the friendly veil,  
The better part believe, the worse conceal ;  
Still hope that time their frailties may remove,  
And wait the hour with patience and with love.



# TO A LADY WHO LOVED DANCING.

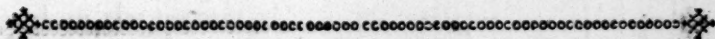
WRITTEN BY THE LATE JUDGE BURNET.

MAY I presume, in humble lays,  
My *dancing* fair, thy steps to praise—  
While this grand maxim I advance,  
That all the world is but a *dance* ?  
That human-kind, both man and woman,  
Do *dance* is evident and common.

David

*David* himself, that god-like king,  
We know could *dance* as well as *sing*.  
Folks who at court would keep their ground,  
Must *dance* the year attendance round.  
Whole nations *dance* ; gay frisky France  
Has led the nation many a *dance*.  
And some believe both France and Spain  
Resolve to take us out again.

All nature is *one ball*, we find,  
The water *dances* to the wind ;  
'The sea, itself, at night and noon,  
Rises and capers to the moon ;  
'The moon around the earth does tread  
A Cheshire round in buxom red ;  
'The earth and planets round the sun  
All *dance* ; nor will their *dance* be done  
'Till *Nature* in one mass is blended,  
Then we may say, the *ball is ended*.



THE CHELSEA PENSIONER.

THE stealing hand of slowly creeping Time  
Has torn the honours of my head away,  
Has blasted all the blossoms of my prime,  
And ting'd my scanty locks with streaks of grey !

O ! could these limbs their wonted force regain,  
When 'midst the van at Fontenoy I bled ;  
When British valour from th' ill-fated plain,  
Slowly retreating, heap'd the field with dead.

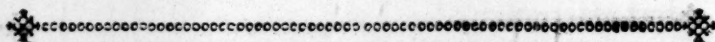
Why should I linger here to grief a prey,  
While others, 'midst the dang'rous paths of fame,  
Where bold *Ambition* points the arduous way,  
To *Glory's* wreath assert their daring claim ?

Alike from honour, as from danger far,  
 Why should I linger when my race is done?  
 And tamely listen to the voice of war,  
 Or pensive view the course that others run?

Yet let me not repine,—if right I ween,  
 The welcome step of clay-cold Death is near;  
 Soon will his friendly hand close *my* sad scene,  
 Hush ev'ry sigh, and wipe each falling tear!

Stranger, whoe'er thou art, whose steps may stray,  
 These gloomy walls and antique tow'rs among,  
 Where at the eve of their declining day,  
 In peace repose the gallant war-worn throng;

If virtue o'er thy breast exert her sway,  
 This tribute may a *Soldier's* mem'ry crave,—  
 Let not thy friendly eye disdain to pay  
 One pitying tear upon a *poor man's* grave!



### THE DESERTED CITY.

WRITTEN IN JUNE, 1780.

**L**ONDON, farewell! thy dusky domes I fly,  
 To fix my cot beneath a clearer sky;  
 A still small mansion, where embower'd in trees,  
 Silent I court—the Genius of the breeze.  
 There in my green retreat, where smiling round,  
 Summer's sweet children paint the varied ground;  
 Where springing orchards thicken on my eye,  
 And the loquacious rill glides bubbling by;  
 While at my foot the purple violets blow,  
 And many a fragrant primrose peeps below;  
Compos'd

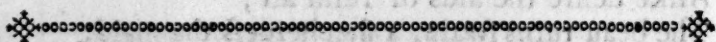
Compos'd I sit—the monarch of my shade,  
 And share the health that glows in every glade;  
 Drink the pure gale as fresh from heav'n it flies,  
 Rest with the linnet, with the lark arise;  
 Pass my calm days in solitude and song,  
 And pity all that bustle in the throng.  
 Then farewell, London! Queen supreme of trade!  
 A while I quit thee for the sylvan shade.

Behold! how fast thy truant children run,  
 To feel the influence of a cloudless fun;  
 Where unobscur'd by smoke his beams can play,  
 And bless them with the sight of long lost day.  
 The sons of Pleasure, and the sons of Care  
 Alike desire the aids of rural air;  
 The beau turns swain, a shepherdess the maid,  
 And each town belle's a Phillis in the shade.  
 All fly from London—save an anxious train,  
 That tug intensely at the oar of gain.  
 They, drudging mortals, heat and dust defy,  
 And all the terrors of a London sky:  
 Full in the glare of day they fiercely toil,  
 For ever digging—in a golden soil.  
 With these, remain a tribe unus'd to air,  
 Whom Poverty has chain'd to constant care;  
 In garrets high, or cellars deep, they dwell,  
 And learn a labour which no tongue can tell;  
 The sickly art embrown'd in gloom essay,  
 Lost to the light of life and smiles of day;  
 Thro' the long year their daily task they ply,  
 While pale Consumption stares in every eye,  
 Or blasted Dropsy drowns what Nature gave,  
 And sweeps the man of labour to the grave.—

From woes like these—to life's calm vale I steal,  
 To see how light the ploughman's labours feel.



Bred to the field, no woes like these he knows—  
 He sweats—he toils—and carols as he goes.  
 Easy and sweet, behold the sturdy swain  
 Till the rich earth, and drest the generous plain;  
 Work till the sun's bright beams in gold descend,  
 Then his slow footsteps to his cottage bend:  
 His cottage teems with many an infant dear,  
 His wife—his bed—and all his hopes are there.  
 With these he sits, a glad and welcome guest,  
 Till lingering twilight points the hour to rest:  
 The ruddy family its call obey,  
 And rise all raptures with the rising day.  
 Then farewell, London!—here will I remain  
 Till Winter drives me to thine arms again.



*V E R S E S* addressed to the *AUTHOR* of the  
 RURAL CHRISTIAN.

BY A YOUNG LADY.

**H**AIL, matchless Bard, within whose every  
 line  
 Devotion pure, and friendship sweetly join;  
 Whose thoughts are elegant, and penn'd with grace,  
 In them the author's pious soul we trace;  
 A soul so pure, that angels might descend  
 From heav'n to call the "*Rural Christian*" friend.  
 O while you paint a mother's deep distress,  
 What heart-felt woes my troubled soul oppress!  
 Methinks I see the lovely victim lye  
 In death's cold arms, and mark her closing eye\*;

---

\* Alluding to the story of a young lady who died for love.

Condemn'd,

Condemn'd, alas! unhappy maid, to prove,  
 Too stern a penance for too soft a love.  
 But when your muse a loftier theme essays,  
 And sings in pleasing numbers Friendship's praise;  
 My soul enamour'd joins th' enlivening song,  
 And feels those raptures which your strains prolong.  
 Go on, sweet Bard! while saints approve your  
     lays,  
 To recommend the choice of Wisdom's ways;  
 May Heav'n succeed your pen, and peace attend  
     your days!

}

*Stoke Newington.*

THE TEA-CUP:

A SIMILE.

ONCE Florio stole his partner's cup,  
 But turning quickly round,  
 Just as he snatch'd the plunder up,  
 He drop'd it on the ground.

The fair beheld him at a stand,  
 And smiling, saw it broke;  
 Then gently taking up his hand,  
 She press'd it as she spoke :

“ Observe th' uncertain state, my dear,  
 Attending human life;  
 Nor blush, my love, for once to hear  
 A moral from your wife.

Our hope is but a china-cup,  
 That gaily strikes the view;  
 And though it swells the bosom up,  
 Is full as brittle too.”

## ON READING HISTORY.

**T**O view with curious eye th' historic page,  
And trace men's manners down from age to  
age;

To view great empires' gradual rise and fall;  
That once have flourish'd on this earthly ball;  
Expands the heart, informs the curious soul,  
And leads its faculties from pole to pole;  
It sows the seeds of glory in the mind,  
With emulation's arduous pow'rs combin'd,  
Raifes the soul above the vulgar road,  
And fills the mind with gratitude to God;  
Who, by his pow'r omnipotent, controuls  
Whate'er is done, or seen between the poles;  
For who can read of mortals wise and good,  
Who all the baits of pleasure have withstood;  
Who can such pictures view, and yet not raise  
A wish to imitate their glorious ways?  
Or read of heroes, who with glory fir'd,  
And with each noble wish and hope inspir'd,  
Have fought their country's battles; bath'd in  
blood  
Their glorious swords, to guard their country's  
good;

Who all the pangs of horror have sustain'd,  
And fears of death in all its forms disdain'd;  
And when a swiftly-flying adverse ball,  
Shorten'd their life, have glory'd in their fall?

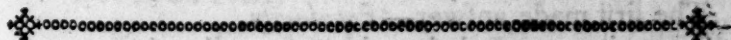
Who can of such without emotion read,  
Without a tear upon the glorious deed?  
Or who can read of those, by all rever'd!  
Who, in the flow'ry paths of science rear'd,

Have

## REFLECTIONS.

277.

Have follow'd learning, and enlarg'd their mind,  
 A glorious dignity of human kind!  
 Who reads of these, and yet can calmly bear,  
 The vile disgrace of ignorance to share?  
 Nor finds within himself a wish to know,  
 Whate'er is possible to learn below?  
 There is in hist'ry which the curious charms,  
 Pleases the hero, and the virtuous warms,  
 Imparts instruction to the active mind,  
 And shews a portrait of the human kind;  
 Exhibits vice in pamper'd lux'ry dress'd,  
 And humble virtue, for a while oppress'd,  
 Rising superior to a cloud of cares,  
 And sore afflictions which she nobly bears;  
 Finding in death that bliss it wanted here,  
 And fled to heav'n, its own, its native sphere.



## THE ETIQUETTE.

**O**BERVE the combat—Colin eager cries,  
 And see Amintor what's the dainty prize;  
 Part of a barley corn, or single grain,  
 They fight—he falls—my fav'rite Bantam's slain\*.  
 Passion, thou dreadful ill!—of banes the worst,  
 Source of revenge, with murd'rous rancour  
     curs'd;—  
 For once excusable; but when we see  
 A *man* transform'd, and monster made by thee:  
 Then the thought stagnates, and a drear amaze  
 Seizes the soul, and o'er its vigour preys.

---

\* Alluding to a battle between two Bantam cocks in a farm-yard.

Stop.



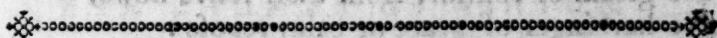
Stop, says Amintor, who the world had seen,  
And 'mid' st great folks at courts had often been ;

Your argue wrongly, Colin, I must crave,  
Passion a *second* place alone may have ;  
There is a something, what I cannot say,  
Nor how they call it, bears a greater sway,  
Thus it proceeds—don't think I speak untrue,  
For such a thing at London once I knew.  
Two great men, lords, or dukes, or else esquires,  
(Those macaronies the vain girl admires)  
Were dancing round a room, quite full of glee,  
And seem'd as happy, lad, as you or me ;  
Till of a sudden one began to say,  
Which is to happiness the nearest way ?  
'Tis by attaining *honours* th' other cries,  
And prais'd his Prince's favour to the skies.  
The first made answer—*Popularity*,  
Seems in my mind the wish'd for end to be.  
Thus for some time they held a strange debate,  
One on the side of praise, the other, state :  
Till contradicting what his friend averr'd,  
(Thus many, very many oft have err'd)  
The advocate for *honour* starts and stares,  
And to the field the other boldly dares ;  
Scorning to brook what seem'd a given lie,  
Determin'd for th' offence his friend should die.

I hop'd, as time and weapons must be nam'd,  
The passion of the heroes would be tam'd ;  
But each at home consider'd the affair,  
A circumstance they could not calmly bear ;  
Two other swordsmen must attend the cause,  
In spite of human, and of sacred laws ;  
Must stand and see a war in cool blood wag'd,  
Where—sad reflection!—*brethren* are engag'd!  
Tho'

Tho' bound by nature to a mutual love,  
They cruel murd'ers of each other prove \*.  
What, thought I, can occasion deeds like this?  
Do such conclusions end the search of *bliss*?  
What is this nicety, which rules mankind,  
Inflames their passion, and corrupts the mind?

This, said a sage, who long had silent sat,  
Is what they call proud Honour's *Etiquette*.



THE COMPLAINT.

WRITTEN BY A POOR GOOD MAN, ALMOST  
OVERWHELMED WITH TROUBLES AND  
AFFLICTIONS.

NO scenes amuse me that amus'd before,  
And what delighted once, delights no more;  
Tho' all creation beautiful appears,  
And nature's aspect a rich verdure wears;  
Yet still her bloom with sick'ning eyes I see,  
And all her luxury is lost on me.  
The budding plants of variegated hue,  
The blossoms opening with the morning dew;  
The vernal breeze that gently fans the flowers,  
The laughing meadows and enlivening showers;  
Th' enamel'd garden where the works of art  
Give strength to nature, and fresh charms impart;  
Where gaudy pinks and blushing roses bloom,  
Rich in array and pregnant with perfume;

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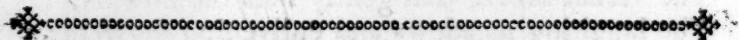
\* Duelling is become quite a fashionable vice, tho' it is  
nothing less than premeditated murder.—Horrid thought!

Where

Where Flora smiling fees her offspring vie,  
To spread their beauties and regale the eye :  
All, all, in vain with charms united glow,  
To deck the scene, or gild the face of woe.

In vain the sun his gaudy pride displays,  
No genial warmth attends his brightest rays ;  
And when his absent light the moon supplies,  
Or planets glitter to enrich the skies ;  
No gleam of comfort from their lustre flows,  
No harbinger of peace or calm repose :  
My soul with sad disquietude oppress,  
Directs her flight to heaven in search of rest ;  
And refuge take (which " peace at last will bring")  
Beneath the shades of the Almighty's wing.  
On him I fix my mind, and place my trust,  
A being infinitely wise and just.

Hear then, O God! and aid a suppliant's prayer,  
Soothe all my pangs, and save me from despair!  
Then, tho' dark lowering skies, and angry gales,  
Conspire to raise the storm, and rend the sails,  
Yet will calm Reason at the helm preside,  
My little bark will stem both wind and tide;  
And adverse currents shall at last convey  
The shatter'd vessel to the realms of day.

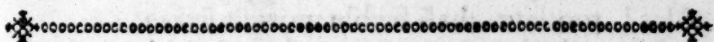


### THE SICK MAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS CANDLE.

**T**HY size, bright taper, does so quickly waste,  
 It bids me think the present day my last!  
 Tho' narrow limits thy short date confine,  
 Compar'd to infinite—what more is mine?  
 This day must end thy being, and before  
 To-morrow's dawn myself may be no more!

Both:

Both in life's morn with gayest lustre shine,  
And, as the night advances, both decline;  
Both by one common fate seem closely link'd,  
And after one short blaze shall be extinct;  
Our lives the same, our periods both agree;  
So where's the diff'rence pray, twixt you and me?



THE CHARMS OF VIRTUE:

*Virtus repulsæ nescia sordidæ,  
Intaminatis fulget honoribus.*

HOR.

AH me! will thoughtless mortals ever prize  
The beams that float in fancy's fruitful eye?  
Still think when glittering forms unnumber'd rise,  
They lead to pleasures that will never die?

Alas, how vain the miser's golden dreams!  
For hoarded treasures cannot purchase joy;  
How vain the prodigal's delusive schemes,  
Which please one moment, and the next destroy!

All transient are the gifts that pleasure brings:  
When present, they delude, when past, they're  
vain;

Yet bliss eternal in the bosom springs,  
Where god-like innocence asserts her reign.

The honest breast defies malignant care:  
The *vicious* only dreads the pangs of woe;  
For truth and reason to mankind declare,  
"Virtue alone is happiness below!"

What



What are the honours of the proudly great ?  
The laurel-wreath which decks the poet's brow !  
The breath of flatt'ry, and the pride of state,  
No lasting pleasures on the mind bestow !

Virtue to man congenial bliss can give,  
Then let me Vice's flattering power restrain ;  
Alas ! too late, shall feeble mortals strive  
To curb the tyrant, when they feel his chain.

For Vice, in every shape, when unconfin'd,  
Soon scorns controul, and blasts the honest name ;  
Tears Virtue's golden precepts from the mind,  
And conquers honour, fortune, life, and fame.

Assist me, Virtue ; goddess heavenly bright !  
By thee illumin'd, let my bosom glow ;  
Thou canst in every stage afford delight ;  
Thou canst, in every scene, dispel our woe.

In youth's contracted hour, thy heavenly ray  
Refulgent beams with captivating grace ;  
So shalt thou bloom, when age's painful day  
Shakes in the head, and trembles in the pace.

E'en when repentance soothes the mournful heart,  
And kindly blunts tormenting conscience' sting,  
'Tis thine to molliate sorrow, and impart  
An inward calm, which vice can never bring.

When guilty mortals quaff sweet pleasure's stream,  
False joys deceive, and vanity betrays ;  
Time swiftly terminates the golden dream,  
When beauty fades, and vigorous youth decays.

Age.

Age, the conspicuous mark of fortune's rage,  
The prey of wretchedness, must still complain :  
If vicious, feel unable to assuage,  
The sting of insult, and the rack of pain ?

When pale disease enerves the vital frame,  
Vice sinks appal'd, while Virtue's glories rise,  
Catch a resplendent spark of heavenly flame,  
Pant for immortal life, beyond the skies.

Then, Goddess, hear ! Oh, hear my suppliant  
vow !  
Oh, lead me far from Vice's wretched throng ;  
So, while intrinsic honours deck my brow,  
Thy animating name shall swell my song.

Let *courage*, not impetuous passion sway ;  
A generous piety, and not austere ;  
Let reverend age, a blameless ease display,  
And death, nor vainly hope, nor idly fear.

Let me to solitude from cares withdraw,  
By thee supported, and by wisdom fir'd ;  
Be my life regulated by thy law,  
Each wish directed, and each thought inspir'd.

By virtue animated, Greece beheld  
Her sons, in arms and arts superior rise :  
Saw her states flourish, and her foes repell'd,  
And hallow'd temples reach the lofty skies.

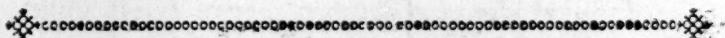
By Virtue animated, Rome display'd  
Her banner waving in the darken'd air :  
While, led by thee, her warriors undismay'd,  
Could fight like heroes, and like gods could spare.

Unaw'd

Unaw'd by Envy, in thy precepts bred,  
 With native eloquence, great Chatham rose!  
 Nor sway'd by interest, nor by faction led,  
 He doom'd to fate Britannia's daring foes.

But to fictitious names no more confin'd,  
 To thee my thoughts aspire, O God supreme!  
 Some emanation of thy perfect mind,  
 Virtue from thee derives her fulgent beam.

Grant that her precepts and pellucid ray,  
 May curb my passions and inform my soul;  
 Instruct my heart to find the living way,  
 And error's clouds, and folly's rage controul.



## V E R S E S

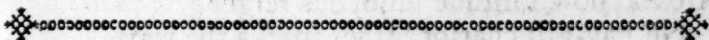
WRITTEN BY THE LATE EARL OF CHESTER-  
 FIELD OVER A SIDEBOARD AT SIR WILLIAM  
 STANHOPE'S, TWICKENHAM.

**L**ET social mirth with gentle manners join,  
 Unstun'd by laughter, uninflam'd by wine;  
 Let reason unimpair'd, exert its powers,  
 But let gay fancy strew the way with flowers.  
 Far hence the wag's and witling's scurril jest,  
 Whose noise and nonsense shock the decent guest:  
 True wit and humour such low helps decline,  
 Nor will the graces owe their charms to wine.  
 Fools fly to drink, in native dulness sunk:  
 In vain—they're ten times greater fools when  
 drunk.  
 Thus free from riot, innocently gay,  
 We'll neither wish, nor fear our final day.

*The*

*The Abbé REGNIER wrote his own EPITAPH, of  
which the following is a Translation.*

**G**AILY I liv'd, as ease and nature taught,  
And spent my life without a serious thought;  
And am amaz'd that Death, that tyrant grim,  
Should think of me—who never thought of him.



### A N E L E G Y.

WRITTEN AMONG THE RUINS OF A NOBLE  
MAN'S SEAT IN CORNWALL.

**A**MIDST these venerable dear remains  
Of ancient grandeur, musing sad I stray,  
Around a melancholy silence reigns,  
That prompts me to indulge the plaintive lay.

Here liv'd Eugenio, born of noble race,  
Aloft his mansion rose (around were seen  
Extensive gardens deck'd with ev'ry grace,  
With lawns and groves thro' all the seasons  
green).

Ah! where is now its boasted beauty fled?  
Proud turrets that once glitter'd in the sky,  
And broken columns in confusion spread,  
A rude mishapen heap of ruins lye.

Of splendid rooms no traces here are found;  
How are these tott'ring walls by time defac'd!  
Shagg'd with vile thorn, with twining ivy bound,  
Once hung with tapestry, with paintings grac'd!

In



In ancient times, perhaps where now I tread,  
 Licentious riot crown'd the midnight-bowl,  
 Her dainties lux'ry pour'd, and beauty spread  
 Her artful snares to captivate the soul.

Or here, attended by a chosen train  
 Of innocent delights, true grandeur dwelt;  
 Diffusing blessings o'er the distant plain,  
 Health, joy, and happiness, by thousands felt.

Around now solitude unjoyous reigns,  
 No gay-gilt chariot hither marks the way,  
 No more with chearful hopes the needy swains  
 At the once bounteous gate their visits pay.

Where too is now the garden's beauty fled  
 Which ev'ry clime was ransack'd to supply?  
 O'er the drear spot see desolation spread,  
 And the dismantl'd walls in ruins lye!

Dead are the trees that once with nicest care  
 Arrang'd, from op'ning blossoms shed perfume,  
 And thick with fruitage stood, the pendant pear,  
 The ruddy-colour'd peach, and glossy plumb.

Along the terrace-walks are straggling seen  
 The prickly bramble, and the noisome weed,  
 Beneath whose covert crawls the toad obscene,  
 And snakes and adders unmolested breed.

The groves where pleasure walk'd her rounds  
 decay,  
 The mead untill'd a barren aspect wears;  
 And where the sprightly fawn was wont to play,  
 O'ergrown with heath a dreary waste appears.

In

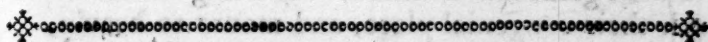
In yonder wide-extended vale below,  
Where osiers spread, a pond capacious flood;  
From far by art the stream was taught to flow,  
Whose liquid stores supply'd th' unfailing flood,

Oft here the silent angler took his place,  
Intent to captivate the scaly fry;  
But perish'd now are all the num'rous race,  
Lost is the fountain, and the channel dry,

Hear then, ye great! behold th' uncertain state  
Of earthly grandeur—beauty, strength, and  
pow'r

Alike are subject to the stroke of fate,  
And flourish but the glory of an hour,

Virtue alone no dissolution fears,  
Still permanent, tho' ages roll away:  
Who builds on her immortal basis, rears  
A superstructure time can ne'er decay.



THE CHURCH YARD.

A P O E M.

BY A YOUTH OF EIGHTEEN.

A H! not a breath of wind! no gentle breeze  
To fan the darksome gloom! No ruffled  
wave

Disturbs this silent port of life, nor moves  
The sleeping calm; a death-like silence reigns.  
Those storms of wrath, that oft by tyrants breath'd,  
Have shook the trembling world, here die away,  
In whispers lost; the froth of heighten'd pride

Beats

Beats on the rocks, and beats itself to nothing,  
 The pomp of kings, the panegyric breath  
 Of soothing flatt'ers, and of menial crouds,  
 The voice of slander, the destructive blasts  
 Of envy self-distracting, softly seem,  
 (Like dying thunders in a distant cloud)  
 Gently to vanish from th' attentive ear.

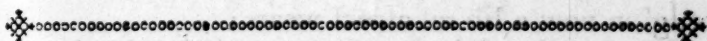
Death, rigid death, impartially declares  
 That a man's nothing but an heap of dust,  
 Clay-cold, insensible. Wipe from thy cheek,  
 O man! the soft, emasculating tear;  
 For die thou must: just as by nature, streams  
 In silver mazes roll their easy tide,  
 A tribute to the main: thus art thou born,  
 A short-liv'd glory, pre-ordain'd to die.  
 The thought of obsequies, convulsions, groans,  
 'Tis this distracts thy soul: the kiss of death  
 Is soft and harmless: golden rest attends it,  
 And soon dissolves the fretful dream of life.  
 Nature's great law is death.—As rising flames  
 Seek their congenial place, and mount to heav'n,  
 Thus haste we to our end: the bloom of youth  
 Expels our infant years; then hoary age  
 Encroaches on the man, and shuts the scene.

Alas! th' impartial grave no diff'rence yields  
 'Twixt king and peasant. Where's the monarch  
     'now?  
 Fast by the tyrant sleeps the tyrant's slave.  
 What lustre now attends the head that bore  
 The royal crown, enchas'd with India's pearl?  
 What cheek impurpl'd with a rosy blush  
 Vies with the new-born glories of the morn!  
 Ah! where's Lucinda, and that beauteous form  
 Which boasted once a paradise of charms!  
 Alas! she's mingl'd with the vulgar dust,

Cloſe

Close to what most she fear'd deformity;  
 (The life, warmth, softness, fragrance of her beauty  
 Dissolv'd, and moulder'd into putrid earth,  
 And worms impure) her once enchanting voice  
 Is vanish'd into air; and, O! adieu  
 The dear enliv'ning smile, and melting eye,  
 That stream'd with sparkling lustre, now no more!  
 Black-rob'd Confusion shades the gloomy void  
 With raven wings, and scatters indistinction.  
 Cease mortal, then, to boast thy transient charms,  
 A prey to worms. In vain the glass reflects  
 A well-proportion'd harmony of parts,  
 If thou must rot in earth, a corpse obscene.

Power, Wealth, and Beauty, are a short-liv'd  
 trust,  
 'Tis *virtue* only blossoms in the dust.



EFFUSIONS ON QUITTING AN ACADEMIC  
 LIFE.

**A** DIEU, ye sacred walls, ye lofty tow'rs,  
 Imperial-Learning's venerable seats!  
 Reluctant now I quit your peaceful bow'rs,  
 Your happy mansions, and your lov'd retreats.

Here keen-ey'd Science plumes her darling wing:  
 Vent'rous she here essays her noblest flights:  
 Here in each classic grove, the muses sing,  
 And fill the mind with innocent delights.

Grateful I venerate those honour'd names  
 Who patronis'd fair Learning's infant cause;  
 Who nobly dar'd to vindicate her claims  
 To just regard, distinction, and applause.

O

'Midst



'Midst the illustrious groupe an Alfred shines;  
 Alfred the just, the virtuous, and the great;  
 Who mingled with the wreath that conquest twines,  
 The cares of science, and the toils of state.

Tho' in these seats dim Superstition reign'd,  
 Clouding each mind, unnerving every heart;  
 Tho' monkish fraud its empire here maintain'd;  
 And wily priests here play'd th' impostor's  
 part:

Tho' here dull schoolmen vain debate pursu'd,  
 And the free mind in abject fetters bound;  
 Tho' with thin sophistry, and jargon rude,  
 All common sense they labour'd to confound:

Yet now the scene in diff'rent guise appears;  
 All former traces, like a dream, are fled;  
 Religion now a lib'ral aspect wears;  
 Now genuine Science lifts her tow'ring head.

Devious how oft in tranquil mood I've stray'd,  
 Where Chervill's placid stream irriguous flows;  
 Where Isis, wand'ring thro' the dewy mead,  
 On the gay plains fertility bestows.

Oft have I view'd, immers'd in soothing thought,  
 Uprear'd by ancient hands the massy pile;  
 The Gothic turret high, the Saxon vault,  
 The painted window, and the lengthen'd aisle.

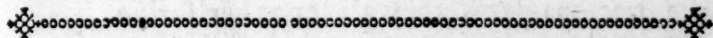
Achaian models too I've frequent trac'd,  
 Where genius blazes in the grand design;  
 The structure with Corinthian columns grac'd,  
 Where Attic taste and harmony combine.

How

How oft, well pleas'd, I've turned the vari'd page,  
My mind detach'd from every futile joy,  
From giddy vanities that life engage,  
Follies that vex, and sorrows that annoy :

Forgot each busy care of active life,  
Forgot the turmoils of the public scene,  
Forgot all envy, pride, and jealous strife,  
The starts of passion, and the fits of spleen !

Adieu, ye groves, where-erst I wont to roam,  
Where Health attends the clear salubrious air;  
Retirement left, I seek a diff'rent home,  
And to the gay metropolis repair.



*An EPISTLE from a GENTLEMAN in the Country,  
to a celebrated SCHOOL-MASTER in London.*

FRIEND of my bosom! dear acquaintance, say!  
Can'st thou forgive an humble poet's lay?  
'Tho' rough the line, and dull the strain appear,  
More honest notes did never greet the ear.  
Pure from their parent's heart, to thine they flow,  
Nor fear to find Philander is their foe.

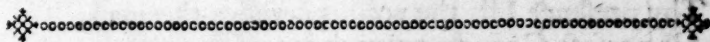
From flow'ry meads, from daisy-coated plains,  
From beds of vi'lets where pure nature reigns;  
To clouds of smoke, to pestilential air,  
This rustic letter must at morn repair :  
For thee she quits the cowslip-scented vale,  
The smiling field, and sweetly-breathing dale :  
Whilst here, she wander'd on the mossy beds,  
Where conscious roses dropt their blushing heads;  
By guilty me, the virgin was beguil'd,  
And all her snowy form with ink defil'd.

How varying from this calm, this lov'd retreat,  
 Is thine, and learning's hard laborious seat!  
 Herculean task! to form the blockhead's mind,  
 And make the brute grow polish'd and refin'd.  
 Bright Wisdom's lamp its glorious light denies  
 To the dull ideot's dark, benighted eyes.  
 Such may be found, (and such shalt thou prepare)  
 Whom Knowledge makes her own peculiar care;  
 By thee design'd to grace a future age,  
 They now dive deep into the classic page;  
 Th' enlighten'd heights of science they explore,  
 Find out her hoard, and rifle all her store;  
 Philosophy's luxuriant mount ascend,  
 Her beauties search, her mysteries attend;  
 'Till bless'd with talents, and with arts to shine,  
 Like precious gems, they glitter at her shrine.  
 Such are thy toils; hereafter shalt thou see  
 The sons of learning rais'd to fame by thee.

Then be thy fortune, like thy genius, blest,  
 Thy pains forgotten, and thine heart at rest:  
 Thy little bark shall land on Comfort's shore,  
 And the keen adverse storm shall rage no more;  
 From schools expell'd, it shall be thine to roam,  
 Contented exile! to thy rural home.  
 There, larks sweet warbling o'er thy humble shed,  
 Shall charm thee to forsake thy peaceful bed;  
 Whilst fragrant morn shall breathe her incense  
 round,  
 And pearly-colour'd dews perfume the ground.  
 For thee the grove shall spread her cool retreat,  
 And yield thee shelter from the noontide heat:  
 Then when mild eve draws out her dusky veil,  
 And Philomela sings her plaintive tale,  
 To Jess'min-cover'd cot thou shalt repair,  
 Tend the sweet babes, and guard th' expecting fair.  
 O joys of innocence! nor these, alone,  
 Whilst names there are which Merit calls her own:  
 They

They in the twining honey-suckles bower,  
 Shall in soft converse spend the social hour.  
 Whilst honest Damon, and his mate, exist,  
 Pure friendship's foot-steps never shall be mist;  
 And tho' small excellence to me belong,  
 I, sure, may form the meanest of the throng,  
 I, sure, may bring my dear Maria there,  
 My balm of life! my antidote to care!  
 A heart like hers, susceptible of love,  
 Will bless this union, and this band approve.  
 Ere the soul sicken, ere the parting breath  
 Shall vainly struggle with the pangs of death,  
 Long ere some earth shall raise its humble heap,  
 Form my last bed, and guard my peaceful sleep,  
 Thou Pow'r benevolent! O deign! to send  
 Whate'er the Poet fancied for his friend.

Regard, (not Pride) spreads out her welcome fare,  
 And hospitable hands the feast prepare.  
 Let ev'ry nymph, and ev'ry shepherd meet  
 In rustic scenes, kind Nature's green retreat.  
 When the first bird shall warble in the air,  
 To my poor cot, lov'd intimates! repair.  
 And when the last shall tune his little throat;  
 Perhaps—I'll mind the warning of his note,  
 Perhaps—I'll hide the feelings of my heart,  
 And say, (not think) 'tis time for us to part.



THE RURAL PROSPECT.

WRITTEN ON HAMPSTEAD-HEATH.

WHEN tir'd with business, and litigious jars,  
 I quit the town, and shake off busy cares,  
 Mount *Hampstead Heath*, and view with longing eyes,  
 The growing prospects open as I rise:



Here hills and dales, there woods and streams survey,

Gilt with new beauties by the vernal ray;  
 What raptures fill my breast; I soar above  
 The thirst of riches, pow'r, and sensual love;  
 Each vain desire, each passion sinks to rest,  
 And one calm joy possesses all my breast;  
 Through nature's works I view the great design,  
 Where boundless wisdom, pow'r, and goodness  
 shine:

Beauties unnumber'd, sense and fancy warm;  
 Use, order, harmony, my reason charm:  
 With wonder, love, and praise, my bosom glows,  
 And gratitude in artless numbers flows.

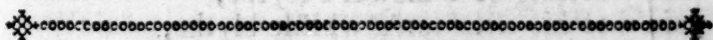
These are thy glorious works, all-bounteous  
 King!

Parent of good! from Thee all blessings spring.  
 Amazing what we see! yet these how few!  
 To worlds immense, conceal'd from mortal view!  
 Beyond thy sphere, O Sun, beyond the way,  
 Remote, unknown, where rapid comets stray;  
 Beyond the utmost star, which *Newton's* sight  
 Could reach; beyond that star's extended light,  
 Worlds behind worlds, on systems, systems rise,  
 'Till thought, in wonder's lost, and fancy dies:  
 Beyond all worlds, past stretch of seraph's mind,  
 Thou reign'st supreme, immortal, unconfin'd;  
 Thy presence fills the void, pervades the mass,  
 All-perfect God, in ev'ry point of space;  
 Acting on all, impassive, not the soul,  
 But Maker, Guide, and Monarch of the whole.

O high above all height! the vaulted sky  
 Is but a point to thy immensity;  
 Each system but an atom, man much less  
 Than insects, which elude the optic glass;

Ev'n

Ev'n all thy mighty works, compar'd to Thee,  
 Are less than nothing, shadows, vanity.  
 Thus great! yet thou descend'st to cast an eye,  
 On angel, man, a sparrow, and a fly \*;  
 The highest beings need thy constant care,  
 Thy tender providence the lowest share:  
 To me, unmeriting, thy love extends,  
 And ev'ry hour in bounteous show'rs descends:  
 Thou call'dst me into life, thou gav'st me pow'r  
 To reason, know my being, and adore;  
 To joy in thy almighty works, and feel  
 That pleasure which results from acting well:  
 Thou gav'st me birth in *Britain's* happy isle,  
 Where faith and reason, law and freedom smile;  
 Where *Christ's* pure word in native beauty shines,  
 Clears Nature's mazes, and her laws refines;  
 Directs the path, and points the happy seat,  
 Where peace and joy, and virtue are complete.  
 O what shall I return? for all is thine;  
 Let my whole soul be fir'd with love divine;  
 Whilst ev'ry thought, and pow'r, I well employ  
 In hymns, in praises, and in sacred joy.



#### THE PLEASURES OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

O Bear me quick, Aonian maids,  
 From crowded haunts, to rural shades;  
 Where I from noise may shelter find  
 And feel tranquillity of mind;  
 Unmix'd with the tumultuous strife  
 And discord of a city life.

---

\* Matthew vi. 26. and x. 29.

With you, ye virgins, let me range,  
 Far from the buzzing, throng'd Exchange;  
 Thro' ev'ry meadow, field, and grove,  
 Where soft-ey'd Peace delights to rove;  
 Where Plenty opes her copious horn,  
 Where Ceres spreads the rip'ning corn,  
 Where Flora too her charms discloses,  
 And scatters tulips, pinks, and roses,  
 Which with their various colours bright,  
 Attract and captivate the sight.—  
 Look up,—with admiration view,  
 Yon ceiling of celestial blue!  
 Can art produce so bright a hue?  
 Look down—survey yon verdant scene!  
 Can art produce so sweet a green?  
 To these her tints but faintly shine,  
 Tho' connoisseurs cry out—"divine!"

The bleatings of the harmless lambs,  
 As they trot by their fleecy dams;  
 The bull's loud bellow, deep and strong,  
 As sturdily he stalks along,  
 The whetting of a mower's scythe,  
 Join'd to his clear-ton'd whistle blythe,  
 The cawing of high-nested rooks,  
 The soothing sounds of murm'ring brooks,  
 The rumbling motion of a mill,  
 All these with constant pleasure fill  
 The rural ear, while all around,  
 Sweet echo spreads each rural sound.

Much do I pity him who ne'er  
 (On bus'ness bent) is free from care,  
 Who, with a dull and leaden eye,  
 Stares at the wonders of the sky;  
 And views the beautiful creation  
 Without one bound of exultation;

He

He fees no charms in tow'ring trees,  
 He hears no music in a breeze,  
 He feels no transport to behold  
 A fable cloud bedeck'd with gold.—  
 The lark's shrill mattins, sweet and loud,  
 While breaking thro' a morning cloud,  
 The nightly strains of Philomel,  
 Who, as the fabling poets tell,  
 Pours out her melancholy lay,  
 Leaning against a thorny spray;  
 The chirping sparrow's am'rous call,  
 The rushing of a water-fall,  
 Which dashes with impetuous roar,  
 Like billows bursting on the shore:

All these the rural ear delight,  
 While rural views enchant the sight.  
 The jocund milk maid's carols sweet,  
 Tripping along with nimble feet;  
 The distant curfew's solemn toll,  
 Or bells which musically roll;  
 The distant tinklings of a team,  
 Slow moving by fair Cynthia's beam,  
 Which gilds the gloomy brow of night  
 With a serene and pallid light:  
 These are the sounds which never tire  
 The rural ear, but thought inspire,  
 And wake the poet's slumb'ring lyre.

THE BALEFUL EFFECTS OF ENVY.

**E**NVY, an injurious passion,  
 To no sex or age confin'd,  
 Racks, alike the man of fashion  
 And the low, untutor'd hind.



Not only lady Babs and Bridgets,  
Are by envy robb'd of rest,  
Simple Susan has her fidgets,  
When her rival's better drest.

Those who at St. James's shining,  
Seem the happiest beings there;  
Oft from thence, with envy pining,  
Carry home a load of care.

Wealthy cits in riches rolling,  
By the poor beheld with awe,  
Players thro' the country strolling,  
Judges learned in the law.

Giddy girls and matrons steady,  
By the most ingenious ways,  
To torment themselves are ready,—  
Envy on their vitals preys.

To an envious disposition  
Half the ills in life we owe,  
And with that, in no condition  
Are our bosoms free from woe:

Envy thro' the whole creation  
Stirs up discontent and strife;  
Busy, in each public station,  
Active too in private life.

Stung by envy, many wise men,  
In their looks their pangs have shown;  
Monarchs, ministers, excisemen,  
To this passion *all* are prone.

A RE.

## A RECENT CASE, THOUGH NOTHING NEW.

## A HINT TO THE YOUNG AND LIBERAL.

WHILE Marillo liv'd gay, amidst plenty and wealth,

What numbers repair'd to ask after his health!

So kind was each friend, from Sir Knight to the peasant,

That scarce a day pass'd without yielding a present.

On Monday a buck came from Counsellor Suttle,

On Tuesday, a turtle from Alderman Guttle;

On Wednesday the Doctor would know of his gout,

While John leaves a basket, containing some trout;

On Thursday, Tom Goodshot presents him a hare,

And on Friday, the high-season'd ham of a bear

Is left by a porter, from Billy C. C.

(Commoncouncil-men know how these letters agree);

On Saturday, still to carry the farce on,

A covey of birds is sent up by the parson;

On Sunday each friend sends Marillo a line,

Most humbly requesting Marillo to dine,

Thus day after day, while he'd int'rest and treasure,

The friends of Marillo carefs'd him with pleasure.

Ah Fortune! thro' thee, thou fomentor of strife,  
How many vicissitudes chequer this life!

Thro' thee, who makes kingdoms to rise and to fall,

Marillo the wealthy, was robb'd of his all!

So great was his fall, that in less than a year,

He who ne'er wanted claret, now wanted small  
beer.

O

At

At length, some relief for his sufferings to find,  
He applies to those friends who had us'd him so  
kind,

And, much to his wonder, he found, when he came,  
The Barrister busy, the Alderman, lame;

The Doctor was absent, the 'Squire out of call,  
And the C. C. was getting his speech for Guild-  
hall;

Tom Goodshot, the sportsman, was always from  
home,

And the Parson translating some scurvy old tome :  
In short where before he met kindness profuse,  
Was coldness, indifference, sneer, or abuse,  
'Till one lucky morn put him out of his pain,  
For a Chancery-suit made Marillo again—  
Straight the sportsman, the parson, the doctor, the cit,  
'Squire, alderman Guttle, and council to wit,  
Like dogs, to the shambles that fed them before,  
Came running, and meanly dar'd rap at his door\*;  
Marillo had learn'd in adversity's school,  
To distinguish the friend from the knave and the  
fool,

So call'd Dick the porter to shew them the street,  
As wretches made up of the meanest deceit.

ON TAKING A FLY OUT OF A BASON OF  
WATER.

**I**N yonder vase behold that drowning fly—  
It's little feet how vainly does it ply!  
Its cries I hear not—yet it loudly cries—  
And gentle hearts can feel its agonies.

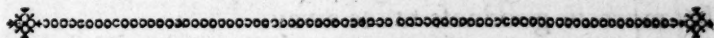
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\* Fortune and the world generally smile and frown to-  
gether.

Poor helpless victim!—and will no one save?—  
Will no one snatch thee from the threat'ning wave?  
Is there no friendly hand—no helper nigh?  
And must thou little struggler!—must thou die?  
Thou shalt not, while this hand can set thee free—  
Thou shalt not die—this hand shall rescue thee—  
My finger's tip, shall prove a friendly shore—  
There—trembler!—all thy dangers now are o'er—  
Wipe thy wet wings—and banish all thy fear—  
Go—join thy buzzing brethren in the air—  
Away it flies—resumes its harmless play,  
And sweetly gambols in the golden ray.

Smile ye not—great ones! at my humble deed?—  
For you, Heaven has a nobler work decreed—  
Your's is the task, a *freaking* realm to save—  
To raise your country from destruction's wave—  
To you for help the victim lifts her eyes,  
Oh! hear for pity's sake—her frantic cries!  
Ere long—unless some guardian interpose—  
O'er her devoted head the flood shall close.  
Oh! Thou! whose wond'rous goodness shines on  
all!

Unseen disposer of this earthly ball!  
 Speak but the word—and Britain soon shall rise  
 On wings of glory to her native skies,  
 While pale with envy—frantic France in vain  
 Shall gnash her teeth, and bite her galling chain.



GOOD ADVICE TO PERSONS OF ALL AGES.

THE passions are a num'rous crowd,  
Imperious, positive and loud:  
Curb these licentious sons of strife;  
Hence chiefly rise the storms of life:

**If**



If they grow mutinous, and rave,  
They are thy masters, thou, their slave.

Regard the world with cautious eye,  
Nor raise your expectations high;  
See that the balanc'd scales be such,  
You neither fear nor hope too much;  
Life is a sea, where storms must rise,  
'Tis folly talks of *cloudless* skies:  
He, who contracts his swelling sail,  
Eludes the fury of the gale.

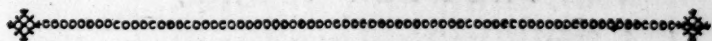
Be still, nor anxious thoughts employ,  
Distrust imbibers *present* joy:  
On GOD for all events depend;  
You cannot want if GOD's your friend.  
Weigh well your part, and do your best;  
Leave to your MAKER all the rest.  
The hand which form'd thee in the womb,  
Guides from the cradle to the tomb.  
Can the fond mother flight her boy?  
Can she forget her prattling joy?  
Say then shall SOV'REIGN LOVE desert  
The humble, and the honest heart?  
Heav'n may not grant thee all thy mind;  
Yet say not thou that Heav'n's unkind.  
GOD is alike, both good and wise,  
In what he grants, and what denies:  
Perhaps, what goodness gives to day,  
To-morrow goodness takes away.

You say, that troubles intervene,  
That sorrows darken half the scene;  
True—and from hence you plainly see,  
The world was ne'er design'd for thee:  
You're like a traveller here below,  
Who stays perhaps a night or so;

But

But still his native country lyes  
Beyond the bound'ries of the skies.

Of Heav'n ask *virtue, wisdom, health,*  
But never let thy pray'r be *wealth.*  
If food be thine, (tho' little gold)  
And raiment to repel the cold;  
Such as may nature's wants suffice,  
Not what from *pride* and *folly* rise;  
If pure the motions of thy soul,  
And a good conscience crowns the whole;  
Add but a friend to all this store,  
You can't in reason wish for more;  
And if kind Heav'n this blessing brings,  
'Tis more than Heav'n bestows on kings.



THE WISH OF A MAN OF REFLECTION,

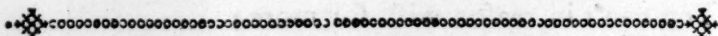
WRITTEN IN LONDON.

O Snatch me swift from these tumultuous  
scenes,  
To where life knows not what distraction means:  
To where religion, peace, and comfort dwell,  
And chear with heart-felt rays my lonely cell:  
There, where no ruffling winds, no raging seas,  
Shock the calm Muse amidst her pensive ease,  
Each passion smooth, each mild affection mine,  
Mix'd with each human grace; and each divine,  
Aw'd by no terrors, with no cares perplex'd,  
This life—my gentle passage to the next.

Yet, if it please thee best, thou Pow'r Supreme!  
My bark to drive thro' life's more rapid stream;  
If

If lowring storms my destin'd course attend,  
 And ocean rages till my days shall end;  
 Let ocean rage—let storms indignant roar—  
 I bow submissive, and, resign'd, adore:  
 Resign'd adore, in various changes try'd;  
 Thy own lov'd Son, my anchor and my guide!  
 Resign'd, adore whate'er thy will decree,  
 My faith in JESUS! and my hope in THEE!

O happiest lot! if thro' a sea of woes,  
 I reach that harbour where the *just* repose.



LINES WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT IN A  
 THUNDER STORM.

**L**ET coward guilt with pallid fear,  
 To shelter'd caverns fly,  
 And justly dread the threatening fate,  
 Which thunders thro' the sky.

Protected by that hand, whose law  
 The raging storms obey,  
 Intrepid virtue smiles secure,  
 As in the blaze of day.

In the thick clouds tremendous gloom,  
 The lightnings lurid glare,  
 It views the same all-gracious Pow'r,  
 That breathes the vernal air.

Thro' nature's ever varying scene,  
 By diff'rent ways pursu'd,  
 The one eternal end of Heav'n  
 Is *universal* good.

With

With like beneficent effect  
O'er flaming æther glows,  
As when it tunes the linnet's voice,  
Or blushes in the rose.

THE DYING CHILD.

BESIDE the cradle where his infant lies,  
Behold the father! mark his heart-felt sighs—  
His female friends in anguish, fly the place,  
As Death's pale ensign opens o'er his face—  
Hope hangs her head—her magic council's o'er—  
And resignation hails th' Elysian shore.  
The quiv'ring lip—short sigh—and icy hand—  
Pronounce the grisly tyrant's dread command.  
The cheeks no longer bloom—the roses fly—  
And with their little master mount the sky!  
The parting breath the father's lips receive—  
'Tis all his dying charmer has to give.—

E P I T A P H

*On a Young Gentleman, aged 27, whose Death was  
occasioned by a broken Leg.*

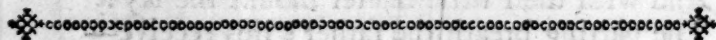
WRITTEN BY A FRIEND.

READER, approach this urn—thou need'st not  
fear,  
Th' extorted promise of one plaintive tear;  
To mourn a youthful friend, from whom thou'lt  
learn  
More than a Plato taught—the grand concern  
Of



Of mortals! come, with serious thought survey  
 This little tenement of mould'ring clay,  
 And know thy end——  
 Tho' young, tho' gay, this scene of death explore,  
 The young, the gay, alas! is now no more;  
 A fracture of his leg, ah! hapless doom,  
 Consign'd his body early to the tomb.

While fainter merit asks the powers of verse,  
 Few words, but *faithful* shall his worth rehearse;  
 (The man whose reputation had no taint,  
 Transcends the poet's praise, the limner's paint;)   
 In action prudent, and in word sincere,  
 In friendship faithful, and in honour clear;  
 Thro' life's vain scenes the same in ev'ry part,  
 A steady judgment, and an honest heart;  
 He vaunts no honours, all his pride, a mind,  
 As infants guileless, and as angels kind.



## A N O T H E R,

BY THE SAME HAND.

**P**EACE; once accomplished Youth; once  
 blooming flower,  
 Cut down by death in an untimely hour;  
 Soft be thy kind retreat, the dusty bed,  
 Where worth like thine reclines her weary head.  
 Snatch'd by heav'n's great decree (in friendship's fight)  
 From doing good on earth, thy chief delight;  
 Thy soul now soars among the orbs above,  
 In full assurance of a Saviour's love.

Dear Youth, farewell! nor let a parent's grief,  
 Or sister's tears despair of Heaven's relief;  
 But wait that solemn day, which shall restore,  
 And prove your son not lost, but gone before.

ELIZA.

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ELIZA, AN AMIABLE PORTRAIT, TAKEN  
FROM LIFE.

I.

**B**EHOLD! Eliza, peerless maid,  
In virtuous acts refin'd;  
Here bright benevolence is display'd,  
To teach all human kind.

II.

See, humble modesty and youth,  
Conspire to bless the Fair;  
Here goodness, innocence, and truth,  
A spotless mind declare.

III.

At others' ills she heaves a sigh,  
And feels them as her own;  
In kindness wipes the tearful eye,  
Till joy her labours crown.

IV.

Her charity she wide extends,  
On wings of swift relief;  
The wrinkled brow of care unbends,  
And frees the mind from grief.

V.

When wretched Poverty complains,  
By pinching tortures prest;  
Hers is the task to ease their pains,  
And lull the soul to rest\*.

VI.

If Sorrow hears her chearful voice,  
Extatic joys return;  
She makes the orphan's heart rejoice,  
The widow's cease to mourn.

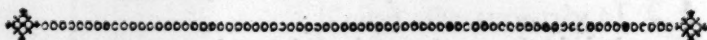
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\* Reader, go and do thou likewise, and the blessing of him  
that is ready to perish, come upon thee.

VII. Thus

## VII.

Thus lives Eliza, truly blest,  
 The wretched to relieve;  
 Her looks, a tender wish express,  
 When she has nought to give.



AN INFALLIBLE RECEIPT TO OBTAIN TRUE  
 HAPPINESS.

**T**Raverse the globe, go fly from pole to  
 pole,  
 Go far as winds can blow, or waters roll;  
 All, *all* is vanity beneath the sun;  
 To certain death thro' different paths we run.  
 See the pale miser poring o'er his gold;  
 See there a galley-slave, to misery sold.  
 Ambition groans beneath her splendid weight,  
 The haughty victim of the toils of state.  
 Lo! in the mantling bowl, sweet poison flows,  
 Love's dearest joys oft terminate in woes.  
 E'en learning ends her vast career in doubt,  
 And puzzling still, makes nothing clearly out.

Where then is sovereign bliss? Where doth it  
 grow?  
 Know, mortal, happiness ne'er dwelt below;  
 Look at yon heav'n—go seek the blessing *there*;  
 Be *heav'n* thy aim, thy soul's eternal care;  
 Nothing but God, and God *alone* you'll find,  
 Can fill a boundless and immortal mind.

MORAL

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MORAL REFLECTION.

WRITTEN IN THE AUTUMN.

IN fading grandeur, lo! the trees  
 Their tarnish'd honours shed,  
 While every leaf-compelling breeze,  
 Lays their pale verdure dead.

Ere long the genial breath of Spring  
 Shall all their charms renew;  
 And flow'r and fruit, and foliage bring,  
 All pleasing to the view.

Thus round and round the seasons roll,  
 In one harmonious course;  
 And pour conviction on the soul  
 With unremitting force.

Not such is man's appointed fate,  
*One* spring alone he knows;  
 One summer, one autumnal state,  
 One winter's dead repose.

Yet not the icy hand of death  
 Shall e'er his pow'rs destroy;  
 But he shall draw immortal breath,  
 In endless pain, or joy.

Important thought!—O mortal, hear  
 On what thy peace depends:  
 The voice of Truth invites thine ear,  
 And this the voice she sends:

“ When



“ When virtue glows with youthful charms,  
How bright the vernal skies!  
When virtue like the summer warms,  
What golden harvests rise!

When vices spring without controul,  
What bitter fruits appear!  
A wintry darkness marks the soul,  
And horrors close the year.

Let youth to *virtue's* shrine repair,  
And men their tribute bring;  
Old age shall lose its load of care,  
And death shall lose its sting.

Be're upwards on seraphic wing,  
Their happy souls shall soar,  
And there enjoy *eternal* spring,  
Nor fear a winter more.”

F I N I S.

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